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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OR

CRITICAL JOURNAL:

FOR

JULY, 1906 . . . . OCTOBER, 1906.

TO BE CONTINUED QUARTERLY.

JUDEX DAMNATUR CUM NOCENS ABSOLVITUR.
PUBLIUS SYRUS.

VOL. CCIV.

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LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO., LONDON AND BOMBAY.
LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY, NEW YORK.

1906.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OCTOBER, 1905—JULY, 1906.

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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

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No. CCCCXVII.

ART. I.—LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL—THE GAME OF POLITICS.

1. *Lord Randolph Churchill.* By WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, M.P., Author of *The Story of the Malakand Field Force*, 1897, *The River War, London to Ladysmith via Pretoria*, &c. In 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co., 1906.

WHATEVER judgement men may pass on the career of Lord Randolph Churchill, no one can dispute the great literary talent shown by his son in the brilliant biography he has given to the public. However important historically the events which he describes, he has known how to make the personality of his father always the predominating interest of the book. It is biography, not history, at which the author has aimed. Short as was the career of Lord Randolph Churchill, it was long enough and full enough of incident to enable his biographer to present it as a sort of drama in which, after his hero's conspicuous abilities had raised him almost to the summit of fame, an unhappy fate, or perhaps it was due to some innate qualities of his own—some

> '. . . defect of judgement
> To fail in the disposing of those chances
> Which he was lord of . . . .'

ruined everything and dashed him to the ground never to rise again.

The story is told, if not without partiality, yet with very commendable frankness, and with little attempt to keep back from the public extravagances of behaviour and language which in his own day, if they delighted a large section of the democracy, certainly estranged from him no small portion of the steadier

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elements in the community. Mr. Churchill has succeeded in painting a striking and we believe on the whole a true portrait of a very remarkable man. But the merit of the book by no means ends here, for the author's treatment of political topics is that of one who sees below the surface, and who, notwithstanding the absorbing interests of his own controversial career, has found time to think of the deeper issues underlying the rivalries of statesmen and of parties. Again and again we come upon passages admirably written, summing up in telling language the results of his observations on men and things; frequently also showing a breadth of view and a tolerance of judgement towards opposing principles, and towards those who advocate them, which may surprise people acquainted only with the vehement and scathing rhetoric of the dashing orator of the House of Commons and the electioneering platform.

Mr. Winston Churchill has evidently inherited many of his father's great gifts, and his own life has enabled him to understand and appreciate the varied experiences of Lord Randolph's career. Like his father, he knows the House of Commons through and through. He sees and judges men and things with his own eyes, which are far too clear sighted to let him accept as inspired those orthodox commonplaces of party on the one side and the other by which so many official, or would-be official, politicians endeavour to recommend themselves to their leaders and the common herd of their supporters. He possesses in a rare degree the courage of his opinions, and he has but little patience for the weakness and timidity which form so large a part of the parliamentary and political character of the average public man. In his younger days, it may be that such a man is not likely to be specially popular with older statesmen, or to gain the universal good opinion of the rank and file even of his own party. But courage, originality, brilliant wit, united with infinite painstaking, never fail to win the ear of the British people, and this alone suffices to some extent to make a man a power in the land. In these respects the son has trodden in his father's footsteps; and if in addition to the great gifts which he has inherited Mr. Winston Churchill proves that he possesses certain qualities in which Lord Randolph was lacking—the capacity to work and co-operate with other men even when they are not his subordinates, and the power of inspiring the public with confidence in his character as well as with admiration for his cleverness and courage, it is not easy to set limits to the height to which that son's abilities may yet raise him.

* * *

Few of Lord Randolph's youthful contemporaries can have

doubted that his career would be one of vigorous and stormy adventure. He was not made, whatever he may himself have felt in moments of depression, to live at home at ease; but in early days few would have predicted that it would be on the political stage and in the pursuits of a statesman that his superabundant energies would find their vent. For a time, though always interested in his father's official success, politics seem to have had no great attraction for him. It was the accident of Woodstock rather than the innate tendencies of the man that first made Lord Randolph a politician. The Duke of Marlborough was exceedingly anxious that his son should hold the family seat; but that son at the time showed little inclination towards parliamentary honours. Indeed Lord Randolph regarded his acceptance of the candidature for the family borough as a favour he was rendering to the Duke, in return for the latter's agreeing to shorten the period of probation which parental prudence had fixed to the love-at-first-sight engagement into which Lord Randolph had entered. Unless he could be married at once, he would not stand for Woodstock, and that he should represent Woodstock was, as he knew, his father's dearest wish.

'He had often in words and in letters expressed a disinclination for public life. It is curious to notice how, even in the days of buoyant unconquered youth, moods of depression cast their shadows across his path. Although possessed of unusually nervous energy, his whole life was a struggle against ill-health. Excitement fretted him cruelly. He smoked cigarettes "till his tongue was sore," to soothe himself. Capable upon emergency of prolonged and vehement exertion, of manifold activities and pugnacities, of leaps and heaves beyond the common strength of men, he suffered by reaction fits of utter exhaustion and despondency. Most people grow tired before they are overtired. But Lord Randolph Churchill was of the temper that gallops till it falls. An instinct warned him of the perils that threatened him in a life of effort. He shrank from it in apprehension. Peace and quiet, sport and friends, agricultural interests—above all a home—offered a woodland path far more alluring than the dusty road to London. The Duke felt, and with reason, that unless Lord Randolph were member for Woodstock before his marriage, not only would the borough be seduced to Radicalism, but that the son in whom all the hopes and ambitions of his later life were centred might never enter Parliament at all.'

Lord Randolph achieved an easy victory over the 'Radical 'candidate, Mr. Brodrick,' as he describes his opponent; a man who had made politics a lifelong study, who had thought and written much, and who had exchanged the hereditary Conservatism of his family for the principles of moderate

Liberalism; a man who in truth was far less entitled to the name of Radical than the young Tory, at once aristocratic and democratic, who defeated him. The stage of politics is rich in contrasts of personality, but it was a strange chance that pitted against Lord Randolph Churchill in his first electoral contest the late much respected Warden of Merton!

In the Parliament of 1874–80 Lord Randolph was for the most part a silent member. His maiden speech was a vehement denunciation of the proposal to make Oxford a military centre under the Cardwell scheme of territorialising the army. He emphasised and exaggerated, in a manner that was soon recognised as characteristic, the foolish fears of some of the graduates of the University at the introduction of a corrupting military life into the immediate neighbourhood of academic study and professorial repose. He could not, he said, contemplate with equanimity the mingling of learned professors and thoughtful students with 'roystering soldiers and licentious camp followers.' During these years, however, his chief work and interests were not in the House of Commons. It was in Ireland, during his father's Lord Lieutenancy and the grievous distress that followed a general failure of crops, that his political education grew; and the knowledge he then acquired both of the Irish people and of the working of Irish political institutions had a marked effect on his opinions.

On two great subjects that interested the House of Commons during those years—the Eastern Question, and the steady gain in power of the advanced section of the Irish Home Rulers—he gave in Parliament no public indication of his views, but Mr. Winston Churchill allows us to see how entirely his inmost opinions were out of sympathy with those of the Conservative party.

Though he took no public part in the House of Commons on either of these subjects, it appears from a speech he made at Woodstock in 1876 that he felt a decided inclination for a policy of far-reaching conciliation towards Nationalist demands—a speech that naturally got him into trouble with orthodox Conservatives, and drew from his scandalised father in a letter to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach the stinging comment that 'either 'Randolph must be mad or have been singularly affected with 'local champagne.'

As to the Eastern Question, which at that time was creating intense party heat and public excitement, his correspondence with Sir Charles Dilke shows that his sympathies were largely with the policy of Mr. Gladstone. He would put a final end, he declares, to the rule of Turkey in Bulgaria, Bosnia,

Hertzegovina, Thessaly, and Epirus. He even offered to move a resolution from the Conservative side of the House to that effect if the Liberal party would support him; and he declared he could make sure of the assistance of a strong Home Rule vote. If he spoke, 'it would be to make an attack on Chaplin, Wolff, 'and the rest of the pro-Turkish party, confidence in the 'Government and an invitation to the Liberal party to act as 'a whole.' A fresh attack, however, on the foreign policy of the Government was discouraged by Lord Granville and Lord Hartington, whose sense of responsibility made them unwilling at such a critical time to harass the Ministry in its conduct of affairs, and thus Lord Randolph's strongly anti-Turkish sentiments were not given to the public. All this serves to cast light on the real political tendencies of the new member for Woodstock, and to show that he was made of different material from that out of which the ordinary Tory member is cut.

'It is, perhaps, only in these great stirrings of the national mind,' says Mr. Churchill, 'that a man may discover to which of the main groupings of political opinions he naturally belongs. In all this conflict Lord Randolph took no public part. An occasional sarcasm used at some small function, an unadvertised abstention from some important division, might have revealed his personal inclinations. But he did nothing to attract public notice, and it is only from his private letters that we may learn how decided were his sympathies, and by what circumstances he was prevented from action which might easily have altered his whole career.'

It was not fated that Lord Randolph should join the Liberal party; and when in 1880, after Mr. Gladstone's great triumph at the polls, Lord Randolph, once more elected for Woodstock, began his active parliamentary career, no one suspected him of leanings towards Liberalism. In the course of that Parliament he was sometimes taunted on his own side of the House with in fact playing the game of his opponents. But the charge was not true. He was playing after his own vigorous and often reckless fashion the game of 'the Tories,' as he always called his political friends. That they should defeat and trample upon their Liberal opponents was the end at which he was constantly aiming. Whether, in order to do this, he was not quite ready himself to accept what had hitherto been regarded as Liberal principles, may be a question. The path of a vehement Tory Democrat is a difficult and narrow one to tread. In many respects Lord Randolph's sympathies or instincts seem, as his son points out, to have fitted him, had his circumstances been other than they were, to have taken a leading part on the Liberal side,

He is not the only prominent statesman about whom it may be said that there was nothing in his inmost nature and political convictions which made him necessarily a member of that political party with which he acted. Of many statesmen, living and dead, the same remark might be made. Still those who remember Lord Randolph's public career will be surprised to find from his biography how frequently, on serious issues, his deepest sympathies were opposed to Conservative instincts.

When in 1880 Lord Randolph became a second time member for Woodstock, he had achieved no political position indicative of his coming parliamentary fame. Outside the House of Commons his name was hardly known, and within it, 'though 'he had made four or five speeches in as many years, he had 'made no particular impression, and the House had scarcely 'formed an opinion about him.' * Mr. Gladstone's triumph at the polls in 1880 was hailed by younger Liberals as heralding a new era of prosperity, of peace, and of reform fit to bear comparison with the halcyon years of 1868-1874, before a corrupting 'jingoism' sedulously fanned by his great rival had turned the aspirations of his countrymen from domestic progress towards the more ambitious policy of playing a first part in the rivalry of nations on the great stage of the world. The ideals of Mr. Gladstone and of Mr. Disraeli were far as the poles asunder, and in the eyes of contemporaries the national verdict in 1880 in favour of the former seemed to promise a return to the steady, progressive, peaceful, economical *régime* dear to the great orator and statesman who had achieved so significant a victory.

The Parliament of 1880 contained within itself the seeds of much; though its course and its results were to prove very different from the expectations of the sanguine Liberals who in that year had rallied with enthusiasm to the banner of Mr. Gladstone. The large Liberal majority that crowded the benches of the House of Commons were to give to their party no new men who would sway in future years the fortunes of the State, whilst in the diminished band of their opponents were two free lances, Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Arthur Balfour, whose careers were destined strongly to mark and to influence the course of English history. Mr. Arthur Balfour in April 1880 was even less known as a politician than his contemporary, Lord Randolph. Like the latter, he had entered the House of Commons six years before, as the member for a pocket-borough, the nominee of a near relation. But these

* Vol. i. p. 118.

half-dozen years had not served to disclose to the eyes of their fellow members or the public the vigorous personalities of the two young men whom the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Salisbury had made members respectively for the little boroughs of Woodstock and Hertford. Mr. Winston Churchill's description of the future leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons for many a long year, and the successor of his uncle in the Premiership, strangely inadequate as men's later knowledge of Mr. Balfour proves it to be, gives his portrait as without doubt he appeared a quarter of a century ago to all but his most intimate friends.

'Mr. Arthur Balfour in 1880 was an affable and rather idle young gentleman, who had delicately toyed with philosophy and diplomacy, was earnest in the cause of popular concerts, and brought to the House of Commons something of Lord Melbourne's air of languid and well-bred indifference. How he came to be drawn at all into that circle of fierce energy which radiated from Lord Randolph Churchill was a puzzle to those who knew him best. In the early days of the Fourth Party, no one—certainly not his colleagues—regarded him as a serious politician. Lord Randolph, who delighted in nicknames, used to call him "Postlethwaite," and made him the subject of much harmless and friendly chaff. In private life he already exercised that personal charm and fascination which in later years were curiously to deflect the course of great events. But he seemed so lacking in energy, so entirely devoid of anything like ambition, so slenderly and uncertainly attached to politics at all, that his friends feared he would withdraw altogether, and none recognised or imagined in this amiable, easy-going member for a family borough, the calculating, tenacious, and unwearying Minister who was destined through so many years to control the House of Commons, and shape the policy of the State.' *

It was the violence of the fall which Mr. Gladstone inflicted on Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury which apparently first aroused the spirit of political combativeness, and then of political ambition, in Mr. Balfour. To him, his uncle was patron and friend, not less than venerated political chief. Every tie, political and personal, bound him naturally to the standard of the powerful statesman whom already most men regarded as the destined successor of Lord Beaconsfield. What was the motive, asks Mr. Churchill, that impelled a man of Mr. Balfour's temperament to take such a vigorous part in the heated politics of the House of Commons of 1880? A question more pertinent to Mr. Churchill's immediate purpose is the nature of the motives which impelled Lord Randolph himself to exchange the

* P. 135.

indifference which had marked the first half-dozen years of his parliamentary life for the complete absorption in active politics which marked the rest of his career. With both of them their entry into public life, and their first few years in Parliament, are singularly unlike the dawning careers of most English statesmen. With Mr. Gladstone, or Lord Granville, or Lord Salisbury, or Mr. Bright, or Mr. Fawcett, or Mr. Forster, the innate character of the individual, his zeal for certain causes or the vehemence of his views, his philanthropy, his early introduction to official duties, made it natural and almost inevitable that his energies should compel him to the life political. There was nothing of the amateur, no indifference, real or affected, on the part of these men in regard to the political movements of their day. It has on the whole been characteristic of English statesmen, right or wrong, to be very much in earnest. It is a foolish cynicism that regards our political differences as a mere struggle between 'ins' and 'outs' and sees in the rivalries of statesmen no more than the playing of 'the game of politics.' It is nevertheless clear that it was the attraction of 'the game' that first stirred the political activities of Lord Randolph Churchill; and the prizes that his brilliant play seemed to hold out to his ambition rapidly confirmed him in pursuing the path that adventitious circumstances had led him to choose.

His biographer enables us to form a far better idea than was possible to Lord Randolph's contemporaries, of the general leaning in early days of his political sympathies. He always, it is true, gloried in the name of Tory; he came of a Tory family, he delighted in making the most ferocious attacks on the policy and conduct of the Liberal leader. Yet, for all that, his son appears to doubt, and not without cause, whether his father's natural political instincts, if they had had free vent, would not have led him into the Liberal fold. Already in 1877, as we have seen, Lord Randolph had incurred the displeasure of his father and of the Conservative party for his sympathetic references to the obstructive tactics by which Irish Nationalists were beginning to vindicate their detestation of the Act of Union; and in the following years, when the Eastern Question had become acute and when orthodox Toryism was condemning as unpatriotic to the last degree the policy and conduct of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Randolph, as we have seen, was declaring to Sir Charles Dilke his full belief in the desirability of finally ending Turkish rule in the Christian provinces, and was eagerly offering, if he could be assured of Liberal support, to lead a charge against the pro-Turkish party, in which he believed he would be able to induce the followers of Mr. Parnell to join. A Conservative

member of Parliament who during Lord Beaconsfield's last Ministry sympathised to some extent with Irish Nationalists, and was anxious with Liberal support to denounce 'the pro-Turkish 'party,' must have had little in common with those amongst whom he sat on the Ministerial benches.

And as time went on Lord Randolph's first instincts impelled him again and again to regard political questions from a Liberal standpoint. In Egypt he saw in the rebellion headed by Arabi a real national movement towards the establishment of constitutional freedom; and he deplored the action of her Majesty's Government in confirming and upholding the rule of Tewfik. Our policy had been deflected by the financial interests of men with claims against the Government of Egypt. In the bombardment of the forts at Alexandria, and in the victory of Tel-el-Kebir, he saw little national glory. In South Africa he considered that Mr. Gladstone had committed a great error, when he came into power, in not at once restoring full independence to the lately annexed Transvaal, and he pours into the unsympathetic ears of Sir Henry Wolff his wishes that the Fourth Party 'should pronounce on the Address for the independence 'of the Boers, and protest against British blood and treasure 'being wasted in reducing a gallant nationality which is per-'fectly able to take care of itself.' He always disliked from the bottom of his heart those exceptional measures for the repression of crime in Ireland which pass by the name of coercion. In later days his political instinct warned him that the Unionist Administration were going woefully astray from sound principle when they established a special tribunal to inquire into the truth of the charges and allegations made by the 'Times' newspaper against Mr. Parnell and his colleagues. Yet in party warfare there was throughout the Parliament of 1880, and always, no opponent of the Liberal Administration so violent or so formidable as Lord Randolph Churchill. Whilst in opposition his first object was to turn out the Government; what principles should be professed and what policy should be maintained by the statesmen who should take its place were matters to be considered later. He believed in the 'Tory party'; but he gave an interpretation of his own to 'Tory principles' which naturally staggered that large proportion of old-fashioned Conservatives which held it to be the first duty of the party to stem the advancing torrent of democracy.

What then were the political principles, the ends and objects of that 'Tory Democracy' of which Lord Randolph constituted himself the champion? And what were the means by which he hoped to achieve its predominance in the State? Mr. Churchill

has much to say on this subject, and he is naturally a little inclined to overestimate the work done by his father in restoring in a few years the Conservative party, after its crushing defeat in 1880, to a position of prolonged ascendency over its Liberal and Radical rivals. He has told the story of the 'Fourth Party' with brightness and *verve*. How 'the party' grew out of the Bradlaugh incident, and throve upon the confusion which that vexatious controversy caused. How for two or three years Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, Mr. Gorst, and Mr. Arthur Balfour distinguished themselves by their unwearying and irresponsible exertions to discredit the Government, and to hamper and obstruct all Government business. Merciless they showed themselves to Sir Stafford Northcote, whose old-fashioned political standards forced him to disapprove conduct which in the bitter zeal of partisanship disregarded the interests of the country, and the credit and dignity of the House of Commons. The posthumous fame of the 'Fourth Party,' the name attached at the time in ridicule to the little group, is due far less to its achievements than to the position to which its members, after they had acquired experience and a sense of responsibility, subsequently rose. In the House of Commons between 1880 and 1884 these men were sowing their wild oats. Lord Randolph believed he was following in the steps of the young Disraeli, and he chose for imitation the least creditable parts of that statesman's career. The mark of the Fourth Party was the entire absence of every feeling of responsibility for its action. The sole duty of an Opposition, it held, was to oppose and to discredit the Administration; and by any available means to place it in a minority. Lord Salisbury, in 1883, shared some of the scruples of Sir Stafford Northcote in 'condemning the temptation, strong to many politicians, to attempt 'to gain the victory by bringing into the Lobby men whose 'principles were divergent, and whose combined forces there-'fore could not lead to any wholesome victory.' Lord Randolph had no patience with—indeed, could hardly understand—leadership such as this.

'Excellent moralising,' he exclaimed, 'very suitable to the digestions of country delegates, but one of those puritanical theories which party leaders are prone to preach on a platform, which has never guided for any length of time the action of politicians in the House of Commons, and which, whenever apparently put into practice, invariably results in weak and inane proceedings. Discriminations between wholesome and unwholesome victories are idle and impracticable. Obtain the victory, know how to follow it up, and leave the wholesomeness or unwholesomeness to critics.'

It was after this fashion that Lord Randolph entered into the game of politics. At the time the House of Commons and the country perfectly understood 'the game.' They admired the cleverness and were amused at the extravagances of Lord Randolph and his friends; but, truth to tell, they never took the politics of the 'Fourth Party' seriously. If the Conservative party was again to deserve the confidence of the people, it would have to enlist in its support men who would bring into the service of the country qualifications very different from those hitherto displayed by the dashing free-lances below the gangway.

In a spirit of boyish mischief the game was kept up by the three confederates, with whom at first Mr. Balfour, though in frequent alliance, was not completely identified. The 'honorary' member of the Fourth Party,' as he was then called, was perhaps a shade less reckless than the others, and the importance which his close connexion with Lord Salisbury gave to his action, impressed, it may be, some slight sense of responsibility on his proceedings. Sir Henry Wolff invented the Bradlaugh incident; and the Fourth Party made that controversy its own. For years the cynical observer of the political game was not a little amused at the success with which the four free lances posed as the champions of Christianity and religion in the State against the impious assaults on everything sacred made by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright in defence of their friend and follower —the atheist Mr. Bradlaugh! Mr. Gladstone's large majority invariably disappeared whenever the right of the elected representative of Northampton to sit in Parliament came before the House of Commons. Probably most men now recognise the narrowness and unwisdom which endeavoured to exclude from the House of Commons on the ground of his opinions and beliefs an elected representative of the people. But though Mr. Gladstone was entirely in the right, his Administration and party suffered greatly from the effects of a controversy in which they were constantly beaten; and on the principles which the leader of the Fourth Party frankly avowed, the little group had every right to boast of the success of its tactics.

The manner in which Lord Randolph and his friends dealt with the Employers' Liability Bill is fully told by Mr. Churchill, and is an excellent illustration of their method. It was their cue to attack the measure for not being sufficiently thorough, and to ally themselves in criticism with the more radical of Mr. Gladstone's followers in demanding extensions in a popular direction. It was the object of 'democratic Toryism' to prove that its sympathies with the masses were fuller and more

genuine than those of the Liberal party itself, which would fain have monopolised the advocacy of the interests of the working man. The policy of thus 'driving a wedge into the Liberal 'party,' and forcing its leaders to justify their position by arguments aimed against the more advanced section of its own members, was steadily kept in view by Lord Randolph. Whilst undoubtedly such tactics distressed and injured the Government, they could not give much satisfaction to the more conservative sections of the Opposition, who heard with no little suspicion the constant urging of democratic and radical doctrines by those who asserted themselves to be Tory of the Tories. But it was not only or chiefly on their criticism of the principal measures of the Government that Lord Randolph and his friends relied. They brought to high perfection the business of delaying and hampering the necessary business of the Administration. It was a triumph in their eyes to have kept, quite unnecessarily, the House of Commons in session well into the month of September. To prevent business being done, and then to blame the Government for the small amount of work it has accomplished, has been the habit at all times of all obstructionists; and the arts of obstruction were never more freely employed, or with less sense of what was due to the credit of the House of Commons, than by the little band of members who acknowledged the lead of Lord Randolph. If three or four men could thus successfully abuse the forms of the House it became clear that, if the working of Parliamentary institutions was not to break down, great restrictions of the privileges of private members would become necessary. The action of the Fourth Party, combined with the obstruction of Irish Nationalists, paved the way to the closure and to the many arbitrary limitations of the liberty of private members, the necessity for which all lovers of free Parliamentary institutions must deplore.

Lord Randolph's relations with the recognised leaders of the Conservative party are interesting. Little pains were taken by him and his three friends to conceal their opinion of Sir Stafford Northcote and his colleagues on the Front Opposition Bench. It may be true that neither 'The Goat'* nor 'Marshall & 'Snelgrove'† were capable of waging equal war against Mr. Gladstone—the greatest Parliamentary leader of the Victorian era; but loyal Conservatives might well doubt whether the continual outpouring of contempt from the first bench below the gangway on able, patriotic, and respected men on the first

* Sir Stafford Northcote.

† Mr. W. H. Smith and Sir Richard Cross.

bench above it, who had rendered much service to the State, brought either credit or real advantage to the Opposition. Whilst Lord Beaconsfield lived the Fourth Party indulged the hope that its efforts might obtain some recognition from the great leader of the Tory party. He assured Sir Henry Wolff that he fully appreciated the dissatisfaction of the four friends with the mild and gentle leadership of Sir Stafford. 'But,' he added, 'you must stick to Northcote. He represents the 'respectability of the party. I wholly sympathise with you 'all because I was never respectable myself. . . but don't on 'any account break with Northcote;' and he himself would speak to him. Yet afterwards, when Lord Randolph, in pursuance of his constant plan of allying himself with Radicals and Irish Nationalists against the Government, was anxious to oppose Mr. Forster's Coercion Bill of 1881, Lord Beaconsfield, whilst appreciating the proposal as a clever Parliamentary manœuvre, pronounced that such a policy was not practical for a *Conservative* Opposition which prided itself on being pre-eminently the party of law and order.

Thus whilst in the country Lord Randolph drew ever greater and greater crowds to hear and applaud him; in the House of Commons, and amongst statesmen, and amongst many quiet people who attend but rarely at public meetings, the proceedings of the four friends were regarded with considerable distrust. We are told a delicious and highly characteristic story of how Lord Salisbury on one occasion asked Sir Henry Wolff what was their *real* position; 'Oh, I am a "Smithite," 'Lord Salisbury,' was the reply, 'a convinced "Smithite" in 'politics.' 'But what is your object?' inquired the Tory leader. 'To do good,' was the bland response, 'simply to do 'good,' and the conversation passed to other topics!

Lord Randolph's primary object in these years was to establish and make men feel his power. Of this there could be no question after the memorable defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry on Mr. Childers's Budget early in a June morning of 1885. The victory was engineered by Lord Randolph, who had succeeded in bringing into the Lobby the whole Conservative party and the whole of the followers of Mr. Parnell. He had followed with conspicuous success his policy of co-operation with discontented Radicalism against official Liberalism; and he had made it abundantly clear to the Nationalist leader that, so far as his influence would extend, it would be used to prevent any incoming Tory Ministry renewing the Coercion Act. The fall of Khartoum in the spring, and the general want of success of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, had gone far to destroy its popu-

larity; and in Lord Randolph's opinion the time had come to strike. It was with immense disgust that he saw Sir Stafford Northcote allow to pass the House of Commons unchallenged the vote of credit for eleven millions, asked for by Mr. Gladstone to strengthen his hands in the very strained relations then existing with Russia; and he seemed unable to grasp that the not too frequent spectacle of Parliament setting aside party considerations in times of national emergency is in itself often productive of great advantage to the State. Bitterly he complained at the end of April to Lord Salisbury that Sir Stafford Northcote was losing all his opportunities. 'Don't suppose,' he writes, and he wrote no doubt as he felt at the moment, 'that I am actuated by much or any personal ambition. My 'only desire is to see the game properly and scientifically played, 'and the Conservative party fairly strong in the next Parlia-'ment; and I do not care a rap who carries off the laurels or 'the credit.' But the game, he insists, must be played in a very different way from that which commended itself to Sir Stafford.

No doubt was felt at the time in any quarter of the House of Commons that the defeat of Mr. Gladstone was due in the main to the amicable relations that Lord Randolph had been able to establish with Mr. Parnell; and to the skill with which he had taken advantage of the internal differences among Liberals in and out of the Ministry as to the policy of renewing 'coercion' in Ireland. What the Nationalist party meant by their votes, and to whom they attributed their triumph, the demonstration in the House of Commons after the division showed plainly enough. It was no less true, though it was less conspicuously apparent, that not a few prominent Liberals, believing that complete rupture on the coercion policy threatened their party, held that a defeat on Mr. Childers's Budget would be the least disastrous means by which they could escape from a position that had become untenable. Abstention from a great party division might thus render a real service to the party; and when it appeared that far less than the ordinary precautions were taken to secure the presence of all Liberals in the Lobby, it is hardly surprising that an impression grew up that the Ministry 'had 'ridden for a fall,' though it is certain that Mr. Gladstone himself neither expected nor desired defeat.

Lord Randolph had very early recognised that in these democratic times power within a party is not to be won solely by personal activities in the House of Commons and on the platform; and the forceful character of the man is well seen in the successful measures he had taken, long before his great triumph in the Lobby, to get his hand on the spring of the party machine.

In those days Mr. Chamberlain was the great upholder and advocate of the caucus system; but in truth Lord Randolph did not lag far behind him in his recognition of the use to which party machinery may be put in establishing personal ascendency. Mr. Chamberlain himself could not have surpassed Lord Randolph in the skill with which by a specious 'democratising' of a political organisation he got supreme authority into his own hands. On this occasion it was Lord Salisbury himself with whom Lord Randolph Churchill contended. The contest was a keen and indeed a bitter one. Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote now stood together, and did their best to rally 'the Goats' in defence of orthodox Conservatism and of the rule of the party by its recognised Parliamentary leaders and party whips. Lord Randolph, assisted by Mr. Gorst, showed much tactical skill. Lord Salisbury's letter, intended as a protest against ousting the authority of the orthodox 'Central Committee,' was very cleverly accepted as the 'charter' establishing the rights and position of the democratically organised 'National Union' of Conservative associations; and after very sharp dissension, in which the Conservative party narrowly escaped complete rupture, the 'new men' gained a decisive victory. In May 1884 Lord Randolph, who had been ejected, was once more elected chairman of the council of the National Union. Democratic Toryism under his leadership was in the ascendant, and his biographer rightly claims that 'he had returned stronger than ever, neither dis-'armed nor placated, and the movement which he had launched 'was driven steadily and relentlessly forward.' *

In this 'fight for the party machine' Lord Randolph's part in the game of politics had become enlarged,

'and the Fourth Party entered upon its final phase. It had grown out of a House of Commons comradeship amid the Bradlaugh debates. It had soon become the centre and soul of opposition to Mr. Gladstone's Government. It had next been drawn into a vehement effort to displace Sir Stafford Northcote from his primacy in Conservative councils and instal Lord Salisbury in his stead. In all this Mr. Balfour may be said to have worked with the Fourth party more or less formally, and to have sympathised generally and even cordially with their aims. But in the process of fighting several unexpected things had happened. A new political situation was created; new forces had been awakened; a new leader was at hand.'

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff and Mr. Gorst were everywhere recognised as Lord Randolph's lieutenants. Not so Mr. Balfour,

* Vol. i. p. 331.

who, as the conflict came to be one between Lord Randolph and Lord Salisbury, naturally sided with the latter.

It was due to Lord Randolph's triumph in the House of Commons on June 8, 1885, that Lord Salisbury's first Ministry came into existence. At no period of his career was Lord Randolph disposed to underestimate his own power. The Prime Minister might offer a Secretaryship of State to one whom as yet the greater portion of the public regarded only as a brilliant free-lance; but Lord Randolph had no intention whatever of joining the Ministry except on terms of his own making. Sir Stafford, he insisted, must leave the House of Commons. There was accordingly some hitch, and a good deal of delay, which ended at last, as the contest about the National Union had ended, in the yielding of Lord Salisbury. Lord Randolph was determined to get his way. He was too powerful, he rightly considered, for his assistance in the Ministry to be dispensed with; and the result was that both in fact and in the eyes of all men, when he entered the Conservative Cabinet, he did so less as a nominee than as an independent ally of Lord Salisbury. Yet in the very hour of his triumph Lord Randolph would have done well to remember Lord Salisbury's warning, despised at the time, that it was hardly worth while for a party to win place if the conditions were such as to render it incapable of governing in accordance with its own principles. The combination of divergent elements in the Lobby had achieved the victory of June 8. It was not a 'wholesome' one. And the deep discredit into which the 'Ministry of Caretakers' at once fell justified the prophetic words of Lord Salisbury, and lessened the prospect that the nation at the approaching General Election, however much dissatisfied with the many failures of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, would give its confidence to the Conservative party. If the battle in the Lobby was won for the Conservatives by Lord Randolph Churchill's tactics, it is right to remember that he and his associates were in no slight degree responsible for the utter failure of the Conservative party to enlist the confidence of the British electorate and public.

If there was one subject upon which, above all others, the Conservative Opposition had been vehement against Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, it was its conspicuous want of success in supporting the law in Ireland, and its compromising relations with the followers of Mr. Parnell. Men who had denounced the 'Kilmainham 'Treaty' had now themselves come to an understanding with Irish Nationalists. 'Coercion' was to be abandoned. Lord Spencer's firm rule was discredited. The 'Maamtrasma Alliance' was in all men's mouths. Farther than this, though the

matter was not fully known till afterwards, Lord Carnarvon, the Lord Lieutenant, had, with the knowledge of Lord Salisbury, been in consultation with Mr. Parnell on the subject of local government in Ireland. His first speech as Lord Lieutenant in the House of Lords expressed his readiness to give up 'coercion' in reliance on the good will and love of order of the Irish people. The British people, on the other hand, began to suspect that the Conservative Lord Lieutenant was a Home Ruler. It was at least evident that, in Mr. Churchill's pregnant words, 'Lord 'Carnarvon was treading that path of hope and peril which 'seems to possess an almost irresistible fascination for English 'statesmen who are invited to watch at close quarters the 'detailed working of Irish administration.' It is not altogether strange that whilst the Irish Nationalist vote in Great Britain at the General Election was, by Mr. Parnell's orders, thrown on the Conservative side, in England and in Ulster a by no means inappreciable amount of public distrust was engendered, which became a contributing cause of the Unionist alliance of a later day.

Lord Randolph's rise to a position of such great power was almost without precedent in its rapidity. The influence which he brought to bear was at once felt and was duly recognised by Lord Salisbury. Now, however, he would be called upon to show for the first time whether he possessed qualities of a very different order from those for which he had hitherto been distinguished. As Secretary of State for India he had become the head of a great department. Had he the gifts of an administrator? His official career was to prove a very short one, for his rule at the India Office lasted only from July to January, and his Chancellorship of the Exchequer only from the following July to December. No one who has led the House of Commons has ever had so short an experience of office. Yet he was long enough at the India Office and at the Treasury to earn the highest character amongst the permanent officials of these great departments, men who know what good administration means. He showed tact and consideration in the management of men. He knew how to select the business to which his personal attention should be given, and this he mastered; whilst for the rest he placed entire confidence in his subordinates. He was not afraid of the House of Commons. In matters to which he gave his attention he was firm and decided; and he was singularly quick in getting at the root of a complicated question. Sir Arthur Godley, the Under-Secretary of State, says that in presiding over the Council of India no Secretary of State ever showed greater skill and

address. The absence of all pretension to greater knowledge than he possessed delighted the permanent officials; whilst the keenness and rapid working of his mind on the novel topics presented to him earned their admiration.

"He was in fact,' says Sir Arthur Godley, 'an excellent head of a great department. He occupied himself instinctively and naturally with the great questions, and kept his work upon a high plane, leaving petty matters to his subordinates, but always maintaining his own ultimate control. He was, as everyone knows, exceedingly able, quick, and clear sighted. Besides this, he was very industrious, very energetic and decided when once his mind was made up, and remarkably skilful in the art of devolution—that is to say, in the art of getting the full amount of help out of his subordinates. He had the gift of knowing at once whether a given question was worth his attention or should be left to others. . . . His perfect candour and straightforwardness were not only admirable in themselves but were a great assistance to business . . . Few high officials can ever have been his superior, or, indeed, his equal, in the magical art of *getting things done*. Those who worked under him were sure of a friendly and favourable hearing, and they felt that, if they had once convinced him that a certain step ought to be taken, it infallibly would be taken, and "put through."'

In the Treasury the estimate of Lord Randolph Churchill, after he had been a short time Chancellor of the Exchequer, was not less favourable. Sir Algernon West, whose party bias would naturally have been against him, and who had himself been the subject of a personal attack by Lord Randolph, as violent and bitter as it was absurd, appreciated his merits as an administrator almost as highly as did Sir Arthur Godley. Here, then, in the month of July 1886, was a young statesman (he was only thirty-six) leader of the House of Commons and Chancellor of the Exchequer, recognised by all the world as the possessor of parliamentary gifts of the highest order, and regarded by those who had exceptional opportunities of judging as the possessor of powers of administration in no degree less remarkable; the favourite of the platform, the real chief of the Conservative Caucus, the founder and hero of that strange product of Democratic Toryism—the Primrose League. What more for the moment could any English statesman desire? Surely now Lord Randolph had the ball at his feet! He had had no one but himself to thank for the great position he had won. It had been achieved by his own energies and talent. Political power, hardly second to Lord Salisbury's, was now in his hand: what would he do with it?

A successful and popular leader of the House of Commons,

whose chief is a Peer, if he is earnest and firm in his convictions, and treats his colleagues with tact, can make himself virtually Prime Minister—the man by whose will the country is really governed. How happened it, then, that this surprising career came abruptly and finally to a close just at the very time when all outward signs seemed to promise a long future of power and fame ?

The explanation is to be found in the special circumstances of the time, and in certain peculiarities of Lord Randolph Churchill's character. The year 1886 was no ordinary year in English history. Mr. Gladstone's sudden acceptance of a policy which he had determinedly opposed throughout his whole life, and his hearty alliance with men whom he had with persistence and fervour denounced as the enemies of the State—with a party which he had declared was actuated by the love of anarchy and rapine—had more than startled Englishmen. It was an additional cause of public anxiety that other statesmen of experience and character appeared completely to have forgotten their individual responsibilities, and to have formed no higher conception of their duty to their country than that of merging themselves as 'items' (in the language of the day) in the following of the 'great leader of the Liberal party.' What Englishmen were in want of at this supreme juncture was a Government they could *trust*. Statesmen might be brilliant debaters, distinguished administrators, and possess eloquence which would bring together and kindle into enthusiasm countless thousands of their countrymen. In these great powers no one could rival Mr. Gladstone himself. Was the leader of Tory democracy, either as an individual or as the presiding genius of a Ministry, the man to whom in such a crisis the country would wish to turn ? He had played the game according to his own notion of how it should be played. No one could have played *that* game better or with more success. But he had got out of it all it had to give. Now something more was needed. And that which the country desired with almost painful anxiety—to feel confidence in the character and reliance on the common-sense and steadfastness of the men who governed it—it was unfortunately not possible for Lord Randolph Churchill to supply.

Mr. Churchill, we think, estimates too highly his father's services in popularizing or democratizing the Conservative party, and he greatly exaggerates his influence in bringing about that alliance between Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists which was for many a year to provide the majority of the House of Commons; and therefore to exercise predominant authority in

the State. It is quite true that Lord Randolph perceived that extensions of the suffrage had made it impossible for any party to be, as were the Tories of a bygone age, the mere defenders of privilege against popular claims. Their only means of obtaining power in democratic times was by getting the support of the democracy itself. The change that had been brought about in the relation of political parties towards each other and towards the public was a fundamental one; but it was so transparently evident to all the world that it is impossible to treat Lord Randolph as its sole or principal discoverer. It is quite true, again, that after Mr. Gladstone's sudden acceptance of Home Rule, there was no more energetic fighter for the cause of the Union than Lord Randolph Churchill. To defeat Mr. Gladstone and his party in the House of Commons and the country was his object. He had defeated Mr. Gladstone in the House in 1885 by the aid of the Nationalist vote. And at the General Election Mr. Parnell and the Nationalists were on his side. It was the game! After January 1886 the only way to defeat Mr. Gladstone and his party in the House and in the country was by the aid of the Liberal-Unionists. It was the game!

He never quite understood the Liberal-Unionists; and they for the most part had a suspicion that he valued them chiefly as a convenient stick with which to beat his foes. It was a time of general unsettlement and the breaking up of parties. There might be more complications and fresh alliances. Would Lord Randolph Churchill, in all the possibilities of such a period, be firm in resisting Mr. Parnell and his important following? Of this, rightly or wrongly, Liberal-Unionists did not feel sure.

Before, however, we come to the crash produced by Mr. Gladstone's avowal of a Home Rule policy, it is interesting to observe Lord Randolph Churchill's action within the first Cabinet of which he was a member. Whilst in his department he was winning golden opinions for his tact, for his readiness to receive advice, and for his skill in the management of men, his behaviour to his chief—Lord Salisbury—seems to show quite unmistakably that in the Cabinet from the first he intended to dominate, and that he believed he had power to dominate. Lord Salisbury's previous experience had made him fully aware that his new Secretary of State was a man determined to get his own way, and generally very successful in getting it. Whether from the sense of the danger of rupture with so powerful a colleague, or out of the personal liking which at this time Lord Salisbury evidently felt for his wilful subordinate, the Prime Minister treated him for long with much kindness and patience.

The Secretary of State was perfectly right in insisting that

the appointment of the Duke of Connaught to the command of the Army of Bombay, however much it might be desired by the Sovereign, was one for which *he* would be, and ought to be, held responsible. On grounds of high policy he disapproved the appointment, to which Lord Salisbury was at first decidedly inclined; and, this being so, he had every reason to comment strongly upon the correspondence which had taken place, as he alleged, behind his back, between the Sovereign and the Viceroy of India, through the Prime Minister. But the whole transaction, the importance of which he had greatly magnified, was explained. It was clear that neither the Sovereign, nor the Prime Minister, nor the Viceroy, intended to be guilty of any disrespect to the majesty of the offended Secretary of State; and that no similar offence by them would be repeated. Lord Randolph's letters of resignation of August 14 and 15 show such a lamentable lack of the sense of all proportion as only loss of temper can account for. After all, it was clear from the first that Lord Randolph was, in this particular difficulty, as usual about to get his own way. To break up the Government at such a time out of mere personal annoyance and irritation would on all public grounds have been quite unreasonable. Yet Lord Randolph was obdurate even against the Prime Minister's most conciliatory letter, and persisted in his determination to resign.

'From the first I always had great doubts whether my being in the Government would be of any advantage to the Government or the party. All doubts on the point are now removed from my mind. A first-class question of Indian administration has been taken out of my hands, and at any moment this action may recur, and it is clear to the Viceroy that I do not occupy towards himself the position which the Secretary of State ought to, and is supposed to, occupy.'

The resignation was ultimately withdrawn, but, as Mr. Churchill says, though the matter in dispute was settled, more lasting consequences remained.

'Although the correspondence between Lord Randolph and the Prime Minister ripples on as pleasantly as ever, although in the next few months their comradeship became increasingly cordial, it cannot be supposed that such a conflict could pass away without leaving scars. Lord Salisbury could not forget, Lord Randolph Churchill could not but remember, what the result of a resignation had been.'

The Home Rule controversy was to change the character of English parties; but, as Mr. Churchill rightly points out, the Liberal party at the time of the bursting of Mr. Gladstone's

shell was already in a very critical condition. Within that party Mr. Chamberlain represented the advanced Radical wing. And if, to Lord Salisbury, that statesman's speeches in the autumn of 1885 suggested a nineteenth century 'Jack Cade,' Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen, in speech after speech, showed equal determination to sever themselves completely from the policy the Radical leader was laying before the country. The extremer Radicals, such as Mr. Labouchere, with a large section of the party press, were clamorous in Mr. Chamberlain's support, declaring repeatedly that the Whigs were a millstone round the neck of the party. Let them be cast off, and at once the true Radical party would rise in its might with a People at its back, and would sweep away all the opposition that Tories, Old Whigs, and moderate men generally would be able to offer it. Whig presence in Liberal Councils hampered and weakened Liberal action. Let the Whigs then join the Conservatives, where they would have less power for evil. Language such as this has been often held, and may be held again. It is the sort of shallow stuff that finds favour with caucuses. Yet it has again and again been proved that neither great party can afford for its own sake to drive moderate men from its ranks. Such a proceeding inevitably insures the success of its opponents, sometimes for a long period of years. As we have seen, Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke, with their Radical following, almost rent the party in twain in 1885 in their determination to resist 'Coercion.' The great banquet given to Lord Spencer, and presided over by Lord Hartington, was in truth a Whig rally in defence of law and order in Ireland. Mr. Bright, indeed, attended the banquet, but Mr. Chamberlain and his followers were conspicuously absent. The extremer Radicals were on that subject in agreement with the Nationalists, whom Lord Randolph and his friends had also begun to encourage. Even before Mr. Herbert Gladstone had flown the Home Rule 'kite,' all the omens indicated rupture in the Liberal party.

Of the process of Mr. Gladstone's conversion we are all aware. Mr. Churchill, in a few admirable sentences, puts the case before us.

'His internal loathing of the coercive measures he had been forced to impose during the past five years; his suspicion and entire misconception of the cold-blooded manœuvres by which his Government had been overturned; his hope of remoulding, repairing, and consolidating the great party instrument which he had directed so long; the desire of an "old Parliamentary hand" to win the game; the dream of a sunlit Ireland, loyal because it was free, prosperous and privileged because it was loyal—the crowning glory

of an old man's life—all find their place in that immense decision. And then the whole mass of resolve, ponderously advancing, drawing into its movement all that learning and fancy could supply, gathering in its progress the growing momentum of enthusiasm, wrenching and razing all barriers from its path, was finally precipitated like an avalanche upon a startled world!'

Mr. Gladstone's communications with his principal colleagues have been published, and we have been invited to follow the very workings of his mind.

'But,' continues Mr. Churchill, 'a veil of mystery and even suspicion still hangs over the inner Councils of Lord Salisbury's Government. What were the leaders of the Conservative party thinking about during those anxious weeks? What plans did they revolve? What difficulties did they face within the secrecy of the Cabinet? Their final decision was declared on January 26. But what alternatives were they weighing meanwhile in conclave or consultation? How far were they prepared to go in satisfaction of Irish demands? What purpose lay behind Lord Randolph Churchill's silence at Sheffield, or lurked in Lord Carnarvon's empty house?'

We are by no means sure that on these disputed matters Mr. Churchill is justified in claiming that he throws new light. No human being in his senses ever thought that Lord Salisbury would propose any system deserving the name of Home Rule for Ireland. It is equally certain that, being in a minority, and on the eve of a General Election, the Conservative leaders, or some of them, coquetted with the Nationalists in order to get the Irish vote. Necessarily, when the elections were over, a very awkward question for the Ministry arose. Should the very first act of a Government put into office by the Nationalist vote be the introduction of a fresh measure of coercion? Lord Randolph Churchill was opposed to it. His policy would have been to conciliate the Roman Catholic Church and so weaken the Nationalists.

'My own opinion,' he wrote in October 1885, 'is, that if you approach the Archbishop through proper channels, if you deal in friendly remonstrances and in attractive assurances, . . . the tremendous force of the Catholic Church will gradually and insensibly come over to the side of the Tory party.'

On January 26 Lord Salisbury's sense of duty to his country compelled him, against the opinion of Lord Randolph, to announce his intention to have recourse to fresh so-called 'coercion'—measures for the suppression of the National League, the prevention of intimidation, and the protection of life and property in Ireland. The alliance with the Nationalists was at once at an

end ; and the same evening the amendment to the Address moved by Mr. Jesse Collings—'three acres and a cow'—was carried against the Government, though supported by Lord Hartington and fifteen other Liberals. Mr. Gladstone, with his face set towards Home Rule, was once more Prime Minister.

In these very critical times Lord Randolph behaved with thorough loyalty to Lord Salisbury, and with a desire to sink personal predilections and private interests for the public good. He gave way, against his own opinion, to the Prime Minister's view of the necessity of having recourse to coercion. Already as early as the end of November he had foreseen, and, indeed, had advised coalition with Whig statesmen as the only means of resisting Radicals and Nationalists combined. Having regard to subsequent events, the letters passing between Lord Randolph Churchill and Lord Salisbury on November 29 and 30, 1885, are as curious as they are interesting. On November 29 Lord Randolph writes :

'I think you ought to negotiate with the other side, giving Hartington India, Goschen Home Office, and Rosebery Scotch Office. You will never get Whig support as long as I am in the Government, and Whig support you must have. I should like to contribute effectively to your getting it, for my curiosity as to the internal and mysterious mechanism of Government is completely satiated. Very indifferent health makes me look forward irresistibly to idleness regained. . . .'

Lord Salisbury replied the next day:

'My dear Randolph,—I am afraid your patriotic offer of giving place to Goschen for the sake of making a coalition will be of little avail. They hate me as much as they hate you—and if retirements are required for the sake of repose and Whig combination, I shall claim to retire with you in both respects. The time for coalition has not come yet—nor will so long as the G.O.M. is to the fore. . . .'

Lord Salisbury was quite right. In November, when the Conservatives were in power by virtue of Parnellite votes, and whilst the Nationalists were ostentatiously supporting the Conservative party in the constituencies, it would not have been possible for the Prime Minister to call Whig statesmen to his aid. What was out of the question in November became possible in January, for Mr. Gladstone's action had largely changed the issues which divided parties. The Liberal party, whilst it endeavoured to retain the old name, had become in fact the Home Rule party, and the common-sense of the country, unlike the majorities in caucuses and associations, was soon to show that it paid, after its usual fashion, much more respect to substance than to names.

In vigorous fighting, and in vehemence of language, Lord Randolph was of course in the front of the great battle for the Union. He had seen long before that that battle could only be won under the condition of a hearty alliance between Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists; yet he appears to have disapproved the great meeting at the Opera House on April 13, 1886, at which Lord Cowper presided, and where for the first time Lord Hartington and Lord Salisbury, accompanied by lifelong Liberals and Conservatives, stood side by side to declare their determination to oppose Home Rule. The meeting produced a great effect in the country; but Lord Randolph was a man of moods, as his biographer has told us. He was absent from the meeting, and there were other occasions when his behaviour and language seemed to justify a certain feeling of distrust on the part of many members of the Liberal-Unionist party; and this never quite disappeared.

With Mr. Chamberlain he was soon on the best of terms; and probably no one was so influential as Lord Randolph in bringing about the permanent attachment to the Conservative party of the quondam Radical leader. The position of the latter was one of unusual difficulty. His connection and following were of course Radical. He had shown himself willing to go very far towards satisfying Nationalist aspirations. He had long called himself, and in 1886 still called himself, a 'Home Ruler.' With the leading Whigs—Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen—he had just been in sharp disagreement; and the vehement antagonism which existed between him and Lord Salisbury had been made known to all men in the forcible language of which each was a master. Lord Randolph's position was very different from theirs. He had himself been charged with being 'a Radical in disguise,' and the advanced views which he really held made it comparatively easy for him and Mr. Chamberlain to enter into confidential relations.

'The force of political circumstances was strengthened by personal predilection. Both men liked each other's company. Their moods and ways of looking at things—to some extent their methods—were not altogether dissimilar. Both were popular leaders drawing their strength from democracy. Both were bold, determined, outspoken, and impulsive by nature. Both had been joined to their orthodox party colleagues by slender and uncertain bonds.'

After Mr. Chamberlain's resignation it was therefore natural that the two should come into 'close and cordial co-operation.'

The combination of Lord Salisbury, Lord Hartington, and Mr. Chamberlain, severally representing the orthodox Conservative party, the Whigs or moderate Liberals, and, indeed,

numbers of moderate men of all sections, and the Radical Unionists, was ridiculed at the time by Mr. Gladstone and his followers as one of those coalitions which England has been said to abhor. Yet for the next twenty years, with the exception of a short interval, during which a Home Rule party entirely dependent on the Irish Nationalist vote was to be in office without being in power, that triumvirate governed England. The General Election of 1885 was to be the last, till the year 1906, in which the Liberal party was to have the support of a majority of the British electorate. In 1906 Lord Salisbury was no more, and Mr. Balfour reigned in his stead; whilst Mr. Chamberlain, notwithstanding the wise remonstrances of the Duke of Devonshire, had embraced, with results disastrous to the Conservative party, the policy of Protection which he had been wise enough to repudiate when President of the Board of Trade twenty years before. The union of the Unionist party for which Lord Randolph had for a time so ardently fought was at an end. The Home Rule question no longer held the field, and the Liberal and Radical party, with whose views no doubt Lord Randolph had many sympathies, but which he had always vigorously opposed, once more entered upon power.

It was fated that Lord Randolph, who had done so much in the days of trial to secure the Unionist victory, was to have but a small share in the triumph. In July 1886 he became leader of the House of Commons and Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Government which the Liberal-Unionists, whilst they refused to take office, were prepared to support. 'How long will your leadership last?' a Liberal friend is said to have asked. 'Six months,' replied Lord Randolph gaily. 'And after that?' 'Westminster Abbey!'

His biographer urges that the influence Lord Randolph exercised over such men as Lord Salisbury proves that he was no mere brilliant self-seeker. He undoubtedly possessed the natural ascendency over men which is here claimed for him; and this alone is some proof of greatness.

'A veil of the incalculable,' says Mr. Churchill, 'shrouded the workings of his complex nature. No one could tell what he would do, or by what motive, lofty or trivial, of conviction or caprice, of irritation or self-sacrifice, he would be governed; and in these good days of fortune the double fascination of mystery and success lent him an air of authority which neither irreverent language nor the impulsive frankness of youth could dispel. He became leader of the House of Commons, not because he had schemed for it, not because it was his right in lawful succession, not assuredly because the Conservatives loved him, or felt they would be safe in his hands.

He was the leader at that moment—natural, inevitable, and as it seemed, indispensable.'

This is well said, and it is the simple truth. But his character, his gifts, his peculiarities, whilst they explain his rapid rise, account no less for his inability to retain the high position he had won. The country at that most critical time did want above all things to be led by men whom it could trust, and it never trusted Lord Randolph Churchill.

Lord Salisbury, having strongly, but in vain, pressed Lord Hartington to form a Government, which he was himself ready and willing to support, proceeded to compose his own Cabinet. It was at the end of July 1886 that it was announced that Lord Randolph was to lead the House of Commons and to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. His active leadership lasted only till the House rose in the third week of September; and his Chancellorship of the Exchequer only till December. It was thus Lord Randolph's fortune never to bring a Budget before Parliament; though his son is able to sketch out for us what his Budget of 1887 would have been. In managing the House of Commons, he proved himself in his short but sharp trial exceedingly successful. He knew when and how to yield and when to be firm. He was, in that respect following Mr. Gladstone's example, always in the House. And his friends began to fear that his health would not be equal to the strain of so much labour. 'You 'must find it very hard work,' said an admiring friend, 'leading 'the House and at the same time being at the Exchequer.' 'Not half such hard work as it was getting there!' was the droll answer. Mr. Chamberlain wrote to him 'not to worry 'and get knocked up;' whilst Mr. Balfour urged him to take care of himself, and could see no necessity for his being so constantly in his place. At the end of the session the Queen sent her congratulations and compliments on 'his skill and judge-'ment' in leading the House of Commons through 'such an 'exceptional session.' On all sides, without distinction of party, similar language was held.

Lord Randolph's extraordinary resignation was not the least characteristic act of his life. He had become deeply interested in the work of the Treasury, where, as at the India Office, he soon won golden opinions from the permanent officials. The House of Commons had no sooner risen than he turned his great abilities and energies to the consideration of the whole financial condition of the country, to the promotion of public economy, and the preparation of the next year's Budget. Mr. Churchill, in a very interesting chapter, places before the public the Budget

which in November 1886 Lord Randolph explained to his startled colleagues, and to which he obtained the provisional consent of the Cabinet. It is not necessary on this occasion to spend time in discussing political 'might have beens.' His scheme was large and far-reaching, and is fully entitled to the description given of it by Lord Randolph's son—'a 'democratic Budget,' 'a vast financial revolution.' It was his object to reduce the burden of taxation, especially on the poorer classes of taxpayers. The death duties were to be entirely remodelled; income tax reduced from 8*d.* to 5*d.*, tea from 6*d.* to 4*d.*; the provision for the payment off of debt to be largely diminished; stamps, house duty, and other taxes to be revised. The whole project, however, was necessarily dependent upon the enforcement of national economy by the diminution of expenditure. Here was the rock on which the Budget and the Chancellor of the Exchequer with it were to meet shipwreck.

Considering the boldness and originality of the scheme, and remembering that, after all, Lord Salisbury's Ministry, though supported from outside by Liberal-Unionists, was still a Conservative Government, Lord Randolph might well have congratulated himself upon the progress he had already made. In a system of Government such as ours, a statesman, however great his ability, and however sound his views, can hardly expect to carry sweeping 'financial revolutions,' or even original and far-reaching reforms of any kind, without exercising for a considerable length of time the powers of patient suasion on his colleagues. A Chancellor of the Exchequer of less than five months' standing was hardly in a position to dictate, on the very first presentation of the proposed Estimates, his absolute will to experienced and patriotic men like Mr. W. H. Smith and Lord George Hamilton, sustained as they were by the great authority of the Prime Minister. Because he could not get more than a small amount of the reduction in the expenditure on the army and navy for which he asked, was he justified in resigning under circumstances and at a time when his resignation might be expected to produce serious and even disastrous consequences to the Ministry of which he was a member, and to the great cause of the Union for which he had worked so gallantly? In his letters to Lord Salisbury of December 20 and 22, 1886, Lord Randolph put his resignation on the ground of his dissatisfaction with the Estimates; but Mr. Churchill argues with some force that the general incompatibility of his views and opinions with those commonly held by Conservatives, and especially by Lord Salisbury, made his continuance in a Conservative

Cabinet practically impossible. The two statesmen might well work together in a common opposition to Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party; but joint action in an Administration was a heavy trial to both.

'The gulf which separated the fiery leader of Tory democracy —with his bold plans of reform and dreams of change, with his record of storm and triumph, and slender expectations of a long life—from the old-fashioned Conservative statesman, the head of a High Church and high Tory family, versed in diplomacy, representative of authority, wary, austere, content to govern—was a gulf no mutual needs, no common interests, no personal likings, could permanently bridge. They represented conflicting schools of political philosophy. They stood for ideas mutually incompatible. Sooner or later the breach must have come, and no doubt the strong realization of this underlay the action of the one and the acquiescence of the other.'

This would be more convincing had not later experience shown that it was quite possible for Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Salisbury, between whom the differences of opinion were assuredly as great as between Lord Randolph and Lord Salisbury, to work together in complete harmony, and by their co-operation to carry into effect many measures—such, for instance, as the Local Government Act and free education—of the very kind to recommend themselves to the pioneers of 'Tory Democracy.' It is, moreover, worthy of notice that a year or two later Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain were drawn into very close relations—so close, indeed, that we are told they agreed together that in case of the collapse of Lord Salisbury's Ministry and the consequent formation of a Coalition Government under Lord Hartington, neither democratic leader was to take office without the other. Yet Mr. Churchill makes it abundantly clear that, notwithstanding the closeness of their alliance an incompatibility of temperament would have rendered impossible any permanent co-operation between the two statesmen.

As was the case in Lord Salisbury's former Ministry, it can hardly be doubted that Lord Randolph once more intended to dominate. Had Lord Salisbury in his later administration again yielded to the imperious will of his colleague, as perhaps Lord Randolph more than half expected him to do, the leader of the House of Commons would have been henceforward the real Prime Minister. As it was, the shock to the Ministry caused by the resignation was far less than Lord Randolph or the general public expected. Mr. Goschen stepped into the vacant place at the Exchequer, Mr. W. H. Smith led the

House of Commons, and neither Lord Salisbury's Government nor the Unionist cause in the long run suffered by the change.

Lord Randolph's had been a strange career. It is difficult to believe that with the ordinary physical health and strength natural to his time of life he would not, as the years went on, have played once more a principal part on the political stage. But it was not to be. His strength, never great, had been undermined. On several occasions, indeed, during the remainder of that Parliament, he showed all his old acumen and political instinct, and some of his old debating power. The part of a statesman who has sacrificed office and ambition for the sake of a great principle, who can look beyond mere party rivalries, who leads men rather by reason of their respect for his character than their hopes of his giving them immediate victory, it was not in him to play. Curiously enough, his immediate successor was in all this his exact antithesis. Mr. Goschen had never played or tried to play the mere party game. He had had through life an ingrained habit of looking into the merits of things, and of forming his own conclusions for himself, whilst his political action and his political judgement had always gone together. For years he had been unable to count himself a follower of Mr. Gladstone, and had in consequence forgone all claim to the position of place and power to which his abilities and character would have entitled him. Now he was universally recognised as the man to save the situation.

Mr. Goschen was a Liberal-Unionist, and as yet no Liberal-Unionist had taken office under a Conservative Minister. At the time not a few Liberal-Unionists regretted his withdrawal from their little band. It seemed to them to weaken the Liberal-Unionism in which they believed, and to strengthen that 'Toryism' which they had so lately denounced, and which they still eyed with suspicion. Events, however, soon showed clearly enough that if Home Rule was to be defeated at all, its opponents must go a good deal further in closing their ranks against the common enemy than they had at first contemplated. So in these great rendings of parties it generally happens. There is a tendency in British politics, on the whole a good one, towards consolidation into two great parties, and no one looking back thinks that Mr. Goschen made a mistake in being the first Liberal-Unionist frankly to acknowledge the lead of Lord Salisbury.

Lord Randolph's position in Parliament and in the country had been entirely his own making. He was no one's *protégé*; and since he had allowed himself to be persuaded by his father to stand for Woodstock the various steps by which he had ascended

the political ladder were taken on his own sole initiative. If he consulted others, and he does not appear often to have done so, it was certainly not with a view to following their advice. His fall, like his rise, was entirely his own doing. No one but himself could have struck him down. He had intimate and faithful friends. But he had not sought their advice; and they were aghast as the insensate folly with which it seemed to them that he had acted. Deeply provoked by the opposition he met with in the Cabinet, he had counted upon overcoming at one blow its resistance; and he had not the patience to wait and see whether by giving them a little time, and by strengthening his own position, he might not yet prevail. Had he merely been scheming to supplant Lord Salisbury, we agree with Mr. Churchill that he would have taken measures to protect himself, would have chosen his time better, and have walked altogether much more warily. As it was, he literally gave himself away. It is certainly not the case that he never thought of anything but his own advancement. We know how he played the game; but he was, perhaps primarily, a man of moods and tempers. When he wrote the letter to Lord Salisbury of November 29, 1885, offering to stand aside in order to facilitate a Whig alliance, he was in one mood. When he wrote his letter of resignation to Lord Salisbury in December 1886, he was in another mood. There is a good deal of worldly wisdom in the advice which Mr. Labouchere gave him as to his resignation—viz.

'in your own interests to think it over. This would have been all very well if you had not been leader of the House, or if you had been leader for some years. In the former case, you might have upset your friends and been leader; in the latter case you would have become a fetish . . . I should have thought that your game was rather a waiting one. Sacrifice everything to becoming a fetish; then and only then you can do as you like. . . .'

Assuredly no statesman's resignation was ever at the time less necessitated by circumstances, or less called for by the kind of considerations which in his cooler moments appear to have directed his actions. As regards his own future, no statesman's fall was ever more complete.

Though his greatest admirers can hardly attribute to Lord Randolph any real depth of political principles, his biographer is fully entitled to claim for him a keen political insight and instinct; and it is more than possible that, had his life and health been prolonged, he might again have done good service to the State, and he would in all probability have saved the Conservative party from some bad blunders. He saw from the

beginning the mischief that might follow from the institution of the so-called 'Parnell Commission.' The Executive and Legislature he rightly considered were outstepping their proper sphere of action in establishing a special tribunal to inquire into the truth of the charges made against Mr. Parnell and his friends. It would have been far wiser, as well as more constitutional, to have left the Nationalist leaders to the remedies that the law provided. Mr. Winston Churchill, however, who is generally very fair in recounting events which at the time raised violent party feeling, such, for instance, as the Bradlaugh Controversy, the Kilmainham Treaty, the Maamtrasna Murders, and Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule, on this occasion seems to approve the language of extraordinary exaggeration in which the action of the Government and Parliament was denounced. It must always be remembered that Mr. Parnell and the Nationalist members themselves called for inquiry—before a Committee of the House of Commons, a body of necessity very unfit to try with impartiality the charges that had been made. The Government for sound reasons refused that request; but at the same time offered as a substitute, and then insisted on, a more searching investigation to be conducted by the ablest and most impartial men that the country could provide. Lord Randolph's memorandum, privately submitted to the leader of the House of Commons when the proposal was first made, contains some very weighty reasoning. On the whole, we think he was right. An error of judgement was committed; but, after all, the conduct of Government fell far short of establishing a kind of Spanish Inquisition before which they succeeded by sheer violence in dragging their political foes!

In his early days Lord Randolph had, like so many other Conservatives, been bitten by the specious though shallow arguments of the Fair Traders. But with his acute mind he was not long in seeing through the fallacies of the Protectionist doctrines which had won the enthusiastic approval of Mr. Chaplin and other old-fashioned Tories. He took up on the subject a strongly British position, as against those who assured him of the good results that Protection had brought about elsewhere.

'It is no use,' he declared at Stockton, 'saying to me, "Go to America or New South Wales." I will not go to America, and I will not go to New South Wales. There is not the smallest analogy between those countries and England. America is a self-contained country, and almost everything she requires for her people she can produce in abundance. We cannot. We have more people than we can feed; and not only for food, but for our manufactures, we depend upon raw material imported from abroad.

Therefore I decline to go to America or New South Wales; but I would go to European countries—to France, Austria, and Germany —and I want to know whether Fair Traders can prove that the people of those countries are more prosperous than ours.'

Lord Randolph 'had had his hour.' The condition of his health was sufficient, had there been no other reasons, to prevent in the few years of life that remained to him, the recovery of his old position and power in the State. His failure of strength and his premature death make a tragic ending to a very remarkable and brilliant career. We cannot indeed put down the 'Life,' assuredly one of the most interesting of modern political biographies, without feeling that there was wanting to his character one of the essentials of really great statesmanship. What were his ideals? What were the political causes or principles for which he really cared? He appears to have regarded party success as everything. Yet party, even the 'Tory party,' is but an instrument. It is not in itself an end. When in 1885 he played and played successfully to win the Parnellite vote, he refused to look with Lord Salisbury at what might result from an 'unwholesome victory.' When at a somewhat later date he hoped by conciliating the Irish hierarchy to withdraw the support of the Roman Catholic Church from Irish Nationalists, he seems to have thought less of restoring peace and loyalty to Ireland than of bringing the tremendous power of the Church 'on to the side of the Tory party.' Speaking in the House of Commons in 1887, he described the Liberal-Unionists as 'a useful kind of crutch,' of service till the Tory party should be 'able to walk alone. . . .' 'It was to the Tory 'party and solely to the Tory party that he looked for the main-'tenance of the Union'—language which suggests that at the moment of speaking he valued the cause of the Union as a valuable party asset rather than as the great cause which was rallying in its defence, in despite of party prejudices, and at the cost of personal sacrifices, patriotic men in every party in the State.

These things are disappointing, especially in a man whose own views were very far indeed from being narrow-minded. With regard to the Eastern Question, and to Egypt, with regard to Coercion and Home Rule, with regard to South Africa, and indeed with regard to many other subjects of interest, he had a singularly open mind, capable of contemplating them from more than the one point of view at the time visible to heated partisans on his own side of politics. But when it came to political action, and the part that he intended to take, the merits of any

particular question were light in the one scale, whilst the other seemed to him to hold the fortunes of the party and the prospects of the game.

The very abundant publication in recent times of political memoirs and biographies has made Englishmen well acquainted with the various types of great statesmen produced by our parliamentary and constitutional system. These types renew themselves daily before our eyes. On the whole, the British people is clear-sighted as to the real character of the men who aspire to govern it. Self-seeking politicians there will always be; but a politician is not to be set down as a mere self-seeker because his impulses do not spring from the sole desire (in Sir Henry Wolff's words) 'simply to do good.' With the noble aim of serving the State there will generally be largely mixed, in great and strong natures, no small portion of personal ambition—of a desire to be first. Chatham's belief that 'he could save the country, and that no one else could,' is the sentiment that inspires a leader of men. It is not every Prime Minister or Leader of the House of Commons who can be so described. Indeed, official leadership often serves but to disclose the real incapacity to lead.

In different men the proportion of motive that springs from public and private objects is very different. With many of our statesmen political questions have habitually been regarded first and principally from a moral standpoint, as questions of right or wrong, rather than of expediency. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and the Duke of Argyll, for instance, all felt to the marrow of their bones that 'what was morally wrong could not be politically right.' It is a descent from heights, where considerations of 'saving or serving the State,' or the bearing a part in the great fight between good and evil, appear to be at stake, to a level where caucus-mongering and intrigue are employed as principal instruments in winning the game of politics. In the 'Life of Lord Randolph Churchill,' the importance belonging in the present day to party machinery and its skilful manipulation is revealed. Such machinery is probably a necessary accompaniment of democratic institutions; and it has come amongst us to stay. If this is the first biography of a leading English statesmen in which the caucus system plays much part, it certainly will not be the last.

A man of moods, without fixed principles, cannot be expected to give steady guidance to the State. To excel in the party game will not suffice. Lord Randolph Churchill was greatly gifted, but it was not possible for him to play the part, or leave behind him the reputation, of a great statesman.

Art. II.—ILLUMINISM AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

1. *Les Sociétés Secrètes et la Société; ou Philosophie de l'Histoire Contemporaine.* Par N. Deschamps, S.J. 3 tomes. Paris. 1881–3.
2. *Une Loge Maçonnique d'avant* 1789. *La R.·. L.·. les Neuf Sœurs.* Par Louis Amiable. Paris. 1897.
3. *Les Sectes et Sociétés Secrètes, Politiques et Religieuses.* Par Le Couteulx de Canteleu. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1863.

The spiritual life of nations, if it could be fully revealed, would alter many of the judgements of posterity. New interpretations of ancient tragedies and crimes, new motives for speech and action, new inspirations for revolution and war might then present themselves for the consideration of the historian. If it needs divination to discern the aspiration and desire enclosed within the ordinary human soul, how much more does it need divination to read aright the principles and incentives that lay behind historic actions? Diviners have not written history, and professional historians have generally chosen to deal with facts, rather than with their psychological significance. Because of this preference, certain conventions have grown up amongst the writers of history, and certain obvious economic and social conflicts and conditions have been accepted as the cause of events, at the cost of repudiating that mystical and vague, but ever constant idealism, which spurs man on towards his unknown destiny.

Especially has this been the case in dealing with the origin of the French Revolution. Nearly all secular historians have ignored the secret utopian societies which flourished before its outbreak; or have agreed that they had no bearing, direct or indirect, upon the actual subversion of affairs. Since the world has always been at the mercy of the idealists, and since human society has ever been the object of their unending empiricism, it is hard to believe that the greatest experiment of modern history was engineered without their co-operation. More than any other age does the eighteenth century need its psychologist, for more than any other age, if interpreted, could it illumine the horizons of generations to come. Priests have attempted its reddition, but the bias and definite reason of their work, valuable as it is, invalidate their judgements. The historian, like the scientist, must not blink truth; he cannot permit himself, like the champions of a Church, to construct monsters out of the

hypotheses created by his own nebulous fears. The priests Barruel and Deschamps, who feared the cryptic confederacies, wrote books to prove that the purpose of the secret idealistic societies before and after the great Revolution was by overthrowing the Church to destroy Christian society, and on the ground so cleared to re-establish paganism. However much preparation may have been required to enfranchise thought, no great measure of organisation or mystery was or is needful to enable men to live as pagans if they so desire, and little meaning is to be extracted from this theory unless it be realized that in many priestly pleadings freedom of thought and paganism are interchangeable terms. Secular amateurs of the curious and unexplained have written desultory books on the same societies, and in the early nineteenth century the works of Mounier, de Luchet, and Robison attracted a good deal of attention. In our first number we published an article * dealing with some of this literature, and expressed an opinion that there was little of practical moment to be noted of the connection between secret societies and the Revolution. In the books which have appeared since that date there has been a conspicuous absence of any new material or of any fresh treatment of old theories. Many general histories of masonry have been published exalting masonic influences; but, speaking solely with reference to France, no effort has been made by any scientific or unprejudiced person outside masonry to explain the increasing membership of secret societies, the greater activity of lodges of all rites during the years that preceded the Revolution, and the sudden disappearance of those lodges in the early months of 1789. Nor has it been attempted to place these important factors in progress in right relation with the other inducements and tendencies which drove eighteenth-century France to accomplish her own liberation.

Le Couteulx de Canteleu, who wrote on the general question of the secret societies of the eighteenth century, professed to have access to documents that gave his words importance and weight, and his book, though slight in character, is one of the most interesting studies on the subject. Papus (Gérard Encausse) has written on individual founders of rites and on some mystical teachers of the day, and Amiable, an eminent mason, has published a pleasant record of a particular lodge at the time of the Revolution, as well as a short summary of the influence of masonry on the great Revolution. The published information is fragmentary, as is to be expected in view of the

* *Edinburgh Review*, October 1802, p. 1.

nature of the subject, and the difficulty of grasping the work of the confederacies as a whole is insurmountable until further light is cast upon their methods and instruments; for though the general drift of the underground social currents has frequently been discussed, and though occasionally a microscopic inquiry has been made into ceremonial and the lives of individuals, owing either to lack of material or lack of sincerity, books dealing with these matters are incomplete and partial accounts of what, properly investigated, might prove to be a vast co-ordinated attempt at the reconstruction of society.

It has been the convention for historians to ignore such activities, just as it has been the practice of priests to recognise in them the destroyers of all morality. With the exception of Louis Blanc and Henri Martin, who each devote a chapter to the discussion of secret societies, and of Michelet, who from time to time alludes to them, historians have elucidated the crisis of the eighteenth century with no estimate of their influence. Taine, of whom it may be said that his thesis occasionally determined the choice of his facts, does not number them among the origins of the new conditions in France.

The Revolution has been assumed to be a spontaneous national uprising against oppression, privilege, immorality in high places, and conditions of life making existence a burden for the proletariat. Such a theory would cover the rebellion that razed the Bastille and caused the clamour at Versailles, that destroyed the country houses and killed the nobles; but it does not cover the intellectual and social reforms which were the kernel of the Revolution, and its true objective. These, on the other hand, have been too easily attributed to the publication of the 'Encyclopædia,' and of certain other books by Beccaria, Rousseau, or Voltaire. Books undoubtedly exerted great awakening power over the educated classes, and the rationalist presses in Dublin, the Hague, and London poured pamphlets into France to be sold by itinerant booksellers, who hawked them in country districts concealed beneath a thin layer of prayer-books and catechisms. But the pamphlets and books more often found their way to the public pyre than to the domestic hearth, and it can hardly be argued that these irregularly distributed volumes were directly responsible for the Revolution, though they too formed one of the contributory sources of the flood.

Men have said that liberal ideas were in the air, and that no one could so much as breathe without inhaling them; but this suggestion is simply meaningless, for to say ideas are 'in the 'air' is to say many people hold them, which is hardly a way of

accounting for their being held by many people, and we are constrained to seek the causes of contagion in a theory of more direct contact. If a book would not set a midland village on fire to-day, how much less would it have done so in the olden days when the poorest classes were completely unlettered? The 'Encyclopædia' and the works of the economists and philosophers made their appeal in intellectual circles, and their reasonableness and light hardly dispelled the mental twilight of the lower bourgeoisie, and did not penetrate the darkness in which the peasant classes lived at all. Yet the Revolution, as its results testify, was a national movement towards a new order of affairs, and not a general declension towards anarchy. Therefore, since a spontaneous upheaval is an unthinkable idea, and the history of smaller revolutions leads us to argue that revolution is always the result of associative agitation, it probably originated in a certain co-ordination of ideas and doctrines. These ideas and doctrines must have been widely diffused and widely apprehended, yet they could not have been spread by ordinary demagogic means; for not only was freedom of speech prohibited, but it was illegal to publish unorthodox books. Till a few years before the Revolution it had been the custom to silence the murmuring minorities by sword or fire. In 1762 the pastor Rochette died for his opinions, and the three Protestant brothers Grenier were decapitated, ostensibly for street brawling, but in reality for their faith. Monsieur de Laraguais was presented with a 'lettre de cachet'* for the citadel at Metz, for reading a paper in favour of inoculation before an assembly of the Academy in Paris. His vain defence was that by his advocacy he hoped to preserve to France the lives of the fifty thousand persons who died annually of smallpox. So associated had imprisonment and execution become with the holding of liberal ideas that when Boulanger died almost coincidently with the publication of his book 'Les Recherches sur le Despotisme Oriental,' men speculated whether his death could be attributed to natural causes.† 'Bélisaire,' 'a moral and political romance' by M. de Marmontel,' provoked a tumult. Bachaumont relates that the Sorbonne saw fit to protest against Chapter XV., 'which 'treats of Tolerance.' ‡ In consequence the book was suppressed. Nineteen years before the Revolution a number of infidel books were burned.

How is it possible that, when such penalties threatened the efforts of writers and speakers, ideas of progress could be cherished

* Mémoires Secrets de Bachaumont, vol. i. p. 286.

† Ibid. vol. ii. p. 292. ‡ Ibid. vol. iii. p. 168.

in thousands of minds, and the passion for social regeneration flame in countless souls? Though there was no enunciation of liberal hopes in the market-places, yet an invisible hand, as in the day of Daniel, had written in flaming letters the word 'brother-'hood' across the tablets of French hearts. Was the dissemination of ideas, and the diffusion of enthusiasm, to be accounted for by the spirit of the age; or did the theory of the modern State generate spontaneously in the minds of Frenchmen? Was the great Revolution a mere accident, or was it the inevitable result of co-ordinated ideas in action? Taine was of the opinion that the doctrines propagated themselves, carried like thistle-down upon the winds of chance. The obvious inference to be drawn from his opinion is that the social idealists of the eighteenth century lacked either the courage or the zeal to further their beliefs; and that they, unlike their forerunners or their successors, were ready to entrust their hopes to the written word, and leave the rest to the gods. It is asking too much of human credulity to ask man to believe this, and many proofs witness to the hitherto unestimated work of the secret societies in furthering the cause of popular emancipation. Ideas are not suddenly converted into swords. Men must have hammered patiently and hard upon the anvil of the national soul to produce the keen-edged, swift striking blade of revolution.

Condorcet was not ignorant of this unseen work. In announcing the eventual publication of the 'History of the 'Progress of the Human Mind,' a work interrupted by his death, he spoke of the destruction of old authorities by invisible associations. Voltaire and Rousseau were aware of the crusade, and both affiliated themselves to particular lodges. 'There are moments 'in history,' said George Sand, 'when Empires exist but in 'name, and when their only life lies in the societies that are 'hidden in their heart.' Such a moment for France was the reign of Louis XVI.

Legends of secret societies survived in every part of Europe at the opening of the eighteenth century. They existed for the prosecution of Theurgia as well as Goetia, for masonry as well as mystical philosophy. Speaking generally, their interest did not lie in the region of politics or polemics, but in that of study, experiment, and speculation; and their chief care was the preservation and elucidation of ancient hermetic and traditional secrets. As a rule the Church had persecuted such societies, though her prelates had frequently condescended to the study of magic, and, like Pope John XXII., had spent long nights in alchemical experiment. It remained for the utopians of the eighteenth century so to interpret the symbolism of the secret

societies, so to affiliate them, and so to organise the forces of masonry, mysticism, and magic, as for a few years to unite them into a power capable not only of inspiring but of precipitating the greatest social upheaval of Christendom.

It is difficult to believe, or understand, that bodies holding differing doctrines, adherents of many rites, disciples of divergent masters, ever commingled for a day in their enthusiasm for the common cause; yet this singular and Hegelian amalgamation seems in practice to have taken place. The principal force in the trinity of masonry, mysticism, and magic was masonry, and it, like many other innovations, was introduced into France from England. Just as Voltaire and Rousseau derived their philosophy from English sources, and applied the theories they absorbed in a direct manner to the life of their own country, so did the French people derive their masonic institutions from England, and apply them for purposes of social regeneration in a fashion never even contemplated in the land of their origin. The English Deists, Hume, Locke, and Toland, were responsible for the intellectual regeneration of France, just as the Legitimist lodges planted in that country after the Stuart downfall were responsible for the many lodges of tolerance, charity, truth, and candour which disseminated the seeds of the humanitarian movement in France.

Until the sixteenth century masonic corporations in England and other countries consisted of three purely professional grades holding the secrets of the architectural craft, the mysteries of proportion, and the true canon of building. The epics in grey stone our cathedral towns enclose memorialise the tradition of the older masonry, and testify to the inviolability of its secret formulæ. In every Catholic land from Paris to Batalha, from Salisbury to Cologne, rise the superb conceptions of the masonic mind: serene, unchallengeable symbols of doctrines, mysteries, and myths, the venerable shrines of uncounted memories. During the sixteenth century England became the motherland of a newer masonry. Another spirit then permeated the craft; mysteries as ancient as the canon of building and the lost word of the Temple, Egyptian rites and Greek initiations, were blended with the purer traditions of the past. Rosicrucians, like Francis Bacon and Elias Ashmole, joined the hitherto exclusively professional body. Out of this marriage of thoughts and aims arose the modern masonic system, of which England at the end of the sixteenth century alone knew the secret. So thoroughly was the old system transfused with speculative ideas that by 1703 it was decided that the antique guild model of masonry should be abandoned for

a scheme of wider comprehension, embracing men holding certain common ideals and aspirations irrespective of craft or art. By this decision masonry became really free; though the actual bases on which the future of the new 'speculative,' as the development of the old 'operative' masonry, was to be established, were not laid down till 1717 by a commission of the Grand Lodge of London. Sir Christopher Wren, the last of the Grand Masters of the older organisation, was followed in his great office in two successive years by foreigners —A. Sayer and Desaguliers, who inaugurated a more cosmopolitan era, and assisted in weaving the strands of brotherhood between England and foreign lands.

Though legend ascribes the English Revolution and the ascendency of Cromwell to masonic influence, records reveal and attest that the associative facilities masonic gatherings afforded were found favourable during the Civil War to the contriving of Royalists' plots rather than to the promotion of republican schemes. Charles II. was a mason, James II. was championed by lodges, and both the Pretenders instituted rites with the object of accomplishing their own restoration.

The Legitimists first introduced Freemasonry into France. Lord Derwentwater, the brother of the Lord Derwentwater who had been beheaded in 1716, and who himself was beheaded in 1746, was one of the earliest masonic missionaries. Together with Maskeleyne, Heguerty, and others, he founded the first lodge in France at Dunkerque in 1721, the year in which the Regent died. Other lodges were inaugurated in Paris in 1725, all with the intention of rallying supporters of the Stuart cause. These were granted charters from London, and were ruled over by a Grand Master called Lord Harnwester, of whom little is known. The most interesting personality among the Legitimist votaries was Andrew Michael Ramsay, commonly called the Chevalier. The son of a baker, he was educated at Edinburgh University, and became tutor to the two sons of Lord Wemyss; then went to the Netherlands with the English auxiliaries, where he made friends with the mystical theologist Poiret, and in consequence of the latter's quietist influence, gave up soldiering and went to consult Fénelon about his future. He soon became the Archbishop's intimate friend, as well as a convert to his Church, and remaining with him till his death found himself the legatee of all his papers, and thus the designated chronicler of his life. This life was published at the Hague in 1723, and in the following year Ramsay went as travelling tutor to the two sons of James Francis Edward. On his return to Paris he continued his tutorial work in other families, combining it with the most strenuously active masonic

life. He professed to have derived his elaborate and numerous rites from Godfrey de Bouillon, and managed to popularise masonry and exalt it into a fashionable pursuit. Gradually the English lodges in Paris became a subject of curiosity and conversation in society, and so long as they remained concerned with the affairs of a foreign kingdom they were left undisturbed by the officials of their adopted country. When, however, Frenchmen began to enrol themselves as masons, and some exclusively French lodges were founded, the newspapers alarmed the public by announcing that Freemasonry had become the vogue.* Police regulations were at once issued to prevent their meetings, and Louis XV. forbade gentlemen his Court, and even threatened with the Bastille those who attended lodge gatherings. A zealous commissary of police, Jean de Lespinay, spying on a meeting held at Chapelot's inn, ordered the assembly to dissolve; but the Duc d'Antin responded by commanding the official interloper to retire. He went meekly enough, but Chapelot was deprived of his licence a few days later, and fined a thousand francs. Masons surprised at the Hôtel de Soissons were imprisoned in Fors l'Evêque, and notice was given to innkeepers that on sheltering such gatherings they made themselves liable to a fine of three thousand francs. These edicts stimulated the curiosity of the public, and everyone became inquisitive as to the aims and objects of the mysterious associates. Mademoiselle Cambon, an opera-singer, managed to extract a document from her lover containing instruction on masonic ritual. It was easy then to parody their practices. Eight dancing-girls executed at her instigation a 'freemason 'ballet,' while the Jesuits of the Dubois College at Caen made the rites the subject of a pantomime.

In 1737 the old and amiable councillor of Louis XV., Cardinal Fleury, forbade good Catholics to attend at the lodges, and the next year Clement XII. condemned Freemasonry in a bull. Notwithstanding this opposition the craft grew numerically, and under the protective influence of Grand Master, the Duc d'Antin, some of the educational work which forms their greatest claim to historic recognition was undertaken. In 1738 the Grand Master urged all masons to help in the work of the great Encyclopædia, and to assist in forming 'that library 'which in one work should contain the light of all nations.' He alluded in his speech to the experiment made previously in London, and appealed for subscriptions for the furtherance of the French work. His secret correspondence with enlightened

* February 12, 1736.

sympathisers in all parts of Europe enabled him to announce to the lodges in 1740 that the advent of the great work was eagerly awaited in every foreign land. Masonic subscriptions made the commencement of the work by Diderot possible in 1741. If proof were needed to show that in France, in its most corrupt days, men existed who were preaching brotherhood, love, equality, and freedom, the proof exists in the speeches of the Duc d'Antin, who was a Revolutionary half a century before the Revolution. A discourse delivered by him at the 'Grande 'Loge solennellement assemblée à Paris' reveals his attitude and that of his associates towards the feudal society of his day:

'Les hommes ne sont pas distingués essentiellement par la différence des langues qu'ils parlent, des habits qu'ils portent, des pays qu'ils occupent, ni des dignités dont ils sont revêtus. Le monde entier n'est qu'une grande république, dont chaque nation est une famille et chaque particulier un enfant. C'est pour faire revivre et répandre ces essentielles maximes, prises dans la nature de l'homme, que notre société fut d'abord établie. Nous voulons réunir tous les hommes d'un esprit éclairé, de mœurs douces, et d'une humeur agréable, non seulement pour l'amour des beaux arts mais encore plus par les grands principes de vertu, de science et de religion, où l'intérêt de confraternité devient celui du genre humain entier, où toutes les nations peuvent puiser des connaissances solides, et où les sujets de tous les royaumes peuvent apprendre à se chérir mutuellement, sans renoncer à leur patrie . . . Quelle obligation n'a-t-on pas à ces hommes supérieurs qui, sans intérêt grossier, sans même écouter l'envie naturelle de dominer ont imaginé un établissement dont l'unique but est la réunion des esprits et des cœurs pour les rendre meilleurs, et former dans la suite des temps une nation toute spirituelle où sans déroger aux divers devoirs que la différence des états exige, on créera un peuple nouveau qui étant composé de plusieurs nations, les cimentera toutes, en quelque sorte par le lien de la vertu et de la science.' *

A well-informed person revealed to the world some of the masonic secrets of equality and tolerance.† The author, whose ladyhood was probably fictitious, was merely printing and making public the aspirations of all those who were longing to assist at the eventual social regeneration of France:

'Il est très naturel de deviner le secret des franc-maçons par l'examen de ce qu'on leur voit pratiquer constamment. Ils entrent sans distinction les grands et les petits: ils se mesurent tous au même niveau; ils mangent ensemble pêle-mêle; ils se répandent dans le monde entier avec la même uniformité. Il est donc plus

* Discours de M. Amiable, p. 11.

† La Franc-Maçonnerie, ou révélations des mystères des francmaçons, par Madame . . . Bruxelles 1744.

que probable, concluai-je, qu'il n'est question chez eux que d'une maçonnerie purement symbolique, dont le secret consiste à bâtir insensiblement une république universelle et démocratique, dont la reine sera la raison, et le conseil suprême l'assemblée des sages.'

When the Duc d'Antin's grand mastership ceased, a temporary debasement of masonry resulted. Great abuses crept into the craft, for under his successor, the Comte de Clermont, lodges were irregularly established, and dignities were sold. Androgynous societies, the cause of continual scandal, were established. Jesuits, too, endeavoured to disrupt masonic organisation, and very speedily the 'Grande Loge' split up into factions. The Comte de Clermont probably was the tool of the Church and the real promoter of the schisms of his society. He had blended the careers of cleric and soldier in a curious manner, for though tonsured at nine years old, and subsequently dowered with rich abbeys, he was enabled later through a Papal dispensation to enter the army, where he quickly rose to commanding rank, and showed himself as useless a general as he afterwards proved himself a Grand Master. As his working substitutes in the 'Grande Loge de France' he nominated a financier named Baure, and a dancing-master named Lacorne. For eighteen years the 'Grande Loge de France' was convulsed by dissidence and evil practices, justifying only too accurately the strictures of the Church. It obeyed with something like relief the order of the civil authorities in 1767 to hold no further meetings, and remained quiescent till the Comte de Clermont's death in 1771. In this year it was proposed to reform its organisation thoroughly. Emissaries were sent into all parts of France to take count of the situation, and to prepare reports for the central committee. In consequence of these reports it was decided that the association should be reorganised on a more democratic basis, every office being made annually elective. The Duc de Chartres was chosen as Grand Master, and the Duc de Luxembourg as general administrator.* As the Duc de Chartres did not at once accept the Grand Mastership, he never in point of action was Grand Master of the 'Loge de France,' though in 1773 an assembly met, which, after confirming the elections of 1771, installed him with great solemnity in his office as head of the 'Grand Orient.' The meeting convened for this occasion at Folie-Titon, a 'maison 'de plaisance,' constituted the parliament of masonry, though not all the lodges would send representatives thereto.

'Le Grand Orient n'est plus qu'un corps formé par la réunion des représentants libres de toutes les loges : ce sont les loges elles-mêmes,

* 1771

ce sont tous les maçons membres de ces loges, qui par la voie de leurs représentants donnent les lois ; qui les font observer d'une part et qui les observent de l'autre. Nul n'obéit qu'à la loi qu'il s'est imposée lui-même. C'est le plus libre, le plus juste, le plus naturel, et par conséquent le plus parfait des gouvernements.'*

The council of the new organisation sat in the former Jesuit novitiate of the rue Pot de Fer, and worked with increasing power and industry until the outbreak of the Revolution that was to realise their ideals. A section of the 'Grande Loge de France' refused to obey the 'Grand Orient,' and continued to operate independently. The 'Empereurs d'Orient et d'Occident' and the 'Chevaliers d'Orient' also worked separately, nor would they take part in the amalgamation. Later on, however, great changes took place in masonic opinion, while bonds of common interest drew together lodges that would, without the political interest, have ever been divided.

Not only was France the home of many masonic lodges, but its social system was riddled with mystical societies which gathered their initiates from among the adepts of masonic grades, and which owned allegiance to no supreme council. Swedenborg and Martinez de Pasqually always regarded masonry as a school of instruction, and considered it the elementary and inferior step that led to the higher mysteries. In consequence of their teaching it came about that a great number of sects and rites were instituted in all parts of Europe, whose unity consisted in a common masonic initiation, but whose aims, doctrines, and practices were often irreconcilable. The Martinézistes, or followers of Martinez de Pasqually, were a distinctively French sect; they had lodges in Paris in 1754, and also at Toulouse, Poitiers, Marseilles, and other places. The term 'Illuminates' is applied to them equally with the Swedenborgians, Martinists, and several germane societies. Pasqually is said to have been a Rosicrucian adept. His teaching was theurgic and moral, and his avowed object was to develope the somnolent divine faculties in humanity, and to lead man to enter into communication with the invisible, by means of 'La Chose,' the enigmatic name he gave to the highest secret. He is chiefly interesting as having been the first to penetrate the higher grades of French masonry with illuminism, an example followed afterwards with conspicuous success by the disciples of Weishaupt. When he died in Haïti † his teaching was taken up by Willermooz, a Lyonese merchant, also by the celebrated Louis Claude de Saint-Martin. Saint-Martin absorbed and developed his master's teaching in

* Discours de M. Amiable, p. 29. † 1773–4.

a peculiar and personal manner, and through his philosophy became an important influence on then current affairs. He had been an officer in the regiment of Foix at Bordeaux when he first became acquainted with Pasqually, and soon after meeting him he threw up his commission in the army with the object of devoting his life to meditation, and the study of Jacob Boehm. He became the mystical philosopher of the Revolution, and the book he published in 1775, 'Des Erreurs et de 'la Vérité,' produced an immense sensation, comparable to that created by the publication of 'La Profession de Foi d'un 'Vicaire Savoyard.' Like Rousseau, he believed in the infinite possibilities of man, holding that Providence had planted a religion in man's heart 'which could neither be contaminated 'by priestly traffic, nor tainted by imposture.' Rousseau gave the name of conscience to 'the innate principle of justice and 'virtue which, independently of experience and in spite of 'ourselves, forms the basis of our judgements'; Saint-Martin thought it the divine instinct. On this belief both founded their demand for social revolution. Saint-Martin saw in such a movement the awakening of men from the sleep of death, and with deep conviction he responded to the cry 'All men are 'priests,' uttered three centuries earlier by Luther, with the cry 'All men are kings!' The answer to the social enigmas of the century was whispered by him in the 'ternaire sacré' of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity; and it echoed with reverberating clangour through all the lodges of France. Martinist societies were everywhere founded to study the doctrines contained in his book, and to expound the teaching of the mystical philosopher who, like Lamartine in a later day, contemplated the Revolution as Christianity applied to politics.

A volume might easily be written upon the lodges and rites in France during this time; and their very number makes choice of those deserving peculiar mention bewildering. The well-known 'Loge des Amis Réunis, or 'Philalèthes,' inaugurated by 'the man of all conspiracies,' Savalette de Langes, and his friends, carried on an important correspondence with lodges in every quarter of Europe. Under the protection of pleasant gatherings and luxurious dinners, the Philalèthes prosecuted the dark and dangerous work of preparing the programme of the Revolution. One of the most famous, if not the most interesting of the intellectual lodges, was that of the 'Neuf Sœurs' in Paris, founded in memory of Helvetius, which, if it held a secret, held the secret of Voltaire, 'Humanity and Tolerance.' It was intended to be an encyclopædic workshop, a complement to the already existing Lodge of Sciences. Since all the secondary

education in France was in the hands of a clerical corporation, and the Sorbonne dedicate to theology, the 'Neuf Sœurs' organised * 'la Société Apollonienne.' This society arranged for courses of lectures to be given by its more eminent members; Marmontel and Garat, for example, lectured on history, De la Harpe on literature, Condorcet and De la Croix on chemistry, Fourcroy and Sue on anatomy and physiology. The improvised college did not shut its doors during the Revolution, but changed its name to 'Lycée Républicain.' Its professors conformed to Republican usages, and La Harpe was to be seen lecturing in a red cap.

Many useful institutions were evolved out of the conclaves of the 'Neuf Sœurs,' including the reformed laws of criminal procedure embodied in the Code Napoléon. The Duc de la Rochefoucauld, translator of the American Constitution, was an associate of the lodge, so was Forster, who sailed round the world with Captain Cook; Brissot, who was later condemned as leader of the Girondins, Camille Desmoulins, Fauchet, Romme, Bailly, Rabaud Saint Etienne, Danton, André Chénier, Dom Gerle, Paul Jones, Franklin, Guillotin, Cabanis, Pétion, Sieyès, Cerutti, Hanna, and Voltaire. Together they form an illustrious company who, all in their varying ways, took conspicuous shares in the work of progress. Commemorative assemblies and processions were organised by this lodge on the occasions of the deaths of Franklin, Voltaire, and Paul Jones, the liberators. The lodge has received historic consecration at the hands of Louis Blanc, Henri Martin, and Amiable. Having accomplished a great work, it disappeared, like all the other lodges, at the opening of the Revolution.

The share that women took in promoting social changes has not received the attention it deserves. Readers of Dumas are familiar with the fact that in country districts fraternal societies welcoming members of both sexes met regularly in barns and farms; but it does not seem to be usually recognised that apart from the 'Loges de la Felicité,' which had been the occasion of frequent scandal, many regular and well-conducted 'lodges 'of adoption' for women were recognised by the 'Grand Orient.' The Duchesse de Bourbon, Égalité's sister, was Grand Mistress of the adoptive lodge of 'la Candeur' in 1775, and Princesse de Lamballe and Madame de Genlis also wielded the hammer. The work of these fashionable dames cannot, however, be taken seriously. It was a pastime for them, just as were the decorous fêtes held within the lodges in which both men and women

* November 17, 1780.

participated. The entertainments were elegant and refined, often taking the form of the illustration of a virtue such as benevolence, or the homage of some humanitarian quality. For example, one day a lady discovered that a poor working woman with nine children had added to her burdens by adopting the orphan of a friend. The ladies of her lodge were enthusiastic at such generosity, and caused her to be exhibited at one of their reunions in a tableau surrounded by the ten children. After considerable acclamation she was allowed to go her way with clothes and money presented by her admirers. 'Bienfaisance' was a particularly fashionable virtue. Women of society raised altars dedicated to this quality in their rooms. The tone of society was not wholly sentimental; it was also reasonable, and it became the vogue for ladies to attend scientific lectures; classes in drawing-rooms on mineralogy, chemistry, and physics were well attended; ladies were no longer painted as goddesses, but as students in laboratories, surrounded by telescopes and retorts; Countess Voyer attended dissections, and one of her friends wielded the scalpel with grace; Madame de Genlis, whose self-satisfaction is almost priggish, alludes in her memoirs to the intense pleasure she derived from geological lectures.

While the world of fashion was playing with science and masonry, the opinions and beliefs of its social inferiors were gradually crystallising into action. Serious women of the bourgeoisie and farmer classes attended meetings and discussions, and taught their sons and their husbands what it meant to fight for an ideal; and how the 'ternaire sacré' could be translated into fact.

At the lowest computation there were seven hundred lodges in France before the Revolution, and a very large proportion of them had acknowledged 'lodges of adoption' for women. It is impossible from the material published on the subject, however, to form even an approximate estimate of the number of members of either sex belonging to these associations. It was very large, but the claim to a million adherents made by the 'Loge de la 'Candeur' in 1785 is clearly greatly in excess of actual fact. At Bayonne 'La Zélée,' at Angers the 'Tendre Accueil,' at Saint-Malo the 'Triple Espérance,' at Rheims the 'Triple Union,' at Tours the 'Amis de la Vertu,' and in every corner of France kindred lodges throve and claimed unnumbered members.

Frederick the Great's librarian, Pernetti, a Benedictine, had founded a Swedenborgian brotherhood at Avignon, in company with a Polish noble, Gabrionka, who by some is supposed to have been Cagliostro, and he is but an example of dozens of

other missionaries. Everywhere gatherings and associations existed, separated by rites and by practices, but united in the depths of intention by their common love for and faith in the creed of brotherhood.

One thing only was needed to transform this heterogeneous collection of lodges, sects, and rites into a powerful political lever upon society, and that was a mind which could devise a common political understanding or a common course of action to unite them. Secret idealistic societies had done a wonderful work in fostering principles and hopes and ideals, but in order to become effective in action change of some kind was necessary.

Masonic writers have of late made but little allusion to the influence of the German 'illuminates' on the French lodges, and are disposed to detract from the reputation of the marvellous organiser Weishaupt. Barruel, Louis Blanc, and Deschamps unite, however, in regarding him as the most profound of conspirators. Le Couteulx de Canteleu considers the young professor of Ingolstadt as the originator of a remarkable system, though he thinks that Von Knigge was its most able missionary. With Weishaupt alone lay the credit not only of realising the cause of the ineffectiveness of societies upon society, but of elaborating an homogeneous scheme which should embrace and eventually absorb all lodges and all rites. He was no freemason when he invented his design, but in order to study masonic methods he was received as a mason in Munich, where one Zwack, a legal member of the lodge, afterwards one of Weishaupt's confederates, sold him the ultimate secrets of masonry. Equipped with this knowledge he allied himself with Von Knigge of the 'Strict Observance,' and caused all his own disciples to become masons. 'Every secret engagement is 'a source of enthusiasm,' said Weishaupt; 'it is useless to seek 'for the reasons; the fact exists, that is enough.' In conformity with this belief he recruited the new secret society which was destined to swallow up all the others.

In 1776 the order of the Perfectibilists was founded. They began by creating a new world, for they purposed to work independently of existing conditions. They invented their own calendar, with new divisions of time and new names for days and periods; they took unto themselves the appellations of Greece and Rome. Weishaupt became Spartacus, after the leader of the servile insurrection in the time of Pompey; Von Knigge became Philo; Zwack, Cato; Costanzo, Diomedes; Nicolai, Lucian. The map of Europe was renamed; in their correspondence Munich was Athens; Austria Egypt; and France Illyria. The organisation of the Perfectibilists was designed to

enlist all professions and both sexes. It consisted of two large classes, that of 'preparations' and that of 'mysteries.' In the former there were four grades: novice, minerval, illuminate minor, and illuminate major. In the latter there were also four grades: priest, regent, philosopher, and man-king. There was also a 'plant-nursery' for children, and a class in which women were trained to influence men. The associates who possessed the full confidence of Weishaupt were called Areopagites.

The order was designed as the directing instrument of that social revolution which Weishaupt and many others knew to be imminent. France was the country selected for the great experiment, and Weishaupt faced with courage the problem that students of social questions realised in the latter half of the eighteenth century would be the difficulty in any revolution. He saw like them that the future class struggle for survival and supremacy in France would lie between the bourgeoisie and the people, that the nobles would count for nothing in the contest. He knew that the commercial classes were extremely rich, that in so far as the actual administrative work went it was in the hands of the third estate, that in the event of revolution it would become the first and perhaps the only power in the country. A study of the representative institutions of France before the Revolution convinces us of the fact that the actual people were unrepresented, moreover that it was unlikely that they would ever have a voice in the management of affairs, unless the secret societies enforced their claim. Weishaupt's scheme was intended to prevent the bourgeoisie reaping all the revolutionary harvest. As a disciple of Rousseau, Weishaupt did not favour the establishment of commercial supremacy as a substitute for the old system of autocracy. 'Salvation does not lie where shining thrones are defended by 'swords, where the smoke of the censers ascends to heaven, or 'where thousands of starving men pace the rich fields of harvest. 'The revolution which is about to break upon us will be sterile 'if it is not complete.' He feared that the concessions of kings, and the removal of food taxes, might delude the people into the belief that all was well, and he imparted his fear to his disciples. His object in establishing the Perfectibilists was the literal realisation of Rousseau's theories. He dreamt and schemed for a day when the abolition of property, social authority, and nationality would be facts, when human beings would return to that happy state in which they formed but one family. As an ex-Jesuit he determined to adapt the plan of that Order's organisation to his own scheme, to make as it were

a counter-society of Jesus, with all the maxims and practices of the Jesuits, applied even further and more rigorously than they had been applied by their inventors. Passive obedience, universal espionage, and all the doctrines of casuistry were his tools, and so successful was the undertaking that in four years a system of communication and information with every part of Europe had been established. The unseen hands of the society were in all affairs, its ears in the cabinets of princes and cardinals. The Church was regarded unrelentingly as a foe, for the Perfectibilists were the enemies of institutional Christianity, and represented themselves as professors of the purest Christian Socialism. Weishaupt classed the theological and sacerdotal systems among the worst enemies of man, and in his instructions to his disciples urged that they should be contended with as definite evils. And the Church feared him, for did he not declare that they were still slaves because they still knelt, and did he not command the people to rise from their knees? Abbé Deschamps expresses his dread of the result of such a terrible Order, and pathetically pleads that 'once dechristianised the masses will claim absolute equality and the right 'to enjoy life.'

Weishaupt, on the other hand, said:

'He who would work for the happiness of the human race, for the contentment and peace of man, for the diminishing of discontent, should examine and then enfeeble the principles which trouble that peace, that content, that happiness. Of this class are all systems which are opposed to the ennobling and perfecting of human nature; all systems which unnecessarily multiply the evils of the world, and represent them as greater than they really are; all systems which depreciate the merit and the dignity of man, which diminish his confidence in his own natural forces, which decry human reason and so open the way for imposture.'

The candidate for the grade of epopt or priest among the Perfectibilists was, before his initiation into the higher mysteries, introduced into a hall wherein stood a magnificent dais surmounted by a throne. In front of the throne stood a table laden with jewels, gold coins, a sceptre, crown, and sword.

'"Look," said the epopt chief, "if this crown and sceptre, monuments of human degradation and imbecility, tempt thee; if thy heart is with them; if thou wouldst help kings to oppress men, we will place thee as near a throne as thou desirest; but our sanctuary will be closed to thee, and we shall abandon thee for ever to thy folly. If, on the contrary, thou art willing to devote thyself to making men happy and free, be welcome here. . . . Decide!"'

After decision the would-be initiate had to make a frank and

detailed confession of all the actions of his life. Weishaupt thought this a very important preliminary to higher knowledge, because it gave him cognisance of personal secrets which would make betrayal of the order on the part of the novice dangerous and often impossible. The verification of the confession was proceeded with in a dark room, decorated with symbols and emblems of mystery. A book called the 'Code Scrutateur' was opened, and all the faults of the candidate, his hates, loves, confidences, and fears were read out loud. These had been extracted from the unconscious victim or from his friends by the 'insinuating brethren,' whose business it was to find out everything about every member of their society. When all this was over a curtain was drawn aside, revealing an altar surmounted by a large crucifix. The candidate was tonsured, vested with sacerdotal garments, and given the red Phrygian cap of the epopt, with these words: 'Wear this cap; it means 'more than the crown of kings'—a prophecy verified by the Revolution.

In the lower grades of Illuminism recruits had no knowledge of such ceremonies. They were allowed to think that they were supporting orthodox Christianity and old authorities, and in this way unsuitable members were weeded out. Later on, as they gradually climbed the ladder of initiation, it was revealed to them that Jesus had come to teach men reasonableness and not superstition, and that His only precepts were love of God and love of humanity. Jesus, they learnt, was the true liberator of man, and the teacher of equality and liberty. When Camille Desmoulins invoked the 'Sans-culotte Jésus' during the Revolution he was putting these notions into execution in literal fashion.

It has been argued with some plausibility that since such harmless and conservative people as the Duke of Sachs-Gotha and Prince August of Sachs-Weimar were illuminates, Louis XVI. and Frederick the Great masons, the secret societies could have had no direct influence on the social upheaval, and therefore are not worthy of the serious consideration of the historian. The study of the organisation of the great secret service reveals the reason of this contention and also its futility. The lower grades of masonry and illuminism served a double-edged purpose: that of concealing the existence of the higher grades, and that of proving the worthiness of earnest searchers after social regeneration to enter those higher grades. Mystery of any kind always attracts the weak-minded, and illuminism allured many dupes whom it was necessary to keep at arm's length from realities. The existence of serious purpose had also

studiously to be concealed from royalties and prelates, for the Catholic religion is dear to all supporters of autocracy. Yet it was politic to lull the suspicions of the conservative and governing classes by admitting them with apparent freedom and joy into the Order. It was a policy of disarmament, and Weishaupt was quite candid as to this, for anything was better for the cause than open enmity.

'If it is to our interest to have the ordinary schools on our side, it is also very important to win over the ecclesiastical seminaries and their superiors; for in that way we should secure the best part of the country, and disarm the greatest enemies of all innovation; and what is still better, in winning the ecclesiastics, we should have the people in our hand.'

To many Perfectibilists illuminism and masonry were but charming social amusements, signifying nothing. The doctrines of social subversion, the creeds and dogmas of sudden death, all seemed but quaint and often crude allegories, assemblies were but the occasion of fun and feasting; men played at the comedy of equality with zest and good temper, just because it was all so impossible and unlike life. Autocrats like Frederick the Great and the Emperor of Austria blindly served the enterprise of the people and assisted in converting their own comedy into tragedy. The study of secret organisations in their political application is worthy of most serious consideration and of grave discussion, and is absolutely essential to the intelligent understanding of the events of the eighteenth century.

Recruits for the secret service were not difficult to attract; for ever since the day of the great earthquake at Lisbon Europe had been in a state of expectation. The theurgists Saint-Germain and Cagliostro flitted hither and thither like brilliant Oriental birds against the brooding neutrality of the European background. Eagerly watched, and eagerly worshipped they performed miracles and cures that dazzled the imagination. Their magical displays, and sometimes conspicuous charlatanry, amazed the gaping crowds, and disguised the seriousness of their mission from the Court and the governing classes. No one except the ignorant, however, can afford to despise and disregard their influence, for they too served the purposes of liberation.

People of all classes became nervous and disturbed. Suzanne Labrousse of Périgord,* being in chapel, threw herself at the foot of the Crucifix and announced precisely the date of the convocation of the States-General. The Queen of Prussia and her waiting-women had seen 'the white lady.' Crowds in the

* 1784.

market-place of Leipzig awaited the ghost of wonder-working Schroepfer, who had shown Louis XV. his successor decapitated in a magic mirror; for had he not promised to reappear to his disciples at a given moment after death? Interpretations of the Apocalypse were published, and it was asserted that yet more ancient prophecies were about to be fulfilled. Men asked themselves as they met in their lodges and their homes, or as they sat round the pool of Mesmer, or consulted Cazotte, 'What would 'be the end thereof?' Great changes were in the air; men felt the fluttering of unseen wings and the breath of unrecognised forces, and their expectations kept them restless and eager.

One mind at least in France was able to contemplate with calmness the inweaving of strange threads into the texture of society; and in that mind was clearly reflected the spirit and trend of the whole agitation of the world of action. Undismayed by portent or prophecy, the unknown philosopher meditated as he watched the shuttles darting through the giant loom of the social system, and gazed on that living tissue through which in the weaving 'shimmered unceasingly the 'irrefragable justice of God.' Saint-Martin had already formulated that 'ternaire sacré' which men were diligently and in many ways seeking to attain. Men grasped eagerly after the fruit of the travail of his soul and were satisfied, by studying his doctrines their apprehension was quickened and their efforts enhanced and spiritualised. To a great extent he transfused masonic thought with that mysticism and faith which make the movement of mountains no impossibility. The *ternaire* which proved the miraculous seed-corn of the revolutionary harvest germinated in the furrows of France against the reaping.

Meanwhile the ambassadors of Weishaupt surveyed the countries which were to be the stage of the great drama. Long before accredited illuminist agents were sent to evangelize the lodges of the Grand Orient, inaugural work had been undertaken by Balsamo and Saint-Germain. Weishaupt was too shrewd an organiser to neglect any instrument of advantage, and, estimating justly the credulity of the day, he saw the extreme importance of securing such men as the magicians for the furtherance of his purpose.

One of his emissaries, Giuseppe Balsamo or Cagliostro, was known all over Europe as the 'Priest of Mystery,' and nearly everyone, however sceptical of his powers, fell before his personal charm. The Perfectibilists annexed him and initiated him into their ritual, as he himself describes, in an underground cave near Frankfort-on-the-Main. At the initiation he learnt that the first blows of the Illuminates would attack France, and

that after the fall of that monarchy the Church herself would be assailed. After receiving instructions and money from Weishaupt (a secret which he later confessed to the Inquisition), he proceeded to Strasburg, and there led a life of philanthropy, giving to the poor his money, to the rich his advice, to the sick his help. He was veritably adored by the people. When he went to Paris in 1781 his elegant house in the Rue Saint Claude was soon besieged by admirers. His portrait was in great request on medallions and fans, and his bust in marble and in bronze figured in the houses of the great with this inscription: 'Le divin Cagliostro.' He received his clients in a large room furnished with Oriental luxury, which contained the bust of Hippocrates, the 'Universal Prayer' of Pope, together with objects of necromantic design and thaumaturgic virtue. His mysterious device *L.P.D.* (*lilia pedibus destrue*) was reputed to be full of sinister meaning for the Kings of France. Marie Antoinette was deeply interested in matters and men of this nature, de Rohan entertained her with tales of Cagliostro; she consulted Saint-Germain, and was one of the visitors who clustered round the mysterious fluid of the hypnotic doctor Mesmer, which was calculated to heal all ills, and whose dictum was, 'There is but 'one health, one illness, and one remedy.' Though Mesmer's experiments were rejected by the French savants of the day as worthless, they were eagerly taken up in other parts of Europe. Mesmer enforced the law of mutual dependence and of unity in the natural world as Saint-Martin enforced the laws of mutual dependence and of unity in the spiritual world. It might well have been Saint-Martin and not Mesmer who said 'that the 'life of man is part of the universal movement,' for they were both exponents of the truth of the solidarity of the race.

The Comte de Saint-Germain, another of Weishaupt's ambassadors, led a life of which the secret remains unrevealed. He emerges at intervals upon the surface of affairs a brilliant and accomplished personage, and sinks again to work in the great secret service, or to sit, as tradition has it, upon his golden altar in an attitude of Oriental absorption. He made his appearance in French society about the year 1750, and Madame de Pompadour was puzzled as to his nationality.* Was he a native of the Indies or of France? His attainments were the marvel of the Court, for his memory enabled him to repeat every word of a newspaper article after one reading; he could write a love-letter with one hand and verses with the other simultaneously; and besides speaking ten European languages with

* Mémoires Secrets de Madame de Pompadour.

facility he was familiar with many Oriental tongues. He also practised alchemy and the crystallisation of carbon. Madame de Pompadour aided him as far as possible to gain an influence over the King, who was the victim of great depression and ennui. Saint-Germain's narratives of adventure, tales of secret and exalted scandal and diplomacy amused Louis XV., and the Comte was given a suite of rooms at Chambord. 'To entertain 'any esteem for men, sire,' remarked Saint-Germain one day, 'one should be neither a confessor, a minister, nor a police 'officer.' 'You may as well add,' said Louis XV., 'a king.'

The Comte presented magnificent pictures by Velasquez and Murillo to the French monarch, and to other important people gems of great value, which he professed to make himself. He dazzled all comers by his jewels and his caskets of rare and precious ornaments, and pleased everyone by his lavish generosity. Louis Blanc, the historian, asserts that Louis XV. was served in the various Courts of Europe by 'secret agents of 'admirable clairvoyance, who, by means of a mysterious corre-'spondence, held all the threads of European politics.' * Warned in advance of all projects formed against him by his enemies, he knew more than his ministers, and because of his foreknowledge he railed at them and despised them. Since he used his power *not* for the good of the country, but to beguile his 'tædium vitæ' and to minister to his self-aggrandisement and self-esteem, French diplomacy became the laughing-stock of Europe. From intercepted despatches and other letters in the archives of the Foreign Office it seems probable that Saint-Germain was charged with a secret mission to negotiate peace with Pitt in 1760. The Duc de Choiseul was furious at the King's interference, and wrote to Pitt to have Saint-Germain arrested as a Russian spy. The Count was mentioned in the English newspapers of 1760, and named in despatches between General Yorke and Lord Holdernesse in the same year. He appears to have been intimate with the royalties of all nations, and to have had the confidence of many crowned heads. In 1762 he was concerned with secret missions in St. Petersburg. Ten years later Orloff, meeting him in Vienna, greeted him as 'caro padre.' He is said to have been present at the lodge of the Amis Réunis when Mirabeau introduced the question of Illuminism, and in 1784 was certified to be dead by the illuminate Dr. Biester of Berlin. There seems to be every reason to believe that he died in that year, though he is reported to have attended the great Paris Congress of Masonry on February 15, 1785, as a representative mason,

* 'Histoire de la Révolution,' Louis Blanc, vol. i. p. 431.

and to have met Madame d'Adhémar by appointment, in the Church of the Récollets in 1789, and to have had a long talk with her. Saint-Germain was probably, though so well guarded is the secret of his life that it is impossible to make a consecutive statement of it, not only the secret missionary and entertainer of Louis XV., but also the agent for masonic and other societies working for the regeneration of humanity; one life was probably only the cloak for the other. He founded the Order of Jackin (Joachim), which appears to have been a masonic grade.

At the great Convention of Masonry held at Wilhelmsbad in 1782 the Order of the Strict Observance was suspended, and Von Knigge disclosed the scheme of Weishaupt to the assembled representatives of the masonic and mystical fraternities. Then and there disciples of Saint-Martin and of Willermooz, as well as the statesmen, scientists, magicians, and magistrates of all countries, were converted to Illuminism. Perfectibilist doctrines percolated everywhere through the lodges of Europe, and when the 'Philalèthes,' at the instigation of Mirabeau, became the missionary agents of Illuminism, they preached to already half-converted audiences. The fact that Mirabeau had any connection with such schemes has been occasionally denied, partly on account of the bitter pamphlet he launched against Cagliostro and partly because in 'La Monarchie Prussienne' he denounced all secret societies and asserted that they should be tolerated by no State. This proves no more than the work which Nicolai produced explaining that secret societies existed for no other purpose than to serve the Stuart cause. It must be remembered that everything that conduced to the welfare of the society and the furtherance of the mission was justifiable, and that by subterfuges such as these Mirabeau and Nicolai sought to avert suspicion from themselves, and peace to work with greater efficiency and freedom. Mirabeau, owing to his friendship with Nicolai while in Berlin, had been initiated into the last mysteries of the Perfectibilists at Brunswick. On returning to Paris he, together with Bonneville,* introduced the German doctrines at the lodge of the 'Amis Réunis.' Among his auditors were the Duke of Orleans, Brissot, Condorcet, Savalette, Grégoire, Garat, Pétion, Babœuf, Barnave, Sieyès, Saint-Just, Camille Desmoulins, Hébert, Santerre, Danton, Marat, Chénier, and many other men whose names are immortalised in the annals of the Revolution. The charge of actually disseminating the doctrines throughout France was given to Bode (Aurelius) and Busch (Bayard). So well did the Perfectibilist missionaries

* Le Couteulx de Canteleu, 'Sociétés Secrètes,' p. 168.

work that by 1788 every lodge under the Grand Orient—and they numbered in that year 629—had been indoctrinated with the system of Weishaupt.

From the time of the inoculation of the Grand Orient of France with the German doctrines, masonry, from being a simple instrument of tolerance, humanity, and fraternity, acting in a vague and general manner on the sentiments of its adherents, became a direct instrument of social transformation. Plans of the most practical nature were discussed. A scheme for recruiting a citizen army was drawn up, and Savalette de Langes, of the Royal Household, is said to have been responsible for its execution. At the opening of the Revolution he appeared before the municipal councillors of Paris, followed by a few men crying, 'Let us save the country,' thereby exciting no little emulation. 'Messieurs' he said:

'Messieurs, voici des citoyens que j'ai exercés à manier les armes pour la défense de la patrie; je ne me suis point fait leur majeur ou leur général, nous sommes tous égaux, je suis simplement caporal, mais j'ai donné l'exemple; ordonnez que tous les citoyens le suivent, que la nation prenne les armes, et la liberté est invincible.' *

The next day the army of the 'gardes nationaux' was formed.

Nearly all the masonic and illuminist lodges shrank to their smallest esoteric dimensions in 1789 and expanded exoterically as clubs and popular societies. La Loge des Neuf Sœurs, for example, became 'La Société Nationale des Neuf Sœurs,' a club admitting women. The Grand Orient ceased its direction of affairs. The old theoretical discussions within the lodges as to how the Revolution should be conducted produced in action the widest divergences, and Jacobins, Girondins, Hébertists, Dantonists, Robespierrists, in consequence destroyed each other.

It has been the habit for so long to regard the Revolution as an undefined catastrophe that it requires much patience and skill to convince men that at least some foreknowledge of its course and destination existed in the minds of the Illuminists. When Cagliostro wrote his celebrated letter from England in 1787 predicting for the French people the realisation of the schemes of the secret societies; foretelling the Revolution and the destruction of the Bastille and monarchy; the advent of a Prince Égalité who would abolish 'lettres de cachet'; the convocation of the States-General; the destruction of ecclesiasticism and the substitution of the religion of Reason; he probably wrote of the things he had heard debated in the lodges of Paris. Prescience might also explain Mirabeau's remark 'Voilà la victime,'

* Le Couteulx de Canteleu, 'Sociétés Secrètes,' p. 211.

as he indicated the King at the opening of the States-General at Versailles.* Two volumes of addresses, delivered at various lodges by eminent masons, prove how truly the situation had been gauged by Condorcet and Mirabeau. In fantastic phraseology the philosopher announced at Strasbourg that in France the 'idolatry of monarchy had received a death-'blow from the daughters of the Order of the Templars,' while the statesman uttered in the recesses of the lodge of the 'Cheva-'liers Bienfaisants' in Paris the levelling principles and liberal ideas which he afterwards thundered from the tribune of the Assembly. The path to the overthrow of religious authority had to a great extent been made smooth by the distribution, through the lodges, of Boulanger's 'Origines du Despotisme 'Oriental,' in which religion is treated as the engine of the State and the source of despotic power. 'Des Erreurs et de la 'Vérité,' springing as it did out of the self-consciousness of the philosopher of the Revolution, more than any other book, repre-sents the feeling of the mystical aspirants after a reign of brother-hood and love. It became the Talmud of such people and the classic of their opinions. A very curious symbol is preserved in the National Library in Paris, which illustrates the decline of the sentiment and principle and faith wherein the Revolution originated. It consists of a medal struck under the Convention in which two men regard each other without demonstration of affection, and all around runs the inscription 'Sois mon frère ou 'je te tue.' The doctrine of brotherhood can no further go.

After considering presently available materials we must con-clude that at the lowest estimate a co-ordinated working basis of ideas had been established through the agency of the lodges of France; that thousands of men, unable to form a political opinion or judgment for themselves, had been awakened to a sense of their own responsibility and their own power in further-ing the great movement towards a new order of affairs. It remains to the eternal credit of the workers in the great secret service to have elicited a vigorous personal response to the call of great ideals, and to have directed the enthusiasm excited to the welfare, not of individuals, but of society as a whole. The conjectural realm of the inception of political ideas is a morass into which few historians care to venture. Proved paths are lacking, the country is dark and unmapped, and a false step may ruin the reputation of years. Work is being done on these matters, and it is to be hoped that ere long a contribution to the spiritual history of the eighteenth century will be made which

* Mémoires de Weber, vol. i. chap. ix. p. 335.

will neither ignore the utopian confederacies nor attribute to them, as is the habit of ecclesiastics, influences altogether malignant.

At the great Revolution the doctrines of the lodges were at last translated from the silent world of secrecy to the common world of practice; a few months sufficed to depose ecclesiasticism from its pedestal and monarchy from its throne; to make the army republican, and the word of Rousseau law. The half-mystical phantasies of the lodges became the habits of daily life. The Phrygian cap of the 'illuminate' became the head-gear of the populace, and the adoption of the classic appellations used by Spartacus and his Areopagites the earnest of good citizenship. Past time was broken with, and a calendar modelled on those in use among the secret confederates became the symbol of the new epoch. The 'ternaire'—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—instead of merely adorning the meeting-places of masonic bodies, was stencilled on all the public buildings of France; and the red banner which had symbolised universal love within the lodges was carried by the ragged battalions of the people on errands of pillage and destruction.

The great subversive work had been silently and ruthlessly accomplished in the face of kings and popes. Though the Church spread the report that Illuminates worshipped a devil, and named it Christ, and denounced masonry as the 'mystery of iniquity'; though Saint-Germain and Saint-Martin were decried by the Jesuits; though Cagliostro died in the Inquisitors' prison of Sant' Angelo, and Cazotte, Égalité, and many another agent of the great service were guillotined; though Weishaupt was persecuted and the German Perfectibilists suppressed; yet the mine which had been dug under altar and throne was too deep to be filled up by either persecution or calumny.

The true history of the eighteenth century is the history of the aspiration of the human race. In France it was epitomised. The spiritual life of that nation, which was to lift the weight of material oppression from the shoulders of multitudes, had been cherished through dark years by the preachers of Freedom, Equality, and Brotherhood. From the Swedenborgian stronghold of Avignon, from Martinist Lyons, from Narbonne, from Munich, and many another citadel of freedom, there flashed through the grey night of feudalism, unseen to all but the initiates, the watch-fires of great hope tended by those priests of progress who, though unable to lift the veil that shrouds the destiny of man and the end of worlds, by faith were empowered to dedicate the future to the Unknown God.

Art. III.—THE NOVELS OF MR. MARION CRAWFORD.

1. *Mr. Isaacs: A Tale of Modern India.* London: Macmillan & Co., 1882.
2. *Doctor Claudius: A True Story.* London: Macmillan & Co., 1883.
3. *To Leeward.* London: Chapman & Hall, 1884.
4. *Paul Patoff.* London: Macmillan & Co., 1887.
5. *Saracinesca.* London: Blackwood & Sons, 1887.
6. *Sant' Ilario.* London: Macmillan & Co., 1889.
7. *A Cigarette-Maker's Romance.* London: Macmillan & Co., 1890.
8. *Don Orsino.* London: Macmillan & Co., 1892.
9. *Katharine Lauderdale.* London: Macmillan & Co., 1894.
10. *Corleone.* London: Macmillan & Co., 1897.
11. *In the Palace of the King.* London: Macmillan & Co., 1900.
12. *Marietta: A Maid of Venice.* London: Macmillan & Co., 1901.
13. *The Heart of Rome.* London: Macmillan & Co.,.1903.
14. *Soprano: A Portrait.* London: Macmillan & Co., 1905.
15. *The Novel: What it is.* London: Macmillan & Co., 1893.
16. *Gleanings from Venetian History.* With 225 illustrations by Joseph Pennell. London: Macmillan & Co., 1905.

What makes a nationality? Is it race, language, creed, climate, cookery, or any other of the important factors which give character to a social organism? Few questions are more commonly debated to-day, and in considering the answer the case of America is too often left out of sight. Yet no one looking straight at the facts can deny the existence of American nationality, which is in a sense the most potent of all, for none so readily assimilates alien elements. After a few years—so at least we are told, and with authority—the foreigner becomes an American. In England or France, even the children of immigrants grow up with a difference of which both they and their associates are conscious. One generation does not suffice to merge them into the type which results from the gradual evolution of instincts and temperament. We have, perhaps, indicated the reason why America can do what other countries fail in. America, as a nation, rests more than any other in the world on an idea—or if on a sentiment, then on

the sentiment of allegiance to an idea. A man becomes an American when the ideas for which America stands have become part and parcel of his mental fabric, and this is easily accomplished by the very nature of those ideas. A coherent theory of life and society expressed itself in the Declaration of Independence and the American Constitution, and America's assimilating power is largely due to the creed of universal brotherhood, the cosmopolitan principle, which lay behind those elaborate formulations. Nationality must always imply a community of historic associations; and whoever is brought into contact with Americans finds them conceiving of their commonwealth as a vast society bound together from the first by faith in a common group of ideas. Nowhere else does intellectual agreement—the agreement of admiration—count for so much in nationality, nowhere does inherited temperament go for so little. From all this there follows the negative consequence that, of all civilised men, the American is the most readily cosmopolitan. In order to understand and sympathise he has less to divest himself of, because the very essence of his nationality consists in the practical affirmation of ideas which have no special local character. We can say, if we like, that Englishmen and Frenchmen inherit a culture, whereas Americans do not; or, with about equal truth, that American nationality consists in principles, that of European peoples in prejudices. The resultant fact is, anyhow, that whereas the cosmopolitan Englishman is apt to have lost something the cosmopolitan American has almost always gained.

Contrast, for instance, Mr. Maurice Hewlett with the late Henry Harland. Without going the whole length of the saying, we may affirm boldly that Mr. Hewlett is 'Italianate.' He has read so much, seen so much, fallen in love with so much, of Italy, its history and its traditional character, that he comes to us always with a little of the air of the seventeenth-century traveller: full-blooded, strangly accoutred, with a certain defiance of the stay-at-home people in his intellectual deportment. Of course, his Italians are mediæval Italians, but they are desperately mediæval and desperately Italian. Now Mr. Harland, on the other hand, an American whose whole imagination is suffused and flushed with the beauty and charm of Italy, takes Italy and Italians, so to say, for granted. His way is not to accentuate their differences from Anglo-Saxons, but to concern himself with the common human interest: he is an easy go-between, a kind of bridge between the two great racial camps. He can (and Mr. Henry James has the same talent) write a story of French life which gives one the illusion

that it might have been written by a Frenchman: but the Englishman, however well he knows and loves his Paris, must always study the Parisians, as Thackeray did, for instance, deliberately from the outside.

But the most remarkable case of this racial versatility in Americans is certainly afforded by Mr. Marion Crawford. The readiest way to realise it is to call up a comparison between his romances and those of writers so popular and distinguished as the late Mr. Seton Merriman, or Mr. A. E. Mason, or Mr. Anthony Hope. These men tell stories of adventure in Corsica, Spain, Balkan States, Morocco and other selected regions where adventure is held to be possible to-day; and their characters without exception exhibit in the most embarrassing circumstances the psychology of excellent English gentlemen; unless and when there is reason to emphasise a foreign point of view, and then it is foreign with a vengeance. But Mr. Crawford can write books which give us the sense of being transported absolutely into a foreign society, where every gesture and action and motive is somehow subtly different from what it would be among English speakers, though we should be puzzled to define the point of distinction. And again, his English people are other than his Americans, yet the difference is never emphasised. If he were able to produce this effect in dealing with Englishmen, Americans, and Italians, it would be sufficiently remarkable, yet the less so because Italy is his native country, and an American whose home is in Italy must necessarily see a good deal of English society. But the very best of all his books introduces neither Englishman, American, nor Italian, but deals with a little colony of Russians living and working in a German town. On the whole, it seems to us best to begin our discussion of Mr. Crawford's work by a detailed review of this very beautiful and characteristic little story, which he calls 'A Cigarette-Maker's Romance.'

The scene opens in the shop of Christian Fischelowitz, a Russian living in Munich; and with a severely logical method Mr. Crawford begins *ab extra*, with a halt at the shop window. Its most notable object is a large Vienna doll, inside which is concealed a clockwork mechanism; and the doll serves as an introduction to Fischelowitz and his wife Akulina, who are within the shop. The simple-minded South Russian gets all the amusement he can out of this elaborate toy, which he accepted as security for a loan of fifty marks to a poor countryman; but Akulina glares at it from behind her counter, because it is a standing reminder of the wasted money, and still more, because the loan was made to oblige the Count. To meet the Count

we are conducted still further, into the recesses of a dingy back-shop where the other personages of this drama are busy making cigarettes. The Count is among them—one of five workers, of whom two are girls, employed in gumming the paper covers, while the Count and Dumnoff (a stray mujik) roll the tobacco and slip it into the made covers by means of a parchment tongue. Johann Schmidt, the Cossack, has the task of shredding the leaf. Mr. Crawford has the name of being a romancer, but there is no realist who can give you more skilfully and surely the details of an unfamiliar business; and with admirable brevity he conveys the shape and colour of everything in that little workroom. He has the journalist's faculty of interesting himself in life at large, and he stops by the way to comment on the special delicacy of touch which a skilled tobacco-cutter, such as Schmidt, attains to. But at the same time he never fails to remember that the figures, and not the background, are what matter; and with a very dexterously introduced conversation he leads up to the Count, who is finishing his second thousand of cigarettes. It is a dull life, 'an atrociously objectless 'existence,' as the philosopher Schmidt observes. But the Count, while admitting this, explains that its dulness matters the less to him, since next morning he will be far removed from it, and this day's work is merely a parting gift—a mark of his goodwill to Fischelowitz. This does not surprise the listeners, though they receive the announcement with varying emotions, and Vjera, the plain-faced girl with the long red-brown hair, glances in entreaty at Dumnoff, who jests on the idea. Nor is Fischelowitz greatly surprised when he comes in to pay the hands, and the Count insists upon returning his wage of six marks. We, however, are left without an explanation of all this odd behaviour; and the mystification is carefully maintained in the next scene, which passes in the street, where the Count, meeting Vjera, insists on the courtesy of carrying her basket. We know only that the Count really believes himself to be on the eve of recovering an immense fortune, and that so believing he asks the plain little girl to be his wife—not so much because he loves her, as because he thinks that he has given her ground for anticipation. For although a spring of the Count's action is left unexplained, he is presented from the first as a kind of modern Quixote—heroically and a little grotesquely punctilious. The measure of our admiration for Mr. Crawford is largely determined by his success in this character; it is no easy thing to draw a man ridiculous and yet also a noble gentleman. The Count, whose shiny frockcoat, miraculously preserved, is so vividly brought before us, is none the less presented in such wise that we recog-

nise from the very first the need of his nature to act always up to the highest ideal it is aware of. And it is with a very fine perception that Mr. Crawford shows him visited for a moment with an apprehensive sense of duty to the position which he expects to resume. The passage shall be quoted at length, for it exhibits at its very best the vein of generalising comment which occupies so large a space in this author's writings :

'There are strange elements to be found in all great cities among the colonies of strangers who make their dwellings therein. Brought together by trouble, they live in tolerance among themselves, and none asks the other the fundamental question of upper society, "Whence art thou?"—nor does any make of his neighbour the inquiry which rises first to the lips of the man of action, "Whither "goest thou?" They meet as the seaweed meets on the crest of the wave, of many colours from many distant depths, to intermingle for a time in the motion of the waters, to part company under the driving of the north wind, to be drifted at last, forgetful of each other, by tides and currents which wash the opposite ends of the earth. This is the life of the emigrant, of the exile, of the wanderer among men : the incongruous elements meet, have brief acquaintance and part, not to meet again. Who shall count the faces that the exile has known, the voices that have been familiar in his ear, the hands that have pressed his? In every land and in every city, he has met and talked with a score, with scores, with hundreds of men and women, all leading the more or less mysterious and uncertain life which has become his own by necessity or by choice. If he be an honest man and poor, a dozen trades have occupied his fingers in half a dozen capitals ; if he be dishonest, a hundred forms and varieties of money-bringing dishonesty are sheathed like arrows in his quiver, to be shot unawares into the crowd of well-to-do and unsuspecting citizens on the borders of whose respectable society the adventurer warily picks his path.

'It is rarely that two persons meet under such circumstances, between whom the bond of a real sympathy exists, and can develop into lasting friendship between man and man, or into true love between man and woman. When both feel themselves approaching such a point they are also unconsciously returning to civilisation, and with the civilising influence arises the desire to ask the fatal question, "Whence art thou?"—the fear lest the other may ask it, and the anxiety to find an answer when there is none that will bear scrutiny.'

Yet the very anxiety as to Vjera's fitness for the station to which he invites her makes the Count feel more than ever pledged, and he presses the girl, who makes no secret of her love. She persists in strange enigmatic refusal, and he asseverates assurances. 'To-morrow' his friends will arrive from Russia with all the papers : 'To-morrow'—Wednesday. 'Ah,' the

girl cries, 'Wednesday—if only it could be Thursday!' And so we are led towards a new step in the history of thirty-six hours. But the step which must explain the Count's conduct is not yet taken, and much animated action has to pass before we accomplish it. After leaving Vjera, he strays mechanically through the streets, and a curious impulse brings him back to the place of his daily labour; for (Mr. Crawford generalises again) 'men 'begin to haunt certain spots unconsciously while they are alive.' Entering in mere idleness, to pass the time of day with his employer, and craving, indeed, to speak with some one of the great deliverance which he feels so near, he encounters Akulina; and the shrewish woman tells him in language of voluble insult, that his pretensions are a mere delusion, that he is no Count, and has no prospect of wealth. Thus we approach the step, but the explanation is still deferred. Fischelowitz rebukes his wife's rudeness, and then, indeed, the vials of her wrath are unsealed, and the old grievance of the Vienna doll is stated with energy. The tobacconist, listening in silence, conceives the idea of a practical retort, and, taking down the puppet, he winds it up and sets it going on the counter. Akulina, in a sudden burst of rage, sends it flying, shattered, across the room; and then, angrier than ever, since the money is now irretrievably lost, upbraids the Count with responsibility for the whole train of misfortunes—the quarrel with her husband, the breaking of the toy, and the original loan to the plausible swindler, whom in truth he had introduced to Fischelowitz. There is a shadow of justice in this, and the upbraided man, when at last he can get a word in, takes the fatal object, pledging his word of honour that the fifty marks shall be repaid 'before 'to-morrow night.' Thus the doll is in his hands when he enters the little eating-house where his comrades, Schmidt and Dumnoff, have their meals; and fate ordains that the doll shall be recognised by a German shop-porter, from whom it had been stolen by the defaulting depositor. The result is a brawl (described with immense spirit) in which the mujik Dumnoff upsets several policemen, and is finally lodged with the Count in the police station. It is only then that the peasant's brutal frankness gives us the whole situation. 'Are you really mad?' he asks. Everybody believes it, he goes on to explain, because every week the Count has these queer fits of believing himself rich—which begin on Tuesday night and only pass off on Thursday morning. For a moment the victim of this hallucination is stunned, but soon hope triumphs, and he satisfies himself by assuming that the mujik is exceedingly drunk. And upon that understanding they settle down to pass the night quietly enough.

But outside there is perturbation. Schmidt, the Cossack, sincerely attached as he is to the Count, has escaped and gone to seek Fischelowitz; and on a disclosure of his purpose is sent off on a wild-goose chase by the malevolent Akulina. Quite late at night, abandoning the search in theatres and cafés, he comes back to wait on the tobacconist's doorstep, and as he watches there under the stars far-off days rise up before him; and Mr. Crawford, turning from the streets of well-kept, well-disciplined Munich, which he has described in a few incidental phrases, proceeds to elaborate a picture of very different surroundings, apparently no less familiar to his eye:

'The Cossack thought, as he often thought when alone in the night, of his long journeys on horseback, driving great flocks of bleating sheep over endless steppes and wolds, and expanses of pasture and meadow; he remembered the reddening of the sheep's woolly coats in the evening sun, the quick change from gold to grey as the sun went down, the slow transition from twilight to night, the uncertain gait of his weary beast as the darkness closed in, the soft sound of the sheep huddling together, the bark of his dog, the sudden leaping light of the camp-fire on the distant rising ground, the voices of greeting, the bubbling of the soup kettle, the grateful rest, the song of the wandering Tchunak—the pedlar and roving newsman of the Don.'

That is only part of the passage, introduced not to help on the story, but to give what is so necessary in a tale, limited almost to the traditional unity of time—the sense of time's passing. Time passes, and Schmidt finds himself not alone in the street. The girl Vjera is there too, on the same errand. She has heard the news by chance, and now in her distress she makes no secret of her feelings. The two try to waken Fischelowitz, but, failing in this, wander dejectedly away. Schmidt offers to see Vjera home, and in the curious intimacy of their solitude in the city, and their common purpose, they discuss freely the Count's hallucination. Schmidt, the philosopher, is sure of a reality behind it, sure that a man so good and honest could not have invented a story out of nothing. Vjera has not reasoned. Only she has an instinctive feeling of a crisis then imminent, which takes the form of dread that the ignominy of confinement may bring on sheer lunacy. Schmidt reassures her, but one thing she insists on. It is that he shall take her to the police station that she may see for herself—and, as the man finds, that she may go down on her knees in the street and pray. The passion of the girl's vague entreaty, her outstretched arms to the bare walls, the sympathy of admiration wakened in the rough Cossack, and the few words that pass

between them are given with a simplicity and directness that cannot be overpraised.

Events have now been traced from about five on Tuesday afternoon to the small hours of Wednesday morning, and the narrator follows Schmidt to his rest and his home. And here, to balance the action, Mr. Crawford inserts a passage of ornament which again marks a strangely roving imagination. Describing how the contact with Vjera's love for the Count awakens in the Russian thoughts of his own youth and longings for far-off scenes, the unattainable steppe, the writer stops to tell how, in Lapland, among a herd of grazing reindeer, there will suddenly break out a thirst for the sea, and how the drove, in one maddening daylong gallop, trample down each other and whatever stands before them, till, slaked and peaceable again, they are found by their masters a hundred miles away. The passage is, we have said, purely ornamental, and even irrelevant, but no one who reads it will wish it away.

The narrative of Tuesday ends with Schmidt's turning from reverie to the heavy sleep of a worker. But no hour in the thirty-six which the action occupies goes wholly unchronicled, and the story is continued by analysis of Vjera's sleepless thoughts. She is pondering the fact that this week a new feature has disclosed itself in the Count's story, for he has stated that he is in receipt of letters announcing his father's death. With dawn's coming, we go back to the central character. 'Wednesday at last,' the Count says, as the window 'slowly grows a 'glimmering square.' And the day of his delusion, beginning pleasantly to the song of birds, is not long spent in prison, for Fischelowitz is early there to bail him.

After Tuesday's bustle, Mr. Crawford has to tell us how the hours of Wednesday went monotonously, with leaden feet. Vjera is in the workshop, ashamed now of her self-revelation, and wildly anxious for the sanity of the man she loves; while the Count sits in his garret, hourly adjusting his collar, to receive the expected guests. So the day declined, till suddenly a new thought changed mere waiting into an agony of suspense—a race for life against time. The Count's word had been given, and the obligation to pay Fischelowitz and Akulina their fifty marks was a debt of honour; if he failed by an hour to discharge such a bond, he was disgraced for ever in his own eyes, with no choice but suicide. But fifty marks was at the moment a sum as unapproachable as five thousand, and it was late in the day when he recalled the debt.

The dilemma, which to a perfectly sane mind could hardly present itself, wrought upon and against the other nervous

strain of momentary expectation like wind and tide meeting, and Mr. Crawford shows us the true tragedy of a man driven by punctilio to the very brink of self-destroying madness. The Count leaps up, rushes out, to do he knows not what, till, strangled and dizzy with the stress of emotion, he leans half swooning beside Fischelowitz's door to which mere automatic impulse has carried him. He is roused by the voice of Vjera. In that moment when his half-crazed mind is deprived of its one steady support, the consciousness of perfect honour and unbroken self-respect, she realises at the instant the peril to his reason, and drawing his trouble from him, takes on herself the practical task. She will find him the money—in an hour. If we are not entirely mistaken, the chapter which follows deserves a very high place in modern fiction—not relatively, but absolutely. In telling how this Russian workgirl, allying herself at once to the Cossack Schmidt, raised the gold and silver almost piecemeal, Mr. Crawford shows a power of varied invention and a simplicity of true pathos which deserve the name of genius. And at any point the narrative is characteristic of the writer's strange acquaintance with the whole chequered detail of life.

It is worth outlining. Vjera and Schmidt together can muster twenty marks—keeping back one from Schmidt's daily earnings, for his children must not starve. Schmidt raises five more from Dumnoff by sheer force of will; an admirable page gives this scene, perfectly illustrative of both men's character, and, whether really or illusively, conveying the sense of Russian minds at work on each other. That makes twenty-five marks. The Cossack has an old samovar and a battered spoon, Vjera a wolf-skin. But the pawning value of these objects depends on their condition, and it is not too much to say that Mr. Crawford shows them to us, first with the eyes of Vjera and Schmidt, then of the Jew dealers. The total is brought to thirty-five marks, and Vjera has still a resource that she will not even name till she is constrained to. Then she speaks:

'"It is my mother's hair. She cut it off herself when she knew she was dying, and she told me to sell it if ever I needed a little money."

'The girl's voice trembled violently, and she turned her head away. Schmidt was silent and very grave. Then Vjera began to move on again, clutching the precious thing to her bosom, and drawing her shawl over it.

'"The best man for this lives in the Maffei Strasse," said Schmidt after a few minutes.'

An artist less alive to the need of concentration would have developed the life history which lies behind that dying fore-

thought, and that terrible knowledge of all markets for anything saleable. But Mr. Crawford, apparently the most diffuse of writers, never interrupts himself at the wrong time. We enter the barber's shop, and here again the whole surroundings, and the professional point of view, are given with the same unostentatious certainty of detail. Vjera goes in alone, the tress is spread out, beautiful in colour, length, and thickness.

'Suddenly the man sniffed the odour, lifted the tress to his nose and smelt it. Then he laid it down again and took the thickest end, which was tied tightly with a ribbon, in his hands, pulling at the short lengths of hair which projected beyond the knot. They broke very easily with an odd, soft snap.'

'"It is worth nothing at all," he said.'

The hair had perished and could not be worked. At last, indeed, the end seemed to have come. Vjera began to do up her parcel again in broken-hearted despair, when the barber's apprentice made a suggestion. Her own hair was worth fifteen marks. The girl leapt at the offer. With the same appearance of leisurely detail, which really protracts the emotion, the whole process is described, and Vjera rises, shorn, but having in her hand the fifteen marks, and her mother's hair.

'She tied up the limp parcel with the same old piece of faded ribbon, and a little colour suddenly came into her face as she pressed it to her bosom. All at once she lost control of herself, and with a sharp sob the tears gushed out. She stooped a little and drew her shawl over her head to hide her face. The tears wet her hands and the brown paper, and fell down to the greasy marble floor of the shop.

'"It will grow again very soon," said the barber, not unkindly. He supposed, naturally enough, that she was weeping over her sacrifice.

'"Oh, no! It is not that," she cried, "I am so—so happy to have kept this."

'Then without another word she slipped out noiselessly into the street, clasping the precious relic to her breast.'

There is a kind of inspiration in that last touch, so completely portraying the woman for whom self does not exist, not even enough to make her think of the effect which she may produce on the man whom she loves—the woman whose ideal is not power but service. She has tendered her service, she has saved the man she loves, and what she has given up seems nothing beside the sacrifice she has been spared.

Vjera's action is the turning-point in the action, the passing of the critical step; the emotional climax is only its corollary. The money is brought by her to the Count, the debt is paid,

and walking away with her he thanks her, still believing that she has merely given him what materially he can repay a thousand fold on the morrow, but knowing also that she has given him what can only be repaid with love. Yet the turning-point of emotion only comes when suddenly he notices what she has done, and realises the cause. Then, indeed, he knows the tie that binds him. It is not only in the solemn oath by which he pledges himself, but in his unreluctant acceptance of her sacrifice, that he feels himself linked inseparably. Lost in the thought of his love for the girl, and the love that she had shown, his other preoccupation is forgotten, till the clocks striking midnight rouse him. Wednesday is ended. Then, and only then, does he know—that he has been mad.

'As in a vision of horror, he saw himself standing there, as he had stood there many times before, listening for the last stroke, and suddenly awaking from the dream to the crushing disappointment of the reality. For one brief and terrible moment his whole memory was restored to him, and he knew that his madness was only madness and nothing more, and that it seized him in the same way, week by week, through the months and the years, leaving him on the stroke of twelve each Wednesday night, a broken, miserable, and self-deceived man.'

And with this week there was a new horror. The girl, who had given so much, to whom he had promised so much, whom he loved now so much—could never be repaid. He had deceived her.

The rest of the story may be briefly told. If its end were tragedy, it would be unbearable. As it is, we should say that it had failed to take its rank among masterpieces for the reason that it is based on a fact so exceptional as to be outside ordinary experience—on something abnormal rather than supernormal. The Count is mad from Tuesday evening to Wednesday night. For the rest of the week he has no memory of the Tuesday and Wednesday preceding; and on the Thursday he returns regularly to his work—passing in a sleep of exhaustion from one state to the other. Vjera's fear is that with Thursday all trace of Wednesday may have disappeared this week again; that his love and his acceptance of her sacrifice may have vanished in the night. Yet the new emotion has been too strong—being an expression, not of the lunacy, but of the man's whole self. When he comes to the shop, she knows that he remembers: he remembers that he loves her, though he knows that something forgotten is behind him; and, poor now, he asks her to share his poverty. Then comes the *deus ex machina*, who, to do him justice, is not purely mechanical. As Schmidt had

guessed, the hallucination was based on a reality; the Count's weekly madness was only to believe that barriers which stood between him and the state he once enjoyed were swept away; this week's new symptom, when he spoke of letters received, had been real, and his family lawyer enters the shop with the news of his sudden succession. Mr. Crawford adds medical details as to the effect on the Count's lunacy, which are complete and satisfying, but they do not greatly affect the beautiful close of a very beautiful story, which is reached when the Count, after repeating unconsciously the speeches and farewells so often made by him before, when there was no reality to back them, presents to them who hear him the Countess Skariatine that is to be, and acknowledges with a fine dignity his debt to her and their mutual love. 'And so love conquered'; for without Vjera the Count's lawyer would have brought the news of fortune to a suicide or a maniac.

The reason why we have devoted so much space to one book in the list of some three dozen which stand to Mr. Crawford's name needs, perhaps, to be given. When a man has gone on for a matter of five-and-twenty years producing annually from one to three novels, the public mind begins to take him without examination, and the critic can only hope to restore to himself or his readers something of lively comprehension by dealing with the particular rather than the mass. With many writers, of course, the difficulty would be lessened, because a great part of the work would be negligible. But Mr. Crawford is so clever and so painstaking that he has never dropped far below the high level of excellence which he reached within five years after his first appearance. 'Mr. Isaacs' was published in 1882, 'Saracinesca' in 1887; and 'Saracinesca' is on the whole as good as any of his books with the exception of the story which we have discussed so fully. Yet a level is always a little tedious; and we incline to attribute our constant readiness for a new novel by Mr. Crawford to the immense variety of material on which he can draw—and which excites conjecture as to how he comes by it.

The ordinary books of reference tell us that he is the son of American parents, but a native of Rome. His father was a sculptor. He had his schooling in the United States, his academic training in England (at Cambridge), and a study of Oriental languages took him to India, where he edited a paper. Moreover, he holds a master's certificate for navigation. These facts indicate a tolerable range of experience; but they do not account for an easy familiarity with German and Russian life and thought. They account, however, successfully for Mr. Crawford's *début,*

in which we think he was lucky. If 'Mr. Isaacs' were published to-morrow, it would not attract very great attention. The novel of Indian life was still a novelty in 1882, and curiosity doubtless helped the welcome extended to a talent by no means mature. 'Dr. Claudius,' the second of his novels, approaches much nearer to the easy, finished, quiet manner with which we have grown so familiar; though here also some traces of rhetoric linger. But let us point out that Mr. Crawford, who began by writing about British India (from a notably un-English point of view), immediately broke new ground and wrote, with still greater intimacy, about German student life, a cruise across the Atlantic, and Newport in its season. Since then, he has written stories of Arabia, of Constantinople, of Prague, of Madrid, of Munich (as we have seen), and even of a lonely parish in England. He has written three novels of American life pure and simple. But the country where his imagination is most at home, of which he writes evidently by predilection, is Italy—the country of his birth, though not of his parentage. And nine tenths of his Italian stories are stories of the Romans and Rome.

In almost every other novel of Roman life that we can remember, the writer has been immensely concerned with the background, physical and moral, afforded by the ruins of empire and the monuments of bygone splendour and genius. Mr. Crawford also is deeply interested in his background, but that background is a society rather than a city. He feels probably that horror of the guide-book which is natural to those who live in places much visited by tourists, and he scarcely refers to those things in Rome which people go to see. One of the latest and best of his novels, 'The Heart of Rome,' is a story of ancient monuments, but the whole pith and gist of it concerns the use which modern Rome makes of its artistic inheritance. In a story, highly adventurous, of the search for buried treasure among the catacombs, we have minute and admirable descriptions of the underground and half-explored labyrinth with its unmapped watercourses, which in itself is vastly interesting; but by Mr. Crawford all this is treated as mere machinery. His concern is first of all with the scope for speculation and smuggling offered by the conjectured existence of such treasures, and the need for evading Italian laws which forbid their sale; and secondly, with the masonic knowledge of facts concerning the labyrinth which exists among Roman artisans. These are the human factors which give life and character to his story—in this instance concerning a few individuals in contemporary Rome. But the portion of his work by which he would most

naturally be judged is the remarkable group of works in which the Saracinesca family play a leading part: and in them it is quite plain that Mr. Crawford has attempted to represent dramatically, through typical episodes and typical personages, the history of Roman Rome as he has known it, its evolution in the course of his lifetime.

Reference to our previous source of information shows that he was born in 1854. 'Saracinesca,' the first of this group, is dated definitively at 1865; 'Sant' Ilario,' the second, belongs to the year 1867, and some of its personages are present at the blowing up of the Serristani barracks, and the battle of Mentana. In these two novels, Mr. Crawford, describing the fortunes of Sant' Ilario, heir to the old Prince Saracinesca, describes also incidentally, but with obvious historical intention, the world in which they move, the life of which they are a part—the life and world of the Roman aristocracy in the last days of the Pope's temporal power, while Antonelli still held power in Rome, against Garibaldi's menace from without, and against plotters within. If we praise Mr. Crawford's picture, it is only as one may praise a portrait without having seen the original. Historically true or not, it is a most credible and interesting natural history of a very curious social order, into which his heroes and heroines fall quite naturally. They are represented as being the best of their social type, but the points of community between them and those whom they excel, even *toto cælo*, are no less distinct than the points of difference; yet we never for an instant feel that Mr. Crawford is unduly stressing this or that racial characteristic as a foreigner is almost certain to do. The two complementary novels, 'Don 'Orsino' and 'Corleone,' which concern themselves principally with the fortunes of Sant' Ilario's eldest son, just as the earlier pair centred in Sant' Ilario himself, belong, of course, to a generation later—to Rome of the eighties and nineties, when the city of the Pope had become the capital of Italy, and in so becoming had lost much of its individuality. 'Don Orsino' is a story of building speculation; 'Corleone,' of what may be called land-war in Sicily—trouble occasioned by the attempts of a Roman capitalist to open up the country. The latter is from a novel reader's point of view by far the more attractive, inasmuch as the operations of *maffeusi* and brigands are infinitely more picturesque than the schemes of an unscrupulous banker. But our purpose here is to insist that these novels show that the true continuity of the series is as a history, not of the Saracinesca, but of Rome. How will the society described under the old order adapt itself to the new conditions? An

answer lies in the fact that Sant' Ilario, the noble type of the old school, finds his use ended. He can indeed superintend his estates and organise farming operations on the grand scale; but outside that there is no career for those who stood by the Papacy in its last days of temporal power. Sant' Ilario does not feel the exclusion as a loss, being happy in the fruition of a great passion which has lasted: but his son is acutely miserable in the enforced inaction, the routine of a merely social existence. And the only link between the generations is the noble whose bringing up had not been noble. San Giacinto, the Saracinescas' kinsman, was head of a stock believed to be extinct, who nevertheless appeared suddenly, in control of a fortune earned by successful speculation. This man, bred an innkeeper, adapts himself easily to the new conditions, and, having capital to back his judgement, amasses great wealth. The example of his success is more potent than his restraining advice, and in the story of Orsino's building ventures—and first love affair—he plays only a negative part. But he is the active inspirer of Orsino's second plunge into business—for it is San Giacinto who purchases the hereditary estate of the Corleone, and proposes that Orsino shall look after it for him. In this book, we are for the most part remote from Rome. Yet even in Sicily we are shown the Romans as Romans—a people looked upon as almost alien by the local population; and we are shown also Sicilian nobles, men of unquestioned family but questionable reputation, admitted to a place in Roman society by virtue of kinship with a great Roman house. Politically speaking, the interest of the work lies in the relation of Roman nobility to other parts of Italy; and the fact that this relation makes itself felt is presumably a part of the new order.

For in 'Corleone,' the story has to do with the contact of two different civilisations, both of them now Italian. This marks a sharp difference between it and the masterpiece which it naturally calls to mind—Mérimée's 'Colomba.' The great French writer has none of Mr. Crawford's generalising train of mind; he tells his story of individuals as individuals. But Mr. Crawford, at all events when he is writing of modern Italy, never loses sight of his aim to depict a society through typical persons. There is no doubt which is the better manner; for pure narrative abhors philosophy, and Mérimée, very often under the mask of some philosophic or philological generalisation, contrives to give us a recital of facts as forcible and direct and incisive as could be found in some Icelandic saga. Mr. Crawford, unless we are greatly mistaken, has made a close study of Mérimée, whom at all events he resembles in his studiously dispassioned

tone and detached attitude. But he, very rightly, follows his own nature, and its bent is philosophic and generalising. Action interests him less for its own sake than as the index to a group of social facts; and nothing is more to his credit than his abstinence from the use of violent incident which he can describe so admirably, whenever such incident ceases to be typical of the particular society which he has in hand. For instance, he has evidently made up his mind that the characteristic encounter of modern Rome is not the duel, but war on the money market, and in the story of Orsino's first adventure there is hardly a suggestion of physical challenge, though in the other three novels of this group we live in an atmosphere where the clash of steel is often heard. Again in the novel of American life which we have set on our list, there is hardly more incident than Mr. Howells would permit: the whole story turns on the collision of strong and choleric natures over matters almost trivial.

This fidelity has its reward. For the gift of pure narrative, the thing needed is that dramatising faculty, that gift of tremendous concrete realisation, which is a function of the whole nature rather than the pure intelligence. In Mr. Crawford the intelligence predominates; the other factors (whatever one may choose to call them) are defective in proportion. But intelligence is the thing needed to seize the characteristics of a social order, and here Mr. Crawford is hard to beat. We have discussed his presentation of Roman society in its changing phases; he gives us the life of America with the same sure touch. And let it be remarked that he selects always what is least glaringly national, most cosmopolitan—that is to say, the society of those persons who have or have had leisure and opportunity to read, to travel, to meet men and women of other countries. His Americans are the least highly coloured of any known to us, the least obviously distinguishable from English people; and yet the whole atmosphere in 'Katharine 'Lauderdale,' is absolutely un-English. Mr. Crawford's characters carry the hall-mark of their nationality no less clearly, though certainly less flagrantly, than Mr. Owen Wister's delightful Virginian, or not less delightful ladies of Kingsport. And they are certainly not seen from across the Atlantic—as, not less certainly, are those whom Mr. Henry James puts under his amusing microscope.

So far we have been endeavouring to describe and characterise Mr. Crawford's talent; it remains for us to attempt an estimate of it. And here we may mention—only in order to exclude them—three books, loose historical outlines, of which 'Glean-

'ings from Venetian History' may be taken as typical. No one would deny that the book contains a deal of interesting matter agreeably related, and it is a good setting for Mr. Pennell's drawings. But it is curiously devoid of inspiration. Mr. Crawford has evidently read enormously in a dozen different directions, and out of his reading he has obtained many suggestions for vivid romance. Yet deprive him of his familiar method, and he grows almost depressingly dry. For instance, in this book there is some reference to the glass-blowing industry and the organisation of the guild. But go to the novel which has been made out of the true story of Zorzi Ballarin and Marietta Beroviero, and you have not only a capital romance, but a superb description of the whole detail both of the manufacture and the art—a detail absolutely lacking in the book of 'Gleanings.' There is no better example than this particular novel of Mr. Crawford's gift for supplementing his primary interest of the love tale with a mass of out-of-the-way information admirably managed.

Naturally, when a man has been telling love stories for some years, he begins to rely a good deal (if he be wise) on this second string to the bow, and an obvious resource is the historic romance. In 'Via Crucis' (a crusading story), and 'In the Palace of the King,' Mr. Crawford has struck out in this direction. What remains on our mind is the extraordinary ingenuity displayed in the latter of these books, which had for its hero the illustrious Don John of Austria. The novel was of the ordinary length, yet its crowded and extremely complex action was all condensed into a time of four-and-twenty hours. Probably the scheme was planned for dramatisation, and it was dramatised—whether by Mr. Crawford or another we do not know; let us hope, at least, that it was not by the resourceful stage carpenter who made out of 'A Cigarette-Maker's Romance' one of the vulgarest inanities with which our ears were ever afflicted.

But in spite of Mr. Crawford's cleverness, we do not think that he will ever increase his reputation by ventures in the historic field—whether as historian or romancer. His talent is to see and describe what he has seen, and there is no man who can render more present to us an unfamiliar way of life. The very latest of his novels, 'Soprano,' is from certain points of view most unsatisfactory; it is rather an instalment of a novel than a completed story; the end is either arbitrary or insufficiently explained. But in the matter of conveying an atmosphere created by a profession, and the effect of that atmosphere on those who enter it, the book could hardly be better. Its true centre is not the heroine, Margaret Donne, but the old and

still famous prima donna, Madame Bonanni. Margaret, the well-groomed, well-bred, clear-skinned, self-reliant English girl, when she wishes to make her *début* on the operatic stage, comes into a way of life of which Madame Bonanni is merely the most typical product. A captious critic might say that the contrast is needlessly glaring; that an aspirant equally gifted might be chosen who might be less opposed by temperament and training to all the circumstances of her vocation. Mr. Crawford can answer that part of his purpose is to show the irresistible attraction which the exercise of a talent has for its possessor—an attraction which will sweep away even such repugnances as are inspired in Miss Donne. That, however, is not our point. We wish to emphasise the extraordinary power with which all the features of this particular Bohemia are given: Madame Bonanni herself is in a sense scarcely better done than the Jew impresario, Schreiermayer. But it would be superficial to say this and no more, for the great singer is accounted for and studied through and through—a study far more thorough than Sudermann's famous Magda. And here again the study is linked with a generalisation. Bonanni is the Latin woman, exaggerated, in all the excess of the artist's temperament. Margaret is the Anglo-Saxon woman, who has in great measure to get out of her Anglo-Saxon skin before she can permit herself to be an artist. There is one dramatic passage which we really must quote for its astonishing insight.

Margaret Donne is getting her chance. She has been presented at the right time to the right persons, and Bonanni, who recognised the girl's gift and her complete natural equipment—detailed point by point in a scene where the veteran goes over the novice much as a dealer might examine a young colt—Bonanni has arranged it all. Yet at the close of an emotional scene where the fat, greedy, painted, good-hearted woman has wept floods of tears and poured out the story of her life, Margaret makes a reply which is perfectly natural, perfectly in character, and yet perfectly astounding.

'"With your voice and talent, I don't see why you needed any protection, as you call it" (says Margaret).

'Madame Bonanni laughed again.

'"No. You don't see. All the better, little Miss Donne, all the better for you that you have never been made to see, and perhaps you never will now. I hope not. But I tell you that in Paris, or in London, or Berlin or Petersburg, you may have the voice and talent of Malibran, Grisi, and Patti all in one, but if you are not "protected" you will never get any further than leading chorus girl, and perhaps not so far."

'"No one has protected me," said Margaret, "and I've got a good engagement."'

A long essay could be written about the stupidity which is produced by the mere natural egoism of youth combined with inexperience, and the relation which such stupidity bears to actual ingratitude. But Mr. Crawford has put the pith of it into this one reply; and the rest of the necessary comment is very well given in the following pages, which reconcile us to this young person, in spite of her failure to realise that she is wounding the woman who has helped her not merely to rise, but to surmount her helper. It cannot be said that this book has added to Mr. Crawford's reputation; its shortcomings of construction may even have done him an injury. But a man's reputation must stand very high when it is not enhanced by the creation of such a character as the Bonanni.

To attempt any definite assessment of a living writer is always a folly as well as an impertinence. We should, however, all agree that Mr. Crawford's place would never be above that class which falls short of the highest—to which are assigned writers such as Trollope and Mrs. Oliphant. Mrs. Oliphant is nearer his mark than the creator of Mrs. Proudie and Archdeacon Grantly; any of Mr. Crawford's characters will pale beside these robust Britons. Perhaps the comparison suggests that what Mr. Crawford lacks most is what Trollope possesses most—homeliness. But after all, this is like blaming a good hunter for not being the best Clydesdale ever known. Whether the works of such novelists—the storytellers who are very good rather than great—will last, remains to be seen. Poets of no greater relative merit are still known by heart, though they died, perhaps, three hundred years ago. One opinion, however, we shall state boldly, and that is that criticism generally has never estimated Mr. Crawford at his full merit. He writes simply, without grimace or contortion, and he is no maker of laboriously distinguished phrases; and so he has no chance of praise for his style. Again, he is not a novelist of problems or of purposes; he does not lend himself to discussion; and he avoids habitually the subjects treated by those who wish to write a 'strong' book (as the cant phrase goes). Anyone who has written a novel will realise how much this abstention increases the difficulty, especially for a novelist who adheres to the old notion that the central theme must always be a love interest. Indeed, Mr. Crawford himself affords the example. In 'To Leeward' he treated a story of unlawful love, and it takes no great judgement to see how much more easily situations

and emotions are obtained in it than elsewhere. In a little duodecimo essay called 'The Novel: What it is,' the author's convictions are put down with great plainness (though with a distressing avoidance of all technical discussion). Mr. Crawford will not admit the plea that in art there is no distinction of pure and impure, but merely a dispassioned scrutiny. The novel, he says, 'should never under any circumstances be 'permitted to deprave the heart or to weaken the mind'; and he has stood very constantly by his doctrine, yet without suspicion of prudery. The true object of the novel is, in his opinion, to afford a sort of pocket theatre, whose primary function—with which nothing must be allowed to interfere—is to amuse and interest. If it produces a healthy moral effect, that is only by a side wind as it were. The novelist's business is to represent faithfully men and women in the various relations of life; and 'the right understanding of men and women leads to the right 'relations of men and women.' 'In this way,' says Mr. Crawford, 'if in any, a novel may do good; when written to attain this 'end, it may live.'

Well, to judge Mr. Crawford by his own criterion, we should say that he has understood men and women very well; above all, that he has a fine understanding of the qualities which make a gentleman—qualities which may underlie any racial type. This is perhaps his highest characteristic, though less salient than the versatile intelligence and richly stored experience which must strike the most casual reader. And perhaps the true reason why we are always so ready to spend a couple of hours in his pocket theatre lies, not in the curious and varied nature of the entertainment, but in our confidence that we shall like some at least of the people on the stage, and feel ourselves in sympathy with the dramatist.

Art. IV.—AN ILLUSTRIOUS CAVALIER.

Reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission on the Ormonde Papers, presented to both Houses of Parliament, 1881–1906.

Among the voluminous labours of the Historical Manuscripts Commission by no means the least considerable place must be assigned to the already numerous volumes devoted to the Marquess of Ormonde's very extensive collection of historical documents. Over twenty years have passed since the great mass of papers so long and carefully preserved at Kilkenny Castle was explored and catalogued on behalf of the Commission by the late Sir John T. Gilbert; and within the past twelve as many as six volumes have appeared which are exclusively devoted to selections from the Ormonde papers, in addition to several considerable sections of earlier miscellaneous reports which are occupied with materials from the same collection. These volumes consist almost entirely of transcripts from the papers of that well known statesman James Butler, twelfth Earl and first Duke of Ormond, of whom it has been justly observed that 'the history of Ireland for nigh half a century may be read 'in the life, actions, and adventures of this able, virtuous, and 'illustrious man.' Ormond was one of those who consider that 'papers are the jewels of a family,' and few statesmen have ever taken more pains to preserve their correspondence. Yet the papers now at Kilkenny, numerous as they are, do not, as is well known, by any means exhaust the documentary remains which the sedulous solicitude of the Duke of Ormond, during an active participation in public affairs which extended over half a century, has preserved for the information of posterity. At least as many more are to be found in the Bodleian Library among the papers of the Duke's biographer, Thomas Carte. Taken together, the documents preserved at Kilkenny and at Oxford form something like a continuous series of papers relating to public affairs in Ireland from the outbreak of the Irish rebellion of 1641 to the arrival of Cromwell in Ireland, and from the Restoration to the close of the reign of Charles II. They are full of information alike in regard to the history of the great events of this period and to the more minute details of administration. It may, indeed, be said without exaggeration that the annals of English Government in Ireland during the middle period of the seventeenth century are illustrated by a greater mass and variety of extant documentary evidence than can be matched in the case of any other period. And it is, at any rate, certain that the manuscript collections of the Duke of Ormond

relating to the affairs of his own times exceed both in value and in volume those of any of his contemporaries, with the exception of his friend and colleague, the indefatigable Clarendon, whose tireless industry as a correspondent has, perhaps, never been paralleled among statesmen.

The value of these extensive remains has, however, been considerably marred by their separation into two widely sundered portions. Our gratitude to Carte for his 'Life of Ormond,' a work which, in spite of some obvious literary imperfections which have not escaped the inexorable judgement of Dr. Johnson, is too thoroughly done to be ever superseded, must not blind us to the injury done through the splitting up of a great homogeneous collection into two confused and disordered parts. The history of the transference of the larger and in some respects the more valuable portion of the Duke's papers from Kilkenny to Oxford may rank among the curiosities of literature ; and, as it has been the subject of some misconception, must be briefly noticed here.

A biography of Ormond on a large scale had been long contemplated by members of his family and friends, but thirty years had passed from the date of the Duke's death before the task of writing it was entered on by Thomas Carte, a Jacobite author, whose first contribution to literature had been a vindication of Charles I. from the charge of having instigated the Irish Rebellion of 1641, and who saw in the career of Ormond the opportunity for a defence of the House of Stuart at a time when the failure of the Old Pretender to recover the throne his father had forfeited had covered the fallen dynasty with every form of obloquy. When Carte embarked on his task Ormond's grandson and successor in the title was an exile at Avignon, having paid the penalty of a too reckless participation in the schemes of Harley and St. John, and the family was represented by Charles, Earl of Arran, the younger brother of the attainted Duke. To Arran Carte addressed himself, and by him was not only entrusted with a large quantity of his grandfather's, the first Duke of Ormond's, letters and papers, which had already been brought to England in connexion with earlier biographical projects, but was authorised to visit Kilkenny and select from the collection there such documents as he might find suited to his purpose. The liberal interpretation which Carte placed on this permission must be given in his own words :—

'The success was answerable to my wishes ; I found in the Evidence Room at Kilkenny about fourteen wicker binns (each large enough to hold an hogshead of wine in bottles) covered with unwieldy books of steward's accompts, but which, upon examination, appeared

to be full of papers, and to contain a series of papers of state, orders, resolutions, and letters of the Privy Council of England, the despatches of the king and secretaries of state in England, his Grace's own letters and those of other great men who corresponded with him, from before the Restoration of King Charles II. to the year 1686. There being no bookbinder at Kilkenny, I was forced to transport these in three Irish cars to Dublin, where I was continuously employed for several months in digesting them, in order to have them bound up like the others. Such papers as upon perusal did not appear useful to my subject I sent back to Kilkenny, and bound up the rest in volumes.'

The volumes so bound up, to the number of not less than a hundred, were brought to England, and were never returned. They were retained by Carte with the rest of an enormous collection of manuscripts accumulated by him for the purposes of his other historical undertakings until very shortly before his death in 1754; and it was long supposed that, as stated by Nichols in his 'Literary Anecdotes,' they had passed to Carte's widow under the terms of his will and had by her been left to the University of Oxford. That lady did in fact make a will by which she bequeathed, subject to a life estate in her second husband, Nicholas Jernegan, 'all the manuscripts of my late husband, 'Mr. Thomas Carte, or which did belong to him, to and for the 'use of the University of Oxford,' and the papers so demised were deposited in the Bodleian in 1778. It was long imagined that these papers included the Ormond manuscripts, in which Carte had no sort of ownership, and that the biographer had been guilty of one of those misappropriations of manuscript materials from which the history of literature shows that many otherwise honourable men have not been exempt. The researches of the historian of the Bodleian have, however, wholly exonerated Carte from the imputation of literary kleptomania. Mr. Macray has shown that the Ormond collection was in fact handed over to the keeping of the University of Oxford by Carte himself in the year 1753; and, further, that Carte in 1754, very shortly before his death, placed in the Bodleian numerous other manuscripts relating to Irish affairs in the seventeenth century. No record has been preserved of the circumstances under which the gift was made or of the concurrence of the representatives of the Ormond family in this disposition of the great Duke's papers. But there is strong warrant for the presumption that this arrangement had the sanction of the nobleman from whom Carte had received his original authority. Lord Arran was still alive in 1753, and was moreover, like his grandfather and brother before him, Chancellor of the University of Oxford. In that year the

University had become the recipient of a cognate gift of great importance in the bequest by the descendant of the great Earl of Clarendon of a large portion of the manuscripts of that statesman; and although these papers did not actually reach Oxford till six years later nothing appears more probable than that the gift to the University of the papers of the historian of the Great Rebellion should have suggested to Carte a like destination for the very similar manuscripts of Clarendon's great friend and colleague. That Lord Arran, as custodian of the manuscripts, should have assented to an arrangement in which as Chancellor of the University he must have willingly acquiesced is an entirely natural supposition; and it is difficult to believe that the transaction could have been completed without his cognisance in either or both capacities.

From the very extensive nature of Carte's selections it follows that the papers of the great Duke remaining at Kilkenny are comparatively deficient in historical interest, and it is the highest tribute to the completeness of Carte's labours that the most careful investigation of the sources he consulted, though it enables us not seldom to supplement his statements with interesting particulars, in no way supersedes his work. Accurate in his statements of fact, even where he is most prejudiced in his opinions, the reader may quarrel with Carte's conclusions, but is obliged to accept his premises. Nevertheless there have been found at Kilkenny, over and above the many documents which were probably known to Carte, some which he appears to have overlooked, and which throw no inconsiderable light on his hero's career, while there are others which, having come into the Ormond collection since Carte's day, could never have been known to the biographer. In what we have here to say of the career of the Duke of Ormond it is proposed to draw more particularly upon those portions of these fresh sources of information which throw light upon the personal character of Ormond, the limits of an article in this Review scarcely admitting of an adequate survey of the political aspects of a career which is part of the texture of more than half a century of English history. Chief among these sources may be mentioned some particulars of the Duke's early life, apparently compiled shortly after his death with a view to his biography, a number of letters from the Duchess to his half-brother, and the Duke's letters in the last two years of his life to his close friend and henchman Sir Robert Southwell.

Of all the statesmen of the seventeenth century the great Duke of Ormond, as he is commonly called, had the longest

career. The Courts of Charles I. and Charles II. contained no more conspicuous or imposing figure than his whom Macaulay has described as 'the most illustrious of the cavaliers of the 'Great Civil War.' Ormond was continuously occupied in public affairs for more than half a century, and his public life spans the history of his country from Strafford to Tyrconnell. More than forty years elapsed between his first appointment to the Government of Ireland by Charles I. and the termination of his third tenure of the same great office just before the accession of James II. In the words of his friend and correspondent Sir Robert Southwell 'he was fifty-five years in councils and 'business, which comprehends all the last age.' Thus the record of his participation in public affairs forms, in the words of the same admirer, 'a little map of a great country.' And this lengthened career was marked throughout by an unswerving consistency, inspired by an indomitable loyalty. Hence it is that Ormond has impressed even those who have little sympathy with the cause he supported with a sense of his absolute honesty. Even his hero-worship of Cromwell could not blind Carlyle to the 'distinguished integrity, patience, activity, and talent' of the chief supporter of the royal cause in Ireland; and Mr. Morley, in his 'Life of Cromwell,' has characterised Ormond in terms which it would be difficult to improve on as 'one of the most 'admirably steadfast, patient, clear-sighted, and honourable 'men in the list of British statesmen.'

James Butler, twelfth Earl and first Duke of Ormond, was born, according to his own belief—for the date of his birth is not otherwise attested—on October 19, 1610, at Clerkenwell, then a fashionable quarter of London, in which the town residence of his maternal grandfather, Sir John Poyntz, of Acton, in Gloucestershire, was situated. Though the scion of a stock among the most ancient in Europe there was nothing in the circumstances in which he was born to suggest that the infant would become the possessor of the vast patrimony of the Earls of Ormond, or live to excite the envy of the most powerful of English nobles as the wealthiest subject of the British crown. At the moment of young James Butler's birth the hereditary honours of the house of Butler were still held by the well known tenth Earl, the veteran warrior of the perpetual conflicts which had torn his country under Elizabeth. 'Tom Duff' or 'Black Tom,' as this earl was commonly called, was without male heirs, and his presumptive successor was his eldest nephew, Theobald, Viscount Tulleophelim, who had married the Earl's only daughter. Young James Butler, who was but the son of a younger nephew, was thus only a contingent successor to the family

honours when he was brought to Ireland as a child of three. On this occasion the boy was taken by his parents to visit the old Earl in the stately mansion at Carrick-on-Suir, in which the veteran passed his latter years, and where, as the interlaced monogram of his Sovereign's initials and his own on a still remaining ceiling certifies, he had once prepared to receive a visit from Elizabeth. Young as he then was, the future Duke in after years could often recall the patriarchial aspect of old Earl Thomas, as he sat sightless in his chair with flowing beard and his jewelled George about his neck. There is a pretty story which, though it rests only upon the tradition preserved by some ancient retainer of the family, and contains some obvious inaccuracies, has yet an air of verisimilitude in its essentials sufficient to justify its acceptance. On the last Christmas before his death, so the story runs, Earl Thomas kept Christmas at Carrick, in the midst of a large family gathering.

'The table being full, and no room for the younger James Butler to sit at it, he, being then a sprightly boy, entertained himself by whipping his gig (top) in the dining-room, just behind the Earl of Ormond's chair.'

The old man inquiring and being told the cause of the noise, bade the servant put the boy upon his knees, when, stroking the child's hair, he is reported to have predicted the family misfortunes which, in fact, followed his own demise, and the ultimate advancement of his name to more than its former splendour in the person of the child upon his knee.

'Upon which prophetical expression by the Earl,' says the family chronicler, 'the Lord Viscount Tullogh, who then sat near him, and was his nephew and son-in-law, and was to be his successor in the earldom, being a very proud, conceited man, he in great indignation put back his chair and rose up and flung from the table.'

The Earl again inquiring and ascertaining the cause of the second noise, and being told that his nephew had left the room in dudgeon, predicted his early demise, and the consequent succession of the boy James to the heirship of the family honours.

Whatever degree of credence may be attached to this story it is certain that the Earl's death was followed by twenty years of melancholy family vicissitudes. The Lady Elizabeth, the widowed daughter and heiress to the entailed estates of Earl Thomas, becoming by her father's death a ward of the crown, was given in marriage by James I. to a Scotch favourite, the playfellow of his childhood, James Preston, Lord Dingwall.

Created Earl of Desmond by his sovereign, the Scotch peer immediately instituted claims in behalf of his wife to the greater part of the Ormond estates, in defiance of the rights of the owner of the Ormond title. A long and expensive lawsuit followed, which King James, who actively assisted his favourite, ultimately undertook to terminate by an award. But the terms of the settlement were so onerous that Walter, Earl of Ormond, refused to abide by it. He was accordingly thrown into the Fleet, where he lay for eight years. The King, not satisfied with this injustice, arbitrarily resumed the ancient grant of the county palatine of Tipperary, which had been enjoyed for above four centuries by the Earl's family, and the splendid fortunes of the house of Butler were for a time completely eclipsed.

Meantime young James Butler was being brought up in London. Earl Walter, the new head of the family, joined to his other offences against King James's predilections a warm devotion to the Roman Catholic religion, to which faith the lad's parents and almost all his immediate relatives also belonged. Accordingly, on the death of his father, which occurred when he was ten years old, the lad, who had thus become by courtesy Viscount Thurles, was removed to England by the King's direction and placed under the care of the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth, to be brought up in the Protestant faith. No provision, beyond the scanty allowance of forty pounds a year, appears to have been made for his maintenance; but though Primate Abbot troubled himself as little as possible about his charge this expedient answered the King's purpose. Though always thoroughly tolerant of every form of religious opinion Ormond appears to have become imbued at this period with a sincere attachment to the Church of England, to whose principles he ever afterwards constantly and conscientiously adhered. In his government of Ireland after the Restoration, his tolerance of Roman Catholics was more than once a source of embarrassment to Ormond, and in the ferment excited by Oates's Plot his kindness to his numerous relatives of that creed even threatened to lead to an impeachment. In a letter addressed at this period to his confidential correspondent, Sir Robert Southwell, Ormond vindicates himself from the aspersions and suspicions which were then rife, with a firmness and manliness entirely honourable to him.

'I know well that I am born with some disadvantages in relation to this present conjuncture, besides my natural weakness and infirmities, and such as I can no more free myself from than I can from them. . . . My father and mother lived and died Papists, and bred all their children so, and only I, by God's merciful providence,

was bred in the Protestant religion, from which I never swerved towards either extreme, not when it was most dangerous to profess it and most advantageous to quit it. . . . My brother and sisters, though they were not very many, were very fruitful and obstinate (they will call it constant) in their way. Their fruitfulness hath spread into a large alliance, and their obstinacy has made it altogether Popish. . . . But I am taught by nature, and also by instruction, that difference in opinion concerning matters of religion dissolves not the obligations of nature; and in conformity to this principle I own not only that I have done but that I will do my relations of that or any other persuasion all the good I can.'

Great as was the hostility between the Earls of Ormond and Desmond, consequent on the acute family quarrel which had arisen between them, the costs of a protracted lawsuit disposed both parties, after some years, to seek the means of an accommodation. As the Countess of Desmond had but one child, the Lady Elizabeth Preston, who was the sole heiress to whatever rights the daughter of Earl Thomas might ultimately be found to possess, an obvious mode was presented of reconciling the family differences by uniting the rival claims in the persons of the respective heirs of the disputants. As early as 1621, while both parties to the suggested contract were still children, respectively aged eleven and seven, articles of agreement were concluded between Walter, Earl of Ormond, and the Earl and Countess of Desmond for the union of Viscount Thurles and his cousin as soon as they should attain marriageable age. Doubts and differences, however, prevented this arrangement from taking effect; the proposal was broken off, and was not renewed until after the death of both the parents of the young lady. Meantime, the cousins having made each other's acquaintance, mutual inclination had combined with mutual interest to forward an alliance so obviously desirable. There is a pretty story of the young Viscount's courtship of his cousin which represents him as 'going in disguise (as a romantic 'lover) through Kensington, with a pedlar's pack on his back,' with the object of gaining an interview. The Lady Elizabeth, condescending to inspect the wares of the supposed pedlar,

'he presented to her a pair of gloves, into one of which he had before conveyed a letter, which she in drawing on the glove perceiving, pretended to have no money in her pocket to pay for the gloves, and notwithstanding the young ladies offered to lend her money yet she retired to her chamber to fetch money, and, being there, perused the letter, and soon after returned with the gloves again (into which she as cunningly conveyed an answer), which she returned to the amorous pedlar, pretending they had an ill smell.' 'What were the contents of these letters,' the narrator of

the tale continues, 'can be no otherwise possibly guessed at (because they were so secretly contrived as all amorous intrigues are) than by the success.'

The young couple were shortly afterwards married, and removing into Ireland in 1630 resided there until the death of Earl Walter in 1634 left his youthful grandson the unchallenged master of the long disputed heritage of Earl Thomas.

At this point a word may fitly be said of the lady who for fifty-four years was Ormond's helpmeet. Her character fitted her alike in prosperity and in adversity for such a partnership. Her letters, of which a good many remain, show her to have been, in Carte's words, 'a person of excellent capacity and good 'sense, who could write on matters of business with great 'clearness and strength of expression.' That she possessed both intrepidity and energy was shown by her activity in rescuing the Protestant refugees in the neighbourhood during the rebellion, and by the capacity with which, during her husband's long absence abroad with his exiled sovereign, she continued to assert her own rights as an heiress and to induce Cromwell to respect them. Her possession of a proper feminine spirit was shown by the firmness with which, as a great lady at Court, she declined to recognise the pretensions of the mistresses of Charles II. She refused to wait on the imperious Barbara Villiers, and when the beautiful Louise de Kéroualle sent word she was coming to dinner the Duchess of Ormond, though she received her with hospitality, put her grandchildren out of the house, that they might not meet the frail favourite of the Sovereign. She was, however, exceedingly magnificent in her notions of hospitality, and her extravagance caused her husband a good deal of embarrassment. To entertain Charles II. at supper she is said to have spent two thousand pounds, an expenditure which, measured by the different standard of value, was as colossal as that of any modern millionaire on a like occasion. Her *protégée*, Lady Fanshawe, relates in her 'Memoirs' that the Duchess of Ormond, on her leaving for Ireland in 1662 on the Duke's reappointment as Viceroy, gave her a turquoise and diamond bracelet, and to her husband a fasset diamond ring, and that she never parted from the Duchess on a journey without receiving some present from her. Her love of magnificence occasionally drove the Duchess to odd expedients. Thus on one occasion she was driven to pawn 'a pair of diamond 'pendants and a diamond fasset ring' to raise 500*l.*; and when her son, the gallant Ossory, was honoured with the Garter for his naval success, she presented him with a diamond George worth 200*l.*, which she had subsequently some difficulty in paying for.

Ormond's first appearance in public life was made shortly after Strafford's entry on his Irish career. The familiar story of that defiance of the masterful Lord Deputy which was the foundation of a cordial friendship illustrated both the strength and the adroitness in circumstances of difficulty which were Ormond's characteristics throughout his long career. On the occasion of the calling of his first Parliament Strafford, fearing that the hot temper and embittered feeling prevailing among parties in Dublin might easily lead to a breach of the peace, had issued an order forbidding members of either House of Parliament to wear their swords. The order was generally respected, the peers as they entered their chamber handing their weapons to Black Rod. But the young Earl of Ormond, on being called on to do the like, coolly told this official 'that 'if he had his sword it should be through his guts, and so 'marched to his seat, and was the only peer who sat with a 'sword that day in the House.' Strafford was not the man to permit such a defiance of his will, and sent for the offender to appear before the Privy Council. Ormond promptly attended, and serenely gave this explanation: He 'acknowledged that he 'knew of the order and had seen the proclamation, but added 'that if he disobeyed both it was out of deference to a more 'particular command and to an higher authority, to which all 'his obedience and duty were due, and then produced the 'King's writ which summoned him to come to Parliament *cum* '*gladio cinctus*.' However unwelcome such a display of independence may have been to Strafford, the Deputy bore no resentment; on the contrary, the incident was the commencement of a close friendship. Strafford formed a high opinion of Ormond's capacity, giving him important command in the army raised in Ireland, and in his commendation of the young Earl to the King may be found the origin of that reliance which Charles subsequently placed on Ormond's devotion to his service. The friendship between the two men was thoroughly reciprocal, and endured to the end of the great Viceroy's career. In the dark days, before his trial, Strafford had no more staunch friend than Ormond, who exerted himself strenuously to delay the proceedings for his impeachment in the Irish Parliament, and successfully retarded their progress for several days by devices which prove him to have possessed considerable adroitness in using the forms of Parliamentary procedure for the purpose of what is now known as obstruction. That Strafford warmly appreciated the loyal friendship extended to him in his adversity is proved by his having made it one of his last bequests to his royal master that his own Garter should be bestowed upon

Ormond ; and Ormond, in later years, never lost an opportunity of expressing his regard for the memory of his early friend.

Although Ormond had been sworn of the Privy Council as early as 1634, and had accepted from Strafford various military commissions, it was not until after the fall of that statesman that he seriously entered upon active public service. When the Lord-Lieutenant quitted Ireland in 1640 he had left Ormond in command of all the forces of the Crown in that country. It thus befell that on the outbreak of the Rebellion, in October 1641, it was upon Ormond that the actual conduct of the measures devised for its suppression immediately devolved. He was thus at once placed in a position of the utmost prominence and responsibility. The rapid developement of the military situation, and the resort of both parties to the civil quarrel in England to the arbitrament of the sword, led directly to the rapid advancement of Ormond to a position of authority in the Royalist counsels. Though possessing, through his position and connexions, a vast influence with all classes of Irish society, Ormond had as yet been scarcely tried in the serious business of State. Henceforward he remained, despite all the vicissitudes of the royal fortunes, for more than forty years to follow, the central figure in the affairs of Ireland, and earned a resplendent reputation as perhaps the most illustrious servant of the Crown that has ever held the sword of state in that country. Into the details of that long and varied career, in the course of which he was thrice the ruler of Ireland, and twice a fugitive and exile ; which witnessed the complete disruption of social order in his own country, and its resettlement upon a basis which was to outlast him by exactly two centuries ; and which embraced alike long periods in which he was a principal counsellor of his exiled Sovereign and others in which that Sovereign, forgetful in prosperity of the services faithfully rendered in adversity, ostentatiously ignored his most devoted subject ; it is impossible to enter within the compass of an article in this review. But something may be said of its leading features, and of those aspects of it which are most in evidence in the additional materials for his biography which are contained in the Ormonde Papers.

Although Ormond's participation in public affairs extended, as has been already noted, over something like half a century, his direct concern with the politics of his own country was interrupted by the long break of eleven years which were spent in exile. The period of his actual responsibility for Irish affairs is thus sharply divided into two unequal parts. In the first of these, which, speaking broadly, lasted from the fall of Strafford to the death of Charles I., he was engaged in a patient, sustained,

but always hopeless struggle to hold Ireland for the Crown; in the second, which, again speaking broadly, lasted, with but one considerable break, from the Restoration to the accession of James II., he was occupied with the scarcely less difficult task of evolving social order from the chaos to which long years of the bitterest internecine faction had reduced the country, and of reorganising the whole administrative edifice in Ireland on a new foundation. It can hardly be said that either period has hitherto been adequately handled by the historians. Dr. Gardiner has, indeed, explored the State Papers of the earlier time with marvellous patience and minuteness. The Irish chapters of his great works together constitute the most lucid and impartial examination of a singularly tangled story which has yet been attempted, and indeed have been so written that they might easily be detached from their context and published as a separate book, to the great advantage of the general reader. But with Dr. Gardiner the history of the Rebellion and of the war of the Confederation in Ireland was necessarily only an episode, though a profoundly important one, in the larger history of the Civil War, and it is full time that its incidents should be examined afresh and in detail in an independent work. For such a work the Ormonde Papers, in spite of their necessarily fragmentary character, provide considerable additional materials. Chief among these are the letters of the Irish Lords Justices and Privy Council to the English Government from the commencement of the Irish Rebellion, in October 1641, to the appointment of Ormond to be Lord-Lieutenant at the end of 1643, letters which have not hitherto been available in anything like complete sequence.

No episode in Irish history, as the editor of these letters justly says, has been more heavily canvassed than the Rebellion of 1641.

> 'The extent to which the rising was organised and premeditated, the degree in which the accounts of the massacre are entitled to credence, and the question to what extent the spread and violence of the insurrection may have been aggravated by the policy of the Lords Justices'

are all of them matters which remain to a great extent unsettled by the historians, but upon which these letters of the Irish Privy Council shed considerable light. Being only concerned at present with Ormond's share in the business, we have no intention of discussing here a topic which, in the words of Lecky, 'is still the favourite field of writers who desire to excite sectarian 'or religious animosity;' nor do the letters themselves do much to resolve the long vexed question of the real extent of the murders

by which the Rebellion was accompanied. The gravity and magnitude of these outrages have of late been as absurdly minimised as they were at one time scandalously exaggerated. There can be no question that, taken at the lowest, they were quite numerous enough to excite the liveliest alarm in an age to which the notion of a religious massacre was a conception by no means far-fetched or novel. But as a contribution to the biography of Ormond the letters go to show what a serious misfortune it was alike for the future peace of Ireland and for the cause of his master in the wider conflict between King and Commons that Ormond's authority was subordinate to that of the self-seeking and unscrupulous and withal essentially weak hands to which the reins of government had been confided on Strafford's departure from Ireland. Although in command of the military forces engaged in suppressing the Rebellion Ormond was subject at every step to the civil authority, and that authority was exerted unfortunately in more than one instance in the attempt to control the conduct of military affairs, which ought properly to have been left to the discretion of the commander. Even more disastrous was the exercise of the authority of the Lords Justices in their legitimate sphere of action. It has been often imputed to Parsons and Borlase that they deliberately discouraged the speedy and effective suppression of the insurrection, with the sinister motive of driving the Lords of the Pale into rebellion; and it is far from clear that they can be absolved from the guilt of so detestable a policy. But even if the most favourable view be taken, and their mistakes excused as due to no greater fault than the violence of incompetence, it must still be deplored that the conduct of affairs should have been left at a moment so critical to men who were wholly incapable of appreciating or utilising the materials which lay ready to their hands for effecting a pacification. Had the government of Ireland, as well as the command of the army, been in the hands of one not less devoted to the authority of the Crown than sympathetic with the great territorial interests represented by the Lords of the Pale, interests which were traditionally attached to the English connexion and hostile to the ideals of the Ulster leaders, it is far from unlikely that the rising would have been suppressed long before the outbreak of hostilities between the Parliament and the King. Could the moderating influence of Ormond, which even under the adverse conditions which afterwards prevailed was so often able to produce combinations impossible to others, have exerted its full effects in the early stages of the Irish troubles, the history of the next few years and the issue of the great civil conflict might well have been altogether different. When, after two

years of vacillation, during which the flames of a local disorder had been fanned, whether by accident or design, to a conflagration involving the whole island, the government of Ireland was placed in Ormond's exclusive charge, it was too late to effect a pacification. By that time the Irish leaders had found in the political situation across the Channel such encouragement to the pursuit of separatist ideals as Irish leaders have at no time been able to resist. Then, as so often before and since, England's difficulty appeared to them to be Ireland's opportunity.

The light thrown by the Ormonde Papers on the second of the two periods to which we have referred is less steady and concentrated than that which is shed upon the first, though the mass of extant correspondence is considerably larger. There is no such sequence of letters for the period of Ormond's second Irish administration as the letters of the Lords Justices. In any case the circumstances connected with the passing of the Irish Act of Settlement and the subsequent difficulties arising from the impossibility of satisfying the just demands of all who had at one time or another enjoyed or acquired a legal right to Irish land have been much more clearly narrated by historians than the complex politics of the earlier time. The fresh materials now available simply go to emphasise the difficulties of a problem which was really insoluble. It needed, indeed, but a simple sum in arithmetic to demonstrate the impossibility of meeting the engagements which Charles I., on the one hand, had entered into with the Roman Catholics, and which the Parliament, on the other, had contracted with the adventurers; yet which Charles II. at the Restoration was equally pledged to satisfy. The utter hopelessness of satisfying demands which were not only mutually inconsistent with each other, but of which the hard statistical facts of the case decisively forbade the settlement, were plain from the first to Ormond. It is, indeed, impossible to state the insuperable nature of the difficulty more incisively than did the Lord-Lieutenant when he applied himself to the drafting of the Act of Explanation.

'I confess,' he wrote to the Lord Chancellor, 'I am not able to see to the end of a settlement. For if the adventurer and soldier must be satisfied to the extent of what they suppose intended them by the Declaration, and if all that accepted and constantly adhered to the Declaration of 1648 must be restored, as the same Declaration seems also to intend, there must be new discoveries made of a new Ireland, for the old will not serve to satisfy their engagements. It remains then to determine which party must suffer in the default of means to satisfy all, or whether both must be proportionably losers.'

The latter alternative was that which Ormond preferred, and could he have had his way he would have enforced a *pro rata* abatement of the rival claims. But circumstances were too strong for him. The Cromwellian interest was too powerful and too determined to be withstood. The King had no intention of going on his travels again. The sacrifice of the old proprietors was the line of least resistance, and it was the line that was followed. This determination had a disastrous effect on the influence of Ormond in Ireland, and was the true cause of his being superseded in the government in 1669. By advocating fair play to the old owners he offended the Cromwellians; by failing to secure that fair play he won the hostility of the Roman Catholics; and, as the poverty of Ireland, after long years of exhausting wars, forbade the raising of any considerable revenue, he was unable to maintain himself in the good graces of the King. The papers of this period contain many illustrations of the urgency and importance of the financial difficulties of the Irish Government in the years following the Restoration; difficulties which were not lessened by the facility with which royal warrants for large sums charged on the Irish Revenue were procured from the Sovereign, any more than they were solved by the subsequent manipulation of the revenue in the hands of the greedy speculators to whose hands the control of the finances of Ireland was confided by the King after the recall of Ormond.

Among the most interesting of the letters in the latter portion of the Ormonde Papers are those of the once famous Earl of Ossory, whose somewhat remarkable course has hardly been sufficiently appreciated by modern writers. It is, at any rate, impossible in any summary of Ormond's career to omit a reference to his eldest son, that *preux chevalier* who enjoyed in the seventeenth century a prestige for personal prowess something akin to that won, through similar gifts, in the eighteenth by the perhaps better-known Marquis of Granby. Thomas Butler, Earl of Ossory, is indeed entitled to a higher meed of praise than that which is due to mere dare-devil gallantry, such as he displayed in many a hand-to-hand encounter aboard ship, and on the field of Mons at the head of the English contingent. For his is a figure of considerable interest in the history of the English navy. Having acquired some knowledge of naval tactics during a five years' residence in Holland before the Restoration, Ossory was given a subordinate command under the Duke of York at the outbreak of the first Dutch war of Charles II., and in the five days' action off the Suffolk coast he so distinguished himself as 'to become 'the darling of the kingdom and especially of his seamen, who

'called him the preserver of the navy.' Later, in 1672, he held important command as rear-admiral of the Blue Squadron. In the fight at Solebay and other naval actions of this war he played a most conspicuous and distinguished part, displaying a dash and gallantry worthy of the best traditions of the navy. His valour and conduct in this war, to use the language of Anthony Wood, were 'beyond the fiction of a romance.' They evoked a signal mark of royal favour, the King and his Consort visiting Ossory on board his ship, and subsequently conferring the Garter upon him in recognition of his services. This is the first of the only two instances in which the Garter has been given for a naval victory, the other being the blue riband bestowed by George III. on Lord Howe, more than a century later, for the triumph of the Glorious First of June. The Duke of Ormond had long ago received the same Order, and, as Ossory had, some years earlier, been called to the House of Lords as Baron Butler of Moor Park, both father and son now sat together as Peers of Parliament, and both Gartered; a circumstance probably without a parallel.

That Ossory possessed a daring worthy of the old Elizabethan sea dogs, combined with that impatience of any insult to the national honour which was the mark of Drake and Nelson, is shown by his plan for a descent on Helvoetsluys while that port was guarded by a fleet of twenty-two Dutch ships, in order to recapture or destroy the 'Royal Charles' and other trophies of the first Dutch war, which lay in the harbour. There is the true Nelson touch about Ossory's declaration to Sir John Narbrough, his captain and his colleague in the design, that 'he would fire 'the Dutch ships with a halfpenny candle, or should place his 'head upon Westminster Hall by Cromwell's, for the greatest 'traitor that ever breathed.' That this 'man of great honour, 'generosity, and courage,' as Burnet calls him, carried the like virtues into other spheres of action appears from his once celebrated encounter with Shaftesbury in the House of Lords. That subtle statesman, in the height of the ferment produced by the Oates plot, was posing as the champion of the Protestant interest, and in that capacity had made some reflexions from his place in the Lords on the inadequacy of Ormond's measures for suppressing Roman Catholic sedition in Ireland. Ossory was present, and at once rose to defend his father. Having recalled the Duke's services, and demonstrated the improbability of his being lacking in fidelity to the Established Church, he carried the war into the enemy's country, winning the delighted applause of Shaftesbury's numerous ill-wishers by these spirited sentences :—

'Having spoke of what he (Ormond) has done, I presume to tell your Lordships what he has not done. He never advised the breaking of the Triple League; he never advised the shutting up of the Exchequer; he never advised the declaration for a toleration; he never advised the falling out with the Dutch and the joining with France; he was not the author of that most excellent position of *delenda est Carthago*, that Holland, a Protestant country, should, contrary to the true interest of England, be totally destroyed.'

It was Ossory's curious fortune to be on terms of the closest intimacy with the two princes who, a few years after his own death, were to contend for the crown of the Three Kingdoms. And, despite the extraordinary contrast between the characters of James II. and William III., he appears to have entertained an equal affection for both, and equally to have won their regard. To the former, under whom, as Duke of York, he had served in the Dutch wars, Ossory was united by ties of professional brotherhood. The personal courage of James II. has often been impugned; but it is difficult to impute cowardice to one whose demeanour in action won the unstinted admiration of a sailor brave to the point of recklessness. James's intimacy with Ossory seems to have been cordial and unreserved, and in some of his extant letters he writes in the most familiar and unconventional terms both about naval matters and about his own matrimonial projects. With William Ossory's relations were even closer. Ossory had spent much of his youth in Flanders. He had married, in 1659, the daughter of the governor of Sluys, a nobleman allied in blood to the Princes of Orange, and he had early become acquainted with the young Stadtholder. In 1674 he was chosen by Charles to be the negotiator of the match between the Prince of Orange and the Princess Mary when that alliance was first suggested. When William came to England three years later, to resume the negotiations for his marriage, Ossory was among the Prince's principal attendants. Though it had hung fire for three years the affair was quickly settled when once the Prince had made up his mind, and, as Sir Henry Coventry wrote to Ormond, it was 'quicker 'than ordinary that a Prince should come and woo, marry, 'bed, and carry away the Princess Mary in less than a month's 'time.' Just before this visit to England Ossory had fought with William at the siege of Charleroi, and the next year found him at Mons fighting by his side as general of the British auxiliaries raised by the States-General. It was evidently with entire sincerity that, when leaving England with his bride, William, in acknowledging Ossory's services, wrote that among all his friends the latter could have none more devoted than

his ' très affectionné serviteur, Prince d'Orange.' With such associations and memories it was perhaps fortunate for Ossory that he did not live to witness the Revolution, and so was spared the necessity of determining into which scale he should throw the weight of his influence, or to which of the contending Princes he should lend the not less weighty encouragement of his sword.

His exploits at Mons, where, besides advising the attack and directing the tactics, he displayed remarkable personal gallantry, formed Ossory's last experience of active service on sea or shore, an appointment to a command against the Algerian pirates who, in those days, were the scourge not merely of the Mediterranean but of the Channel, not being taken up. In the last months of his life, having been already specially attached to the service of Queen Catherine of Braganza as her Chamberlain, he was appointed governor of Tangier, but before he could proceed thither he was seized with fever and died No public misfortune has ever been more sincerely or more widely deplored in England than this premature close of a career whose brilliance had caught the popular imagination. The letters are still extant in which King Charles and his Consort condoled with the bereaved parents, and Ossory was made the subject of innumerable elegies. Of these the most elaborate was the Pindaric Ode of Thomas Flatman. But, though Ormond's munificence rewarded the author with fifty guineas and a diamond ring, posterity would contentedly exchange it for one of that poet-painter's miniatures. A more enduring metrical monument was raised in the splendid condolence addressed by Dryden to Ormond in one of the finest passages in ' Absalom and Achitophel.' In these lines the poet deplores Ossory as

> ' Snatched in manhood's prime
> By unequal fates and Providence's crime :
> Yet not before the goal of honour won,
> All parts fulfilled of subject and of son ;
> Swift was his race, but short the time to run.
> Oh, narrow circle, but of power divine,
> Scanted in space, but perfect in thy line.
> By sea, by land thy matchless worth was known,
> Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own.'

To Dryden's stately if formal verses must be added the more feeling tribute of John Evelyn, who had known Ossory from his boyhood, and who, having lived with him on terms of the warmest affection, and attended his death-bed, was able to affirm that

'his Majesty never lost a worthier subject, nor father a better or more dutiful son.' 'Unhappy England,' Evelyn went on to say, 'in this illustrious person's loss. He deserved all that a sincere friend, a brave soldier, a virtuous courtier, a loyal subject, an honest man, a bountiful master and a good Christian could deserve of his prince and country.'

Of Ormond's own share in the additional correspondence under notice not much requires to be said. His letters are similar in tone and style to the great mass of those which were published by Carte, and are familiar to students of his time; and they convey the same impression of his character. Though a constant and a voluminous correspondent Ormond was not a great letter-writer. His despatches and State papers are generally clear and to the point; but, though vigorous, they are often cumbrously expressed; and even in his intimate letters Ormond does not often descend to those personal and trivial details which give charm to the correspondence of a great man. But in conversation he had a faculty for pointed and sometimes scathing irony. No rebuke could be more admirable than his retort courteous to the Duchess of Cleveland, who, having in an outburst of feminine temper expressed a wish to see Ormond hanged, was gravely told that the object of her resentment had no worse wish regarding her than that he might live to see her old. Even more stinging is his observation on receiving the condolence of a nobleman whose hostility had constantly embarrassed him, and whose regrets he could not think sincere. 'My loss indeed sits heavy upon me, and nothing else could 'affect me so much; yet I thank God my case is not quite so 'deplorable as that nobleman's; for I had much rather have 'my dead son than his living one.' Still better, perhaps, was his answer to the King when Charles inquired what he thought of the appointment of Shaftesbury to be Chancellor. 'Sire, 'that lord is a very proper person with whom to entrust the 'Seals, if your Majesty knows how to get them back again.'

Ormond does not often write in a reflective mood, but to his close friend Southwell he occasionally puts his musings on paper. Thus a year or two before his death he penned this charming sketch of the close of a long life:—

'I am this next week to take a shorter journey and stay away a less time. It is to see a little home in Hampshire; and if I like the situation I am resolved not to make exception to the smallness of the house, because I shall be either able to build to it or I shall not need a bigger. I know the country thereabouts is open, and the way to it good, and I am told the gardens are pleasant and well furnished with good fruit, which is an inducement to an old man

that must shortly lay aside the thought of field sports; and the steps downward are very natural from the field to the garden, from a garden to a window, from thence to a bed, and so to the grave.'

The keynote of Ormond's character and policy is the indomitable loyalty which permeated his whole being and animated all his public actions. From his earliest years he was impressed with the feeling that a whole-hearted devotion to the throne and person of the Sovereign was necessarily due from the head of that ancient and illustrious house which before his time had already produced as many as eight Viceroys of Ireland, and whose representatives had given unfailing support to the English crown. The harsh treatment his family had received from James I. could not damp his ardour in the service of James's son.

'I confess,' he wrote in a brief fragment of autobiography, 'I confess the undutiful and insolent treatment which King Charles I. received from a pack of his ungrateful and ambitious subjects, and the indignation it raised in me to see so good a prince so unworthily used made me resolve to venture all in his cause, though I was very little personally known to him, and not at all obliged by him.'

Loyalty was indeed with Ormond a master passion. Heavy as was his heart at the death of Ossory, it was yet with perfect sincerity that he could say, in reply to the condolences of an acquaintance, that 'since he could bear the death of his great 'and good master, Charles I., he could bear anything.' His language on the death of Charles II., for whom he had a cordial personal regard, bears the mark of unaffected reality of feeling. After deploring to his friend Southwell the loss of 'the best 'King, the best master, and (if I may be so saucy as to say so) 'the best friend that ever man had,' he feelingly gives evidence of his sense of the trying incongruity between private sorrow and public duty.

'My station, my duty, my allegiance forced me, the very day after I received the stroke, to ride out to proclaim his successor, to put on the habit, and (as well as I could) the countenance of joy and triumph, with dismal sadness at my heart.'

This passionate devotion to the throne and person of the Sovereign was proof against every discouragement, and gave to his career a splendid consistency. 'His whole life,' said Southwell, 'was a straight line, if ever a man's in this world were so.' He was often scandalously treated by his royal master, as, for instance, when Charles II., after a pitiable exhibition of vacillating insincerity, recalled him from Ireland in 1669 at the instance of the

Cabal. This was an indignity which moved the astonishment of the Court and society, people 'admiring,' with Pepys, that 'the greatest subject of any prince in Christendom, who hath 'done more for his Prince than ever any yet did,' should be thus disgraced. But Ormond never murmured. He possessed what one of his friends called 'a talent for bearing mortification 'with courage,' and he never received a slight for which time did not bring the reparation, which was the only revenge that the true nobility of his nature permitted him to take. 'As noble 'a gentleman as ever the world bred,' he might fall from power, he could never fall from dignity. In Dryden's words—

'The Court he practised, not the courtier's art,'

and his services, though never obtruded, were as much at the service of the Crown the day after such a humiliation as they had been at the height of his power. No neglect could induce him to forget his lofty conception of the duty of a subject. Thus it was that his fine patience with the vices of others outwore the courtiers' impatience of his own virtues and won from the careless but not always ignoble Charles, after eight years of studied neglect, that royal *amende* which Carte records.

'Yonder comes Ormond. I have done all I can to disoblige that man, and to make him as discontented as others; but still he will not be out of humour with me; he will be loyal in spite of my teeth; I must even take him in again, and he is the fittest person to govern Ireland.'

The same high sense of loyalty which he evinced for the person of his Sovereign Ormond carried into the public service of the Crown. The lengths to which he pushed it were the secret alike of his successes and of his failures. He was the first statesman to act on the principle of an illustrious minister of a later age. With Ormond as with Wellington the first maxim of government was that 'the King's Government must 'be carried on.' It was this principle that enabled him to display that genius for compromise, that power of working with all sorts of dissimilar persons and parties, which was Ormond's principal characteristic as a statesman. If it sometimes brought him into difficulties, and made him appear, as even his hearty admirer Clarendon said of him, 'unwilling to deny any man what he could not but see it was impossible to grant,' it also enabled him to carry through combinations impossible to men less single-minded, as was shown in the success with which he found means to secure the co-operation of the Irish confederate forces towards the end of the Civil War, and in the skill with

which, after the Restoration, he conciliated the Cromwellian interests, whose goodwill was the indispensable condition of the maintenance of the restored monarchy. Never too fond of his own opinion, though never slow in tendering it, Ormond was always ready to acquiesce in the decisions of others, and prepared to make the best of them. As Burnet puts it, 'he always gave 'good advices; but even when bad ones were followed he was 'not for complaining too much of them.' The master he served may not have been entirely worthy either of the personal devotion with which he was followed, or of the public services which Ormond rendered to his Government. Yet Charles, to do him justice, seems really to have appreciated the zeal of his father's old servant, and the unswerving loyalty to himself, which had been proved through more than ten years of exile and of sacrifice. Though much and often pressed by Court intrigues, he ever afterwards preferred to know that one at least of his kingdoms was in safe keeping by retaining Ormond in the Irish Government.

Art. V.—ALFRED DE MUSSET, POET.

1. *Œuvres Complètes.* Alfred de Musset. 9 vols. Paris ed. 1867.
2. *Correspondance de George Sand et d'Alfred de Musset.* (ed. Félix Decori.) Bruxelles. 1904.
3. *Documens.* Paris: Clouard. 1900.
4. *Alfred de Musset.* Par Arvède Barine. Les Grands Écrivains Français. Paris. 1893.
5. *Une Histoire d'Amour.* Par Paul Mariéton. Paris. 1897.
6. *Biographie d'Alfred de Musset.* Par Paul de Musset. Paris. 1877.
7. *Lui et Elle.* Par Paul de Musset. Paris. 1877.
8. *Elle et Lui.* Par George Sand. Paris.

L'ŒUVRE c'est l'homme. The axiom applied to the works of Alfred de Musset by his brother * may be accepted without reserve. It is self-evident that to a certain extent the work of every artist of creative talent bears upon it the stamp, if it does not involve the complete expression, of his personality. The compass of his sympathies necessarily determines the degree to which he possesses the quality monopolised by the first ranks of genius—universality. The vigour of his emotions determines the vitality of the impressions it is his vocation to translate into the language, musical, pictorial, or literary, of his art. His temperament gives colour, his instincts direction, to his inventions. But with the greatest of the great there would seem to be, besides the reflected image of his individuality, an overplus of genius: the gift of spiritual divination. The shadow transcends the stature of the artist, he penetrates into regions his feet have never trodden, he finds access to hidden treasures beyond the utmost reach of his outstretched hands; he becomes thereby the spokesman not only of the individual soul, but of the aggregate soul of human kind.

Alfred de Musset has no pretension to take his stand amongst these arch-prophets and priests of art. With him the limits of the man correspond accurately to the limits of the artist. His inspirations were simply impulses towards the literary embodiment of his most intimate moods of passion or sentiment, 'ce qu'il faut à l'artiste ou au poète, c'est l'émotion, quand 'j'éprouve, en faisant un vers, un certain battement de cœur

* Biographie.

'que je connais, je suis sûr que mon vers est de la meilleure 'qualité que je puisse pondre.' The quality so specified was of necessity ineradicably personal. Moreover, his personality covered but little ground. His instincts were narrow, his emotions, as a general rule, where they were not the offspring of the affections, were the outcome of the senses. He possessed infinite versatility of mind; his genius is a firefly incessantly flitting to alight on some new strain of feeling, some new paradox of expression, also—unlike that winged lover of the night—it is equipped with a sting as well as a light. But versatility is not breadth, and his conceptions rarely detach themselves from their immediate relationship with the human actor to touch the wider horizons of human thought.

He reaped the full benefit of his restrictions. Revolving within their orbit, his emotions reached the extreme degree of incisive strength, of accentuated sensitiveness, possible to the greatest of artists. They imparted their pulsations to every nerve of the poet's being. Every vibration of his feverishly brilliant intellectuality responded to their call, and every sensation passed through their refining fire before it mirrored itself upon his imagination. The poems which won for him the adulation of young France were the exact thermometer of his ephemeral passions—

> 'Ce livre est toute ma jeunesse;
> Je l'ai fait sans presque y songer . . .'

the inscription prefixed to his earliest volume must be taken literally. From first to last his art was an example not only of the spontaneous transcription of mood, emotion, and sentiment, but it was, so far as art may be, the absolute counterpart of his complete personality. The transcription of emotion passed continually into an autobiographical registration of episodes and experiences. 'De ton cœur ou de toi, lequel est le poëte?' is the question in one of the 'Nuits'—the answer should have been 'both.' His 'Contes' are pages from a diary, his plays read as dialogue drawn from memory, his verses serve as a journal. Writing his life biographers must have recourse to his prose and poetic fiction; in the analysis of his works critics, to make criticism intelligible, must trace chapter by chapter the story of the poet whom, in Heine's phrase, comedy had kissed on the lips and tragedy on the heart; a poet whose paramount aim was to love and be loved, a veritable Prince d'Amour, of the days of *Trouvères* and *Minnesänger*, but a prince disinherited, seeking in passenger loves and ignoble byways a lost kingdom.

It was a story cleft into two sharply severed sections by one

great passion, the poet's love for George Sand. All the paths of his errant and spendthrift adolescence converged towards that central climax, from it all the roads he followed were but descending tracks leading to the hour when, the forty-seven years of his life-days consummated, he closed his eyes upon the Mayday midnight with a sentence which sounds like a farewell, 'Dormir . . . enfin je vais dormir.' The leavetaking, if it were spoken consciously, was appositely phrased. Life had proved to him, soul and body, almost from the start, a malady of fever and weariness, of brief deliriums and long lassitudes, a malady of emotional insomnia. He recognised the disease. Men live their lives forward, but they read them backwards, and Musset more than most viewed his in retrospect. He was at pains to trace to its source the morbid sadness, the *maladif* craving for excitement which preyed upon his youth and undermined the fortunes of his manhood. It was part of the spiritual disease, of the moral epidemic overspreading the France of his day. Between battle and battle, women mourning the dead or consumed with longing for the absent, had given birth to his generation, a generation 'ardente, pâle, nerveuse.' * While Musset, 'un petit blondin caressant,' played in his nursery, the snows of Moscow were falling upon the doomed thousands of Napoleon's army. War, in all its intoxications and in all its miseries, had been the cradle-legend and the schoolroom romance of the sons of the Empire. But when Musset, a fair, blue-eyed lad, the ballad type of the Queen's page, was attending his college classes, war was over, and he found himself in a world enervated, disillusioned, a world of despondency, doubt and ennui. There he learnt the disastrous lesson 'de se croire malheureux lorsqu'on n'est que vide.'

Even his childhood's vignettes are of chequered sunshine. Fretted, supersensitive nerves, over-impressionable affections, accesses of ungovernable irritation succeeded by fits of ungoverned repentance, gave danger signals—only too fatally prophetic—of physical and mental trouble to come. The three-year-old child who makes outcry that while his curls are being disentangled his new red shoes are ageing unworn—'Dépêchez-'vous donc, Maman, mes souliers neufs seront vieux'—anticipates the anxiety of the thirty-year-old poet who, keeping solitary vigil on his birthday night, wrote, 'A trente ans! . . . 'Posez vos mains sur votre poitrine. Le moment est venu . . . 'a-t-il cessé de battre?' It is the echo of the fear of babyhood lest time overtake joy unaware, lest, while he looks on idly,

* Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle.

his heart should fall to ashes and dust. The violence of a prematurely impassioned childhood, with all its elements of tragedy and comedy, pervades those nursery scenes, a violence significantly combined with a singular and unchildlike precision of language. 'Tiens, le voilà ton chat ; il t'égratignera ; il déchirera 'ta robe ; la poutre (it was a nursery bugbear) te tombera sur 'la tête ; et moi j'irai dîner à Bagneux'—was his raging invective when 'Tante Nanine' rescued an oppressed kitten from his grasp. His vehement response to the grown-up Célie—who had played wife to her little cousin—has the same tinge of precocious passion. 'Ne m'oublie pas,' she had said at parting. 'T'oublier ! mais tu ne sais, donc, pas que ton nom est écrit 'dans mon cœur avec un canif.' Grown-up jests cost children dear. It was years before they dared break to her baby-lover the news of Célie's veritable marriage.

Mme. de Musset, entrusted with the up-bringing of the boy, did all that in her lay for his happiness. More than once her figure recurs, sketched with reverence and tenderness, in her son's writings. His reminiscences of their relationship of affection and trust are outlined in the mother's appeal to Célio ('Les Caprices de Marianne'):

[*Hermia*] 'Quand vous aviez dix ou douze ans toutes vos peines, tous vos petits chagrins se rattachaient à moi . . . votre petite tête blonde tenait par un fil bien délié au cœur de votre mère . . . [now she is but an elder sister to her grown son, yet let him heed her counsel] . . . Tâchons de vivre, mon enfant, et de regarder gaiement ensemble : moi le passé, vous l'avenir.'

It was the wisdom Mme. de Musset inculcated as her 'blondin' grew to manhood, unfortunately it was precisely the wisdom he was incapable of practising. Habits may be formed, brains educated—his were keen and fastidiously critical—but temperaments defy philosophies, and all through life his nature retained its mould. He spent his heart in breaking his toys and wounding his hands with their splintered fragments. It was an incurable instinct ;

> 'J'ai dit à mon cœur, à mon faible cœur :
> N'est-ce point assez de tant de tristesse ?
> Et ne vois-tu pas que changer sans cesse,
> C'est à chaque pas trouver la douleur ?
>
> Il m'a répondu : Ce n'est point assez,
> Ce n'est point assez de tant de tristesse ;
> Et ne vois-tu pas que changer sans cesse
> Nous rend doux et chers les chagrins passés ?'

His heart prevailed in the argument, and the poet was the disciple of his creed, to the undoing of the man. Moreover,

hope with him died young, and for the greater part of his life he met happiness—such happiness as might have been his—with the invulnerable incredulity which keeps joy for ever at bay.

He was twenty when, in 1830, his first volume, 'Les Contes 'd'Espagne et d'Italie,' appeared; in 1833 a second volume, 'Un Spectacle dans un Fauteuil,' followed, and the two together represent the poet in his first period—a period of coarse license from which in later years he emancipated his winged genius. Apart from his literary occupations of poet and parodist, his career had been vacillating and unprofitable. He had made experiment in the study of law, also in that of medicine, but no specialised status of citizenship was to his liking. 'L'homme 'est déjà trop peu de chose sur ce grain de sable où nous vivons '. . . je ne me résignerai jamais à être une espèce d'homme 'particulière,' Musset confesses under the pseudonym of Valentin.* He resigned himself to much else, if we are to accept his 'Con-'fessions' as approximately autobiographical. The nervous, sensitive child had passed into an adolescence of unrestrained, complex and often conflicting desires. He was gifted with a sane intellect; his wit, whether gay or ironical, was light-handed, flexible, and delicate to the point of perfection. The spoilt son of the Hugo Cénacle, he had watched the setting of suns in their memorable *promenades* in the environs of Paris; in the company of Hugo devotees he had explored the sensational romance of mediæval masoneries; he had listened to their declamations on the renovation of art, to their discussions on the emancipation of verse. His tastes had undergone divers vicissitudes. Régnier, Delavigne, Chénier, Hugo, Byron 'avec 'une pointe de Voltaire,' were assigned, severally, to him as models,† but his talent for imitation, assimilation, and appreciation never effaced the originality of his genius or impaired his faculty of critical judgement. He listened, copied, learnt, mocked—and went his own way. He indited his insolently youthful—and discreditable—parody the 'Ballade à la Lune,' to explode like a rocket in the literary heaven of the Hugoists, and the æsthetic confraternity denounced their indocile neophyte as a renegade. A mere boy at a literary assembly, where criticism was invited by the author of a 'panégyrique,' he had volunteered his opinion and propounded his theory of art. An amused circle had formed round

'ce petit blondin parfaitement inconnu; . . . son père un peu inquiet fronce le sourcil. "Monsieur," dit le jeune garçon, "dans

* Les Deux Maîtresses. Nouvelles.

† Criticism cited by Sainte-Beuve in 'Portraits Contemporains.'

le morceau que nous venons d'entendre, toutes les fois que . . . vous cherchez à rendre votre pensée . . . vous semblez en demander pardon . . . Selon moi il faut avoir la hardiesse d'exprimer les choses comme on les sent . . . j'aimerais mieux trop de hardiesse que l'apparence de la timidité." '*

He observed his code of courage with dauntless intrepidity. The results naturally to be anticipated followed. He was poetically expatriated from all recognised literary schools. Classicist he was not, in spite of his jeering burlesques of romanticism and his admirable essay on the abuse of adjectives.† Nor was he a romantic, although he availed himself of their licenses, and not seldom fell into the very extravagances he caricatured.‡ 'Que suis-je, donc, monsieur, s'il vous plaît?' the bewildered fledgeling in the autobiographical fable of 'Le Merle Blanc,'§ asks a bird of more recognisable ancestry. 'Je ne sais rien, mais tu n'es pas un merle,' is the inexorable reply to the outcast whom the parent nest has repudiated, and whom no bird calls brother.

Nevertheless, while electing the part of a free lance amongst poets, he had steeped his mind, according to the fashion of his day, in Byronic cynicism, a cynicism whose latent vulgarities, shallow human science, and gross immoralities were disguised for that generation by epigrammatic brilliancy. He had saturated his imagination, also according to the fashion, in the romance melodrama of sensational criminality. He had wrecked his nerves with continual over-tension and over-stimulus, and the indulgence of morbidly excitable senses bore Dead-Sea apples of despondency and exhaustion. Days and nights of dissipation alternated with days and nights of impotently regretful melancholy. He sinned with remorse at his heels, and suffered for his sins with eyes fixed on fresh misliving. Mérimée, fashioned out of other clay, could cast off the mire and live for the remainder of his days 'sur sa mauvaise réputation.'‖ On Musset, as an artist, excess, and the consequences of excess, left an indelible mark. The poems contained in the two first published volumes echo every phase of the ferment of his moral

* Biographie.

† Lettres de Dupuis et Cotonet. Revue des Deux Mondes, 1836–37.

‡ 'Les Marrons du Feu,' his earliest effort in drama, is defined by Arvède Barine as a double parody—a classic tragedy cast in romantic form.

§ Le Merle Blanc. Contes.

‖ Mérimée. Filon.

being; every contradiction between his aspirations and his practice during the six years' experiment of life that preluded the crisis of his manhood.

The contradictions were pronounced, and the explanation of the extraordinary incongruities to be found in these verses must be sought in the fact that, *enfant perdu* as he was, he was also idealist of idealists—*malgré lui*. Under the surface scepticisms of his youth a seemingly inviolate childhood of the heart survived; he kept intact an innermost sanctuary where faith and illusion held rendezvous, salved their many wounds or reaffirmed in dying the creed of an innate ideality. In the days of his first aspirations as well as in his later, sadder years, the lax moral standard of what Sainte-Beuve characterised as 'une époque blasée et libertine' never affected the beliefs—such as they were—that he professed. 'Vous voudriez bien 'des choses, et de belles choses, mais qui n'existent pas; vous 'croyez à une singulière sorte d'amour,' the rational indifferentist of the 'Confessions' tells the unconvinced hero. It was Musset's saving grace that such faith was his. Passion without love was in his eyes a demoralisation; 'je n'ai jamais mis le genou en 'terre sans y mettre le cœur.' Insincerity in love was an inconceivable sin; 'je ne concevais pas qu'on pût mentir en amour,' he writes of his youth, adding, 'J'avoue qu'à présent je ne le 'comprends pas encore.' Having thus formulated love, as he reckoned love, into a religion, he pursued his ideal in strange regions. To exact from the grisette of the street, the opera house, or the Paris salon, the scrupulous fidelity of a wife; to require that the bond of a common intrigue should be observed with the loyalties of sacramental union; to plunge into the depths of sensual pleasures, and demand from his associates singleness of affection and uprightness of conduct, implies a defect of sanity. Rest for the soul is not the normal moral element sane men seek in the companionships of the world he frequented and painted. Yet it was these special qualities, faith, loyalty, and disinterested attachment, this condition of trustful repose for the affections, Musset in Octave's person requisitioned. Never was the curious spectacle of ideal emotional aims seeking realisation in the gratification of the senses more vividly described, and the result more explicitly stated, than when, every hope shattered, Octave seeks oblivion in excess. How far the poor dissolute lad who serves in the 'Confessions' for hero is true to life may be questioned. The detailed veracity of the portrait is of little account. What signifies is that Musset thought it true, and, following his fashion of wearing his sins on his sleeve, intended it as an autobiographical record.

The poems are in harmony with the 'Confessions.' They are poems of the 'Mal d'Amour.' Octave might be supposed to have written had he been poet. And if many of them justify Sainte-Beuve, when in a moment of irritation he wrote that Musset owed his popularity with *la jeunesse* to the fact that "cette jeunesse adore chez Musset l'expression de ses "propres vices," on the other hand, even in these, never for long does the soul of the poet-worldling, 'Phosphore au cœur volant,' elude the sense of the abyss open beneath the feet of the libertine. The personal conviction of the heart's great forfeiture of joy, of the penalties of vice, runs through his works as a perpetual refrain. In his early poems he rails, scoffs, and mocks, the ribald jests and cries of the street and the tavern mingle with the heroics of Wertherian heroes, but the sombre remorse of ill-doing haunts the brilliantly coloured pictures of luxury and sin, and the moralist can add nothing to the sentence as the poet proclaims his own doom.

> 'Ah! malheur à celui qui laisse la débauche
> Planter le premier clou sous sa mamelle gauche
> Le cœur d'un homme vierge est un vase profond:
> Lorsque la première eau qu'on y verse est impure
> La mer y passerait sans laver la souillure.
> Car l'abîme est immense et la tache est au fond.' *

Both volumes present an inconsequent medley of tragic and burlesque, in both are to be found interludes of delicate fantasy. The pendulum swings from 'Manfred' to 'Beppo,' and where one page may read as little better than a crude experiment of immaturity, the next brings some surprise of beauty, some penetrating emotional expression, some master-touch of human passion, or some exquisite portrayal of goodness, purity, and truth incarnate in woman and girlhood. 'L'esprit de l'époque 'en ce qu'elle a de brisé et de blasé, de chaud et de puissant en 'pure perte, d'inégal, de contradictoire et de désespérant s'y 'produit avec un jet et une verve admirables en toute rencontre, 'et qui effrayent de la part d'un si jeune poète,' was Sainte-Beuve's pronouncement.

Nowhere are the paradoxes presented by his art and his nature made more clearly apparent than in his apotheosis of Don Juan, as the typical Searcher whose goal is the Impossible. Alone amongst idealists Musset may be said to have taken upon himself the singular enterprise of the spiritualisation of the sensualist of vulgar fame. All poets who have sung of him

* Act IV. scene i. La Coupe et les Lèvres. 1833.

have misunderstood, have misinterpreted, the hero of their story.

> ' Pas un d'eux ne t'aimait, don Juan, et moi je t'aime
> Comme le vieux Blondel aimait son pauvre roi.'

The whole passage, framed in the unpardonably coarse levity of a poem based on a licentious theme, is a transcendent instance of his tragic power as he paints the Don Juan of his inner vision —the sombre fanatic of the Unapproachable, the victim self-immolated on the altar of the Unrealisable.

> ' Toi, croyant toujours voir sur tes amours nouvelles
> Se lever le soleil de tes nuits éternelles,
> Te disant chaque soir : Peut-être le voici, . . .
> Et attendant toujours, et vieillissant ainsi . . .
> Demandant aux forêts, à la mer, à la plaine,
> Aux brises du matin, à toute heure, à tout lieu,
> La femme de ton âme et de ton premier vœu !
> Prenant pour fiancée un rêve, une ombre vaine,
> Et fouillant dans le cœur d'une hécatombe humaine,
> Prêtre désespéré pour y chercher ton Dieu.'

All the incurable distress of the search that avails not is summed up in the description of that insatiable wanderer.

> ' Tu perdis ta beauté, ta gloire et ton génie
> Pour un être impossible, et qui n'existait pas ;
> Tu mourus plein d'espoir dans ta route infinie,
> Et te souciant peu de laisser ici-bas
> Des larmes et du sang aux traces de tes pas.'

It was Musset's own vain endeavour to wrest from the hands of the senses the balm of the soul, with which, here, we are face to face, with which we are always face to face as he passes from mood to mood of satire, tenderness, anger, ribaldry, under this or that pseudonym. And beneath all moods sounds the undertone, harmonising, mellowing all, the intense mournfulness of his permanent convictions. The wolf is ever at the door, the implacable famine of the heart dogs him with menace and terror of declining hope. His songs of passion and pleasure and gaiety are drowned by the passing bell of joy with its insistent clang.

In ' Don Paez '—the sensationalist dramatic romance of the first series of poems, in ' La Coupe et les Lèvres '—the dominant and final note is this cry of despair as it throbs into the silence of death.

> ' . . . Pour moi, j'estime qu'une tombe
> Est un asile sûr où l'espérance tombe,
> Où pour l'éternité l'on croise les bras,
> Et dont les endormis ne se réveillent pas.'

In 'Rolla,' written five years after 'Don Paez,' his creed of disbelief finds yet more explicit utterance:

'Je ne crois pas, ô Christ, à ta parole sainte;
Je suis venu trop tard dans un monde trop vieux.
D'un siècle sans espoir naît un siècle sans crainte;'

but the unbelief he proclaims is the death agony of the world, the Christ on the Cross has fallen to dust—

'Eh bien! qu'il soit permis d'en baiser la poussière
Au moins, crédule enfant de ce siècle sans foi,
Et de pleurer, ô Christ, sur cette froide terre
Qui vivait de ta mort, et qui mourra sans toi,'

and the sombre mournfulness of 'Don Paez' reaches a further depth in the recognition, not alone of eternal sleep, but of eternal loss. Rolla has pursued the pleasure that scorches, he has missed thereby the joy that illuminates. With his last gold spent, with his last night outlived, he contemplates the sunrise which heralds his dying:

'Le néant! le néant! vois-tu son ombre immense
Qui ronge le soleil sur son axe enflammé?
L'ombre gagne! il s'éteint,—l'éternité commence.
Tu n'aimeras jamais, toi qui n'as point aimé.'

II.

Musset's poems had won for their author the poet-laureateship of Paris youth, George Sand's 'Indiana'* had achieved literary notoriety, their meeting in the Paris society of letters was a foregone conclusion. At this epoch Mme. Sand was a woman of thirty with an eventful past. Unlike Musset, she had come into contact with the world from childhood onwards, at many points. Without claim to scientific philosophy, she had read widely and, her imaginative activities stimulating her intellectual faculties, she had attained to a comparatively comprehensive outlook, ethical, religious, and social. Circumstances of birth and upbringing endowed her with experience he lacked, and also with sentiments he, 'orgueilleux de son monde, sinon 'de sa naissance,'† did not share. Her instincts and her sympathies belonged to another class stratum. If her grandmother and guardian, the widow of Receveur-Général Dupin, was the daughter of the royal bastard Maurice de Saxe, her mother, with whom Maurice Dupin had legitimised a long connection, was the

* Published 1832. † Paul Mariéton.

daughter of a Paris bird-fancier, and remained, after her chequered career, typically a woman of the people, violent and ignorant. And, while to the elder Mme. Dupin, with her sceptical Voltairianism and her traditions, heedfully preserved, of the *ancien régime*, George Sand owed in part her mental culture, she derived from the younger her contempt for the social conventions of her grandmother's surroundings and her tolerance of manners and informalities amongst her associates, repellent to Musset's exigent taste. Though love may be no respecter of caste tendencies, such divergences are a fatal flaw to mutual understanding, and it had been better for both had Musset's world been George Sand's, or George Sand's Musset's. Each was aware of the natural incompatibility of their dispositions. Judging from her novels, Musset had pronounced that in his opinion the authoress could never have known 'un homme convenable.' George Sand, on her part, had declined the poet's acquaintance on the ground of disparity of social habits. 'Je ne veux pas que vous m'ameniez Alfred de 'Musset,' she wrote to Sainte-Beuve in March 1833, 'Il est très 'dandy, nous ne nous conviendrions pas.' They met nevertheless shortly after at a literary dinner, and in June Musset was sending her an enthusiastic verse-appreciation of the love scene in her recent novel. He still, however, addressed her as Madame, and the signature retains the formal 'assurance de mon respect.'

But intimacies progressed rapidly at Quai Malaquais, where, after nine years of married domesticity, Mme. Sand had elected to lead a life of independence in the congenial companionship of fellow-provincials from Berry and amongst the brilliant group of artists, critics, and musicians who composed her circle. The first love letter of the famous correspondence, left by Mme. Sand for posthumous publication, was dated July: 'Mon cher George . . . J'ai quelquechose de bête et 'de ridicule à vous dire . . . je suis amoureux de vous. . . .' A second letter followed from the feted poet of Paris salons, with a singularly characteristic phrase. 'Aimez ceux qui 'savent aimer, je ne sais que souffrir . . . je vous aime comme 'un enfant.' By August he had chronicled his joys: 'Deux mots 'de toi m'ont fait le roi du monde,' and, the hurry of life being as ever great with him from the matter of red shoes onwards, 'Monsieur mon gamin d'Alfred' is installed Quai Malaquais, and the fact frankly communicated by Mme. Sand to Sainte-Beuve in a letter dated the 25th of that same month. Such, in brief, was the opening chapter of what proved to the woman of broader genius an episode, to the poet, whose nature was of spun glass, the total shipwreck of manhood.

Shortly before her acquaintanceship with Musset, Mme. Sand had terminated a three years' intimacy with the critic Jules Sandeau, her collaborator in her first essay at novel-writing.* During the interim a two weeks' unhappy connection with Mérimée had begun and ended.

There is no occasion to appraise the moral code of her conscience, nor to inquire whether her ethical standpoint was responsible for her conduct or her conduct for her creed. Apart from such futile discussion the key to her life seems simple. Her marriage to Casimir Dudevant had been in no way calculated to fulfil her exalted ideals; the birth of two children and a six-years' platonic attachment had alleviated the tedium but had not reconciled her to the blank of existence at her country home of Nohant. And 'mon frère George,' with all her versatile gifts, her insatiable aspirations, her assertive defiance of moral custom, her eager interest in great human problems, her unimpaired powers of enjoyment—whether she sought it in student garb at the theatre, or in intellectual intercourse with the keenest spirits of her day—with all these talents and endowments, *mon frère* was a woman; she was lonely and she was emotional, as Musset in those first hours pourtrayed her in one of his gay caricatures—

> 'George est dans sa chambrette
> Entre deux pots de fleurs,
> Fumant sa cigarette,
> Les yeux baignés de pleurs.'

Thus 'the way of the world being still the way of the world, 'and the way of the heart being still the way of the heart,' her comradeships were apt to transgress the bounds of friendship. She became 'éprise d'amitié jusqu'à y sacrifier sa dignité,' she became 'amante pour être plus amie.'† The issues were disastrous. 'Le cœur de cette femme est comme une cimetière, 'on n'y rencontre que les croix de ceux qu'elle a aimés,' Sandeau is reported to have said.

Neither was Musset an *ingénu* of folly; he was essentially of the world by birth, education, and choice. When he followed his passion he did so with the open eyes of a gambler who had learnt, however he disregarded it, the lesson of loss. But if George Sand was a professional romantic, Musset was, no less, an involuntary idealist, and neither viewed the other in the cool daylight of reason and reality. 'Presque tout le 'monde est capable d'avoir vingt ans, ne fût-ce qu'une fois en 'sa vie,' and during the summer and autumn of 1833 the lovers,

* Rose et Blanche. † Paul Mariéton.

assorted when Fate was trebly blind, lived out an almost unclouded idyl first in Paris and later beneath the trees at Fontainebleau. 'Faisons-nous des amours qui n'ont pas de vieillesse,' was their catchword, and their illusions at least drank deep at the fountain of eternal youth. For the George Sand to whom Musset brought that strangely buoyant heart of his appeared in his vision a spirit of truth, tenderness, and pity, made woman. He worshipped her with a boy's light-hearted gaiety and a poet's adoration. If he loved her 'comme un 'enfant,' it was because (the extraordinary inappropriateness of the simile gives the measure of hallucination) 'on eût dit 'qu'elle était née fleur.' Over her, too, lay a spell of enchantment, her talent for self-deception reached its apogee, she saw herself with the wings of an angel guardian, who had led her lost sheep into a sanctuary of green pastures, and the belief was as sincere as her happiness was unfeigned. The contagion of his youth, his eagerness to please, his childish merriment, infected her nature, weighted with more years and more seriousness. She had released a weak, capricious, dissipated lad from the corrupting influences of his past, and raised him for the hour to the level of a true passion, and be it said that, although with her no reciprocal passion wakened for many a long day, she gave him, so far as it was in her power to give, of her best.

For awhile all went well. Then nature, who knows nothing of the sale of indulgences, exacted its penalties. No regret for the past, no new birth of the present, could purchase for Musset immunity from the consequences of ill-living. 'Le monde 'corrompu que j'avais traversé, les tristes vérités que j'avais 'vues, la débauche enfin, le mépris de l'amour, l'abus de tout, 'voilà ce que j'avais dans le cœur . . . et au moment où je 'croyais renaître . . . ces furies engourdies me prenaient à la 'gorge.'* After the idyl of Fontainebleau the sordid catastrophe of Venice.

The journey to Italy was undertaken in December. Mme. de Musset had pleaded with tears against the expedition. Remembering her son's reply, let something be remitted of his many sins. 'Rassure-toi,' dit-il, 'je ne partirai point; s'il faut 'absolument que quelqu'un pleure, ce ne sera pas toi.' It was finally to Mme. Sand's entreaties that Mme. de Musset gave way.

Already there had been transitory estrangements between the lovers; henceforth the story is little more than a sequence of bitter quarrellings and remorseful reconciliations. George

* Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle.

Sand was in bad health, the follies of the first love days had lost their freshness, she was no longer the joyous travelling companion with whom he had set forth, she was soon no longer the adored mistress with whom he dreamed of entering a Venetian paradise of sunshine and blue sky. Mme. Sand recapitulates her grievances in one of the final letters of the correspondence.* 'Dès le premier jour, quand tu m'as vue malade, n'as-tu pas 'pris de l'humeur en disant que c'était bien triste et bien 'ennuyeux une femme malade. . . . Ce mot affreux a été pro-'noncé un certain soir dans le casino Danieli, "George, je m'étais '"trompé, je t'en demande pardon, mais je ne t'aime pas."' There was much in her to jar his susceptibilities, the glamour once removed. Her prolix oratorical eloquence, her pose of 'l'homme 'supérieur déguisé en femme,' her persistent attitude of a higher righteousness whenever she discarded the moral obligations most women hold binding, her obsequious and subtle subjection, if not to the opinion of others, to the yoke of her own self-esteem, were characteristics of the author of 'Lélia,' † in whose person—that of the Byronic woman with *un point* of Ibsen—she undoubtedly idealised herself. They were characteristics well adapted to irritate her fellow-sinner, who counted self-esteem as naught, who regarded exaggerations of speech as a literary disease, and who had always avowed his own faults with a tragic veracity. But to whatever cause we attribute the degradation of his passion to petty jealousies and ignoble recriminations, the declension was rapid, his adoration followed the familiar road of idealist idolatries. He was, if one may accept his own violent self-accusations, the first in default, he was certainly the overt aggressor. He assailed the woman he loved in accesses of insolent brutality, the precarious fabric of his joy was overthrown and trampled under foot in dust and mire. Penitent self-abasement alternated with callous neglect, despondency succeeded to frenzies of remorse. At length, after one month of their Venetian sojourning, mind and body alike gave way under the stress of incessant agitation, and in February Musset was lying between life and death, his mental and physical organism completely unhinged.

Mme. Sand nursed him day and night with unremitting devotion, during the deliriums of fever and the exhausted lassitudes of his long retarded convalescence. Pietro Pagello watched, with scarcely less devoted kindness, beside her. And, insensibly one may believe, the simple-hearted affection of the wholly commonplace young Italian doctor won response

* Correspondance. † Published 1834.

from the woman whom Musset's love had tortured. It was Musset's turn to suffer; all his past passion for George revived as he witnessed the alienation of her love. He suffered to the full capacity of his broken nerves, and then, actuated by an extravagant impulse of super-chivalrous expiatory sacrifice, he openly—if we may believe George Sand's statements—allowed his rival's claim. 'Oh, cette nuit d'enthousiasme où malgré 'nous tu joignis nos mains, en disant, "Vous vous aimez, '"et vous m'aimez pourtant; vous m'avez sauvé, âme et '"corps."'

Musset left Venice, George Sand, and Pagello, in the first days of spring. The letters of the correspondence tell the sequel. They suggest a reconsideration of Arvède Barine's verdict upon the Venice episode. Situations may be regarded merely as situations of circumstance, action, and incident. As such Musset's in relation to Mme. Sand differs in no special feature from hundreds of kindred episodes. It was, as Arvède Barine expresses it, 'une aventure banale,' and the attempt to transfigure the sordid prose reality in the haze of romantic phraseology was as childish as it was inefficacious. When, however, setting aside the outward circumstance of situation, we view it as a situation of character, the semblance changes. The surface aspect becomes of little moment as we pass from without to within, from the action to the moral being of the actors. The whole interest of the Histoire d'Amour lies not in the commonplace fact of the connection between the poet and the novelist, but in the qualities, emotional and intellectual, developed in union and in disunion by these two antipathetic natures linked together only by the tie of passion. 'Nous nous aimons, voilà la seule chose 'sûre qu'il y ait entre nous . . . mais notre vie est-elle possible, 'ensemble? . . . Je ne veux plus de toi, mais je ne peux m'en 'passer.' The two phrases written at a later date by Mme. Sand give the whole picture. Life together, emphatically, was not possible. In Venice, afterwards in Paris, when, Pagello dismissed, there were temporary reunions, to the time when George herself falls a prey to her laggard passion for the lad who, in the intervening months of suffering, has attained some quality of genius he lacked before ('Quoique tu m'ais 'connu enfant, crois aujourd'hui que je suis homme'*), the tortuous tragedy runs its course. Life is oftener like to a romance, George Sand writes somewhere, than a romance to life, and the letters verify her saying. If the opening of locked drawers has elsewhere conduced to the dispelling of those

* Correspondance.

illusions that cling to our memories of the illustrious dead, the publication of this correspondence has a contrary result. In the narratives of partisans, the sordid, the ludicrous side of the Musset legend has obtruded itself like a moral lesson. Here the curtain lifts, and what it reveals is the actors as they saw themselves, the situation as they conceived of it, who were its originators and its victims. So revealed, the story strikes home to the root of things. We forget the preposterous exaggerations of the 'Confessions,' the partial veracities of friends, the falsifications of enemies, we forget the apologia of George Sand for herself in the pages of her autobiographical fiction ('Elle et Lui') and her more or less fictitious autobiography; we forget the total sum of insignificances attaching to a social scandal passed from mouth to mouth in the little world of their day and generation. No question here of whose the blame, whose the wrongdoing. We are face to face with the elemental facts, simple and human: a man in his youth, a woman in her maturity, of radically opposed instincts, have met; they have loved, they have wounded each the other to the core; they have arranged to part, as if the fibres of two lives so closely interknitted—call the connection by what name we may—can be severed at will with a knife. They have learnt too late that there is no court of divorce at whose bar the tie which bound the man to the woman he loved and wronged, which bound the woman to the lad to whose passion she had responded in tenderness and trust, could be so facilely dissolved. They had to learn that man rivets such bonds, but that it takes something over which man has no dominion to annul them, the link may be broken, but the brand of the forging is on the soul. The relation between Musset and George Sand had gone far beyond the point where the abrupt parting of hands can be more than a surface semblance of severance. And throughout the four series of letters, whether it be 'Lui' or 'Elle' who holds the pen, the sense that each holds some hostage of the other's self makes itself felt in the cries of sadness, of regret for love misused and joy undone, which fill each page, expressed in phrases whose literary value—the language is perforce the language of two great artists—rarely detracts from their human sincerity.

'[*Lui.*] "Qu'ai-je fait de ma jeunesse? Qu'ai-je fait même de notre amour?" "Je t'ai connue un an trop tôt. Je n'ai compris que je pouvais aimer que lorsque j'ai vu que je pouvais mourir." [*Elle.*] "Comment me passerai-je du bien et du mal que tu me faisais?" . . . "Moi, j'ai besoin de souffrir pour quelqu'un." "Nous devions, en renonçant à des relations devenues impossibles, rester liés pour l'éternité." . . . .'

Such sentences multiply themselves in the early days of parting. Musset possibly had a clearer conviction than George that fate leaves no doors open behind us, but he, too, is for ever trying the bolts and bars of the irrevocable, and his letters of leave-taking are usually prefaces to a renewal of intercourse, while on the other hand his absence left a blank in George Sand's existence that Pagello was by no manner of means fitted to fill.

Nevertheless the young Venetian's presence, when George Sand returned to Paris, for a while held the lovers under constraint. The contentment with what each vainly and falsely strove to regard as the threefold relationship of friend with friend was soon counterbalanced on Musset's part by the miseries of resuscitated passion; his insane desire for a happiness which never had been and never could be his, chained him on the wheel. Her neighbourhood is more insupportable than distance.

'[*Lui.*] . . . "J'ai trop compté sur moi en voulant te revoir, et j'ai reçu le dernier coup. J'ai à recommencer la triste tâche de cinq mois de lutte . . . je vais mettre une seconde fois la mer et les montagnes entre nous . . . Je te demande une heure et un dernier baiser . . . O ma fiancée! pose moi doucement la couronne d'épines et adieu." . . . . "Partir pour toujours, te savoir malheureuse quand j'ai tout perdu pour te voir tranquille, et pas un adieu! Ah, c'est trop, c'est trop. Je suis bien jeune, mon Dieu! Qu'ai-je donc fait?"' *

Musset fled to Baden, she to take refuge at Nohant. The hapless trio are separated for a space, but misery had parted herself in three to companion each. From Baden Musset's letters are clamorous outcries against fate. George, seen from afar, is re-enveloped in all the purple and fine linen of the idealist that closer contact had stripped from her. '[*Lui.*] Je meurs d'amour, 'd'un amour sans fin, sans nom, insensé, désespéré, perdu. '. . . Ils disent que tu as un autre amant. Je le sais bien, 'j'en meurs, mais, j'aime, j'aime, j'aime.' *

In October George returned to Paris; Musset also. The unhappy, simple-minded Italian had at last the wisdom to leave the woman he had loved with a not ungenerous sincerity. At once the old situation repeats itself, and the old poison is in the refilled cup. An invincible madness pursues Musset, impelling him to wound where he loves, and the letters which passed between the reunited lovers during the winter (1834-35) are weighted with despair. A mortal sadness rests upon both, even at the best

* Correspondance.

life together is a fever of jealousy, violence, of upbraidings, and reproaches. *

[*Elle.*] 'Que nous reste-t-il donc, mon Dieu, d'un lien qui nous avait semblé si beau! Ni amour, ni amitié, mon Dieu!' [*Lui.*] 'O ma vie, ma bien-aimée, que je suis malheureux, que je suis fou, que je suis stupide, ingrat, brutal! . . . Oh mon Dieu, si je te perdais! Ma pauvre raison n'y tient pas. . . .'* [*Elle.*] 'Pouvons-nous être heureux? Pouvons-nous nous aimer? Tu as dit que oui, et j'essaye de le croire . . . l'amour avec toi et une vie de fièvre pour nous deux peut-être, ou bien la solitude et le désespoir pour moi seule,' *

she writes on one of the many dark 'lendemains du bonheur.'

Another parting, another reunion. And the tempest which swept the fragile ship of the poet on the rocks has at length drawn the woman from the last pretence of serene affection into the maelstrom where Musset sinks. There was an interval of painful conflict, she entreats—he hesitates; he has made not worthy but ignoble efforts to free himself from the fret of his intolerable passion. Her protests were vehement. [*Elle.*] 'Tourment de ma vie! je donnerais tout ce que j'ai vécu pour 'un seul jour de ton effusion.' † All the poor vanity of her beautiful hair is sacrificed at his feet. In January for the last time they are together. It was the end, and at the end it was on George the heaviest burthen of grief fell. [*Elle.*] 'Adieu, 'adieu. Je ne t'aime plus, mais je t'adore toujours . . . mon 'seul amour, ma vie, mon sang, allez-vous-en, mais tuez-moi en 'partant.' * 'Mon Dieu, à quelle vie vais-je te laisser? L'ivresse, 'les filles, et encore et toujours. . . . ' * But the inevitable stood at the door. They had outwearied the utmost possibilities of soul and body; nor peace, nor love, nor any sanity of affection could ever be theirs, and the final rupture came darkened with the sense of irreparable loss and the heartbreak of an invincible passion—a passion whose tenacity was that of a monomania—which had survived all disillusion. The parting was merely the ultimate surrender to a foregone conclusion. It was left to partisans, who in disparagement of one sought to extenuate the offences of the other, to sow the seeds of strife and hostility, and in a mass of contemporary or posthumous publications to degrade the melancholy story into a series of scandals.

The connection had lasted from June 1833 to March 1835. Mme. Sand, after a brief term of acute suffering, outweathered the tempest. Her life was cast on broad lines, her interests were

* Correspondance.

† Quoted by Mariéton from G. Sand's 'Journal Intime,' p. 228.

of wide emotional compass. No one downfall of hope or affection could undermine the robust fabric of her temperament. She reached the shore, to re-embark on many and many another venture. It was the more fragile nature, the finer clay, that took the stronger print. In a certain sense, for Musset, life was over. His genius survived for six years; then 'premature 'physical exhaustion brought intellectual exhaustion in its 'train,'* and, though he lived on, his genius was paralysed.

III.

The George Sand episode terminated, there is no further occasion to pursue the details of Musset's private life. In so far as his mode of living affected his literary art, it may be divined clearly enough beneath the thin disguises of those fictitious personages who fill the title-rôles in his little dramas and in his 'Contes et Nouvelles.' The creed of his youth was still, unchangeably, the creed of his manhood. He laid himself open to the double charge of scepticism and pessimism. Both charges were erroneous. His was the denial of a believer without a faith, his pessimism was that of an optimist disappointed, he never forgave his idols for not being gods. For him the senses were still the ship, the soul the steersman, as he set sail for the Happy Isles. An emotion, in and for itself, was, for him, an act of religion.

> 'Je me dis seulement : à cette heure, en ce lieu,
> Un jour, je fus aimé, j'aimais, elle était belle.
> J'enfouis ce trésor dans mon âme immortelle,
> Et je l'emporte à Dieu.' †

But ideal emotions not seldom degenerate into material sensations; the thirst for excitements followed, with Musset, the exhaustion of over sensitive nerves. In his later years—years of what Arvède Barine may truly name 'une agonie morale'—the ship dragged its anchor and the steersman abandoned the helm. The register of his weaknesses and his defaultings is written so that all who will may read the story, in his character sketches, both prose and verse. The record is also plainly decipherable of the qualities belonging to his converse self—no man ever possessed a more dual nature—by virtue of which, while he drifted helplessly on adverse seas, his eyes never lost sight of the stars that guide home.

* A. de Musset, 'The Romantic School in France.' G. Brandes.
† Souvenir, 1841.

This marked duality brought no note of discord to his art. Possibly the unity of feeling that permeates his varied and varying moods sprang from the inveterate despondency of a mind whose surface was gaiety, but whose recesses were rarely visited by any ray of sunlight. In that invulnerable and permanent mournfulness of intellectual temperament all dissonances of thought are merged. It effaces any sense of paradox when the 'child of his age,' born, in his own phrase, 'trop tard dans 'un siècle trop vieux,' who had inscribed again and again the articles of his disbelievings, asserts passionately on another page the doctrine of the soul's immortality in the concluding stanzas of the 'Lettre à M. de Lamartine':

> 'Le regret d'un instant te trouble et te dévore ;
> Tu dis que le passé te voile l'avenir.
> Ne te plains pas d'hier ; *laisse venir l'aurore.*
> *Ton âme est immortelle, et le temps va s'enfuir.*'

It annuls all consciousness of inconsistency in the abrupt transition of opinion when the poet, who pictured himself as the true-born son of Voltaire, calls upon his fellows to join with him in the Kyrie Eleison of suffering, with which the poem 'L'Espoir en Dieu' closes :

> 'O toi que nul n'a pu connaître,
> *Et n'a renié sans mentir. . . .*'

We accept the contradictions of the faith of the heart and the faith of the intellect as we accept the contradictions of the idealist in love and the libertine in excess. It comes upon us with no shock of surprise that the man who effected a slow suicide by a life of feverish indulgence should at intervals retrieve all the freshness of youth, and should display the gaiety of childhood in childish pleasures ; nor, again, that, laying aside the cold mask of frivolity assumed in intercourse with a public cognisant of his failings, he should epitomise his plea for pardon in the pencilled lines found one morning on the table where Musset in self-communings had carried his cause to a higher court than that which 'n'a de pitié que pour les maux 'dont on meurt.'

> 'Dieu parle, il faut qu'on lui réponde.
> Le seul bien qui me reste au monde
> Est d'avoir quelquefois pleuré.'

The spirit of dejection, intermittent as it was, took deeper and deeper hold under the stress of the one supreme loss. The greatest of his poems, the four 'Nights,' were the direct outcome

of his sufferings; 'c'est parce que la statue de Memnon était 'brisée qu'elle rendait un son à l'aurore.' * In this series of poems his genius, without losing its brilliant iridescence, its equipoise and balance of art, contracted, as it were, towards its centre, it withdrew more and more completely from the impulse and stimulus of things without, and it breathed only in the element of his own most personal and intimate emotions. Amongst poems of lost loves, as the expression of the bitterness, anger, and desolation of the heart's betrayal, they have few to rival their beauty in the field of modern literature. The compunction of the 'Confessions' contrasts sharply with the resentment of the 'Nights.' In the 'Confessions' he writes with the contrition of a devotee who has committed sacrilege. Their whole aim is the exaltation of the woman whom he has wronged. In the 'Nights' contrition has departed; his wounds no longer bleed but burn, the cup of his sorrows overflows not with tears but with poison. Following one another in a recognisable sequence of emotion, their starting-point is despair and their goal oblivion. The first 'Night' is evoked by the traditional season beloved of lovers, the 'Wunderschönen Monat Mai' of Heine's bitterest love-songs, which, dissimilar as they are in form and in theme, have a kinship and community of envenomed tenderness and outraged passion.† Musset's 'Nuit de Mai' (June 1835) is in dialogue. The Spirit of his art hovers without the chamber where the poet sits abandoned and alone. The night is full of the fragrances and the murmurings of spring, the rose folds her red petals on her winged lover, who dies drunken with her sweetness. Earth breaks into bud and blossom, the wine of youth ferments in the divine veins, and again and again the voice from the night calls on him to rise from his mute grief and strike once more the music from the strings of the lyre.

[*Muse*] 'Poëte, prends ton luth, et me donne un baiser. . . .
Viens! chantons devant Dieu, chantons dans tes pensées,
Dans tes plaisirs perdus, dans tes peines passées. . . .'

Her entreaty, interrupted by the poet's refusings, becomes a litany of protestation. Let him sing in the name of joy and of

* It will now be generally admitted that Paul de Musset's interpretations of some passages of these poems were intentionally misleading.

† 'Celui qui s'annonce comme un Théophile Gautier a été le Henri Heine français.' *Dix-Neuvième Siècle.* Études Littéraires. Emile Faguet. 1887. Paris.

madness, of glory and hope, let him sing of the dreams of men and the reaping of the harvest fields of war. In vain—

[*Poëte*] 'Je ne chante ni l'espérance,
Ni la gloire, ni le bonheur,
Hélas, pas même la souffrance.
La bouche garde le silence,
Pour écouter parler le cœur.'

But she will take no denial. In the name of the very grief which holds him dumb let him sing. The black Seraphim have pierced his heart, so be it—the songs, the immortal songs, of poets who suffer are the drops of blood caught and scattered from the uplifted sword. Still her expostulation falls on deaf ears.

[*Poëte*] 'L'homme n'écrit rien sur le sable
A l'heure où passe l'aquilon.
J'ai vu le temps où ma jeunesse
Sur mes lèvres était sans cesse
Prête à chanter comme un oiseau.
Mais j'ai souffert un dur martyre,
Et le moins que j'en pourrais dire,
Si je l'essayais sur ma lyre,
La briserait comme un roseau.'

The poet has the last word, and the protesting voice is lost in silences where the night waits for the sunrise.

The first sections of the 'Nuit de Décembre' (December 1835) might have emanated from Coleridge in their visionary obsession of a haunting phantasm of dual personality tracking the poet's steps from cradle to grave. As a child it took its place at the table, as a boy it read from the same page, 'Un pauvre enfant 'vêtu de noir, Qui me ressemblait comme un frère.' A twin image it grew with his growth; in youth a youth it carried a lute, and in the years when youth believes in love, a sword also. In the age when youth seeks pleasure it was his fellow-guest, but at the riotous feasting

'My glass touching his glass, was shattered in my hand. Patient, compassionate, the spectral mourner waits his coming in each and every resting place. Where he would sleep, where he would die, it attends his footsteps. It smiles, but never partakes of his joys; it pities, but proffers no comfort in his sadness, "Ce malheureux vêtu de noir, Qui me ressemblait comme un frère."'

Then the verse with its refrain, monotonous as an old *Complainte*, breaks from the passive lethargy of a fever-possessed slumber. The drowsy anodyne of sadness gives way, the rhythm changes, hurries, and accentuates its beats, the old

pain wakens, and with it the old anger stirs anew; the vision fades, and reality, with its adder sting, is there :

> ' Je rassemblais des lettres de la veille,
> Des cheveux, des débris d'amour.
> Tout ce passé me criait à l'oreille
> Ses éternels serments d'un jour. . . .
> J'enveloppais dans un morceau de bure
> Ces ruines des jours heureux.
> Je me disais qu'ici-bas ce qui dure
> C'est une mèche de cheveux ' ;

and reading, we annotate the margin with phrases drawn from those same love letters of the woman whose love was forgotten and forsworn. They, too, bear the date of December, the December of 1834. The eternal vows are there inscribed, the promises of fidelity. Her lover has refused to see her, and her despair increases day by day. ' Si j'allais casser le cordon de sa sonnette ' jusqu'à ce qu'il m'ouvrit sa porte ? . . . Tu vois bien que je ' t'aime, que je ne peux aimer que toi. . . . Dis moi quelques ' douces paroles . . . tu me trouves encore jolie malgré mes ' cheveux coupés.' * He had ceded, capitulated, he had opened the door. And the eternity of promise had proved but a day, the letters and the *mèche de cheveux* are in truth the only relics of her spent passion.

Between the December ' Night ' and the fourth and final ' Night,' the ' Nuit d'Août ' comes rather as an interlude than a continuation. For the moment anger is appeased. Death, and the pain of death, has passed the poet's way, but the bird whose nestlings are dead still hymns the sunrise. Love has come and Love has gone, but his faith in Love is immutable. Love is the one aim, the sole purpose, and the only true destiny of his genius ; it is its own end and its own recompense :

> ' J'aime, et pour un baiser je donne mon génie. . . .
> Aime, et tu renaîtras ; fais-toi fleur, pour éclore :
> Après avoir souffert, il faut souffrir encore ;
> Il faut aimer sans cesse, après avoir aimé.'

The interlude becomes a veritable rhapsody, a rhapsody of the great artist where the emotion suggested always transcends the limits of the emotion expressed.

The ' Nuit d'Août ' (August 15, 1836) leads straight into the theme of the final ' Nuit d'Octobre ' (October 15, 1837). The poet is at length, it is his opening boast, cured of his ill. Sorrow is fled like a dream of the night. Then with rash hand he

* A. Barine, quoted from Letter dated Paris, December 25, 1834.

draws the veil from the past and retraces in a long recital the story of his extinct passion. The recital is an example, hardly to be surpassed, of an emotional *crescendo*. The note of healing, of assuagement, of solace, passes into a passage of pure invective, a denunciation of concentrated passion which the rhythm sweeps onward like a storm-blast laden with a human cry. 'Le mal que peut faire une femme' has surely never been anathematised with a fiercer eloquence. Almost every sentence strikes the target with a barbed arrow, and the target is a woman's heart. The illusion of healing is gone, the certainty that his hurt is unsalvable comes back to him. She has been the iconoclast of all he held sacred, she has sepulchred his springtime in shadows, in her falsehoods he has learnt to hold truth false:

> '. . . si je doute des larmes
> C'est que je t'ai vu pleurer.'

Then once more the mood changes, he looks beyond the woman to destiny, in whose hand, uplifted to punish him for the crime 'd'avoir essayé d'être heureux,' she was, it may be, but a tool. And the voice without, always wise, tender, and pitiful, calls on him to compassionate her. She, too, has suffered, and he—out of the wreckage—has learnt one compensating lesson, has won one treasure from the deep—he has learnt to love. So emotion sinks, with perceptible pauses, to the brink of the river-mists bordering level streams of oblivion, where the pilgrims of forgetfulness rock pain to sleep.

> 'Je te bannis de ma mémoire,
> Reste d'un amour insensé,
> Mystérieuse et sombre histoire
> Qui dormira dans le passé.
> Et toi, qui jadis d'une amie
> Portais la forme et le doux nom,
> L'instant suprême où je t'oublie
> Doit être celui du pardon.
> Pardonnons-nous—je romps le charme
> Qui nous unissait devant Dieu.
> Avec une dernière larme
> Reçois un éternel adieu.'

If the 'Nights' are the outcome, avowed and explicit, of an autobiographical crisis, the plays and dramatic dialogues are scarcely less intimately the expression of his personality. Some eighteen in number, they group themselves, irrespective of dates, into comedies of manners; comedies of romance and fantasy; and into those comedies, pre-eminently characteristic of his genius, where gaiety dances over the edge of a precipice and the

curtain, raised with a jest, falls on some catastrophe of life's most tragic possibilities. Two tragedies where tragedy is a set purpose and the theme admits of no other handling, 'André del 'Sarto' and a work of far higher calibre, 'Lorenzaccio,' stand by themselves in sombre framework of Renaissance tradition, and modelled upon the pattern of Elizabethan drama. These, with some minor plays of less distinguishable features, close the list of theatrical inventions which, in their defiance of every convention and formula of the French stage, entitle Musset to a place in his country's literature no other writer could fill; 'Ayant renoncé à faire du théâtre pour son temps Musset a fait 'du théâtre pour tous les temps.' *

For the most part his little comedies of manners are plays not of plot but of situation, developed in brilliant dialogue. One is never oppressed by the sense of intention, his talent is the talent of a dice-thrower, his successes are all of hazard, the happy accidents of good fortune. As character sketches they are slight in construction, clear in outline, delicate, graceful, with a surface of gaiety and an undertone of seriousness giving point to the wit and emphasis of the irony. The actors are men and women of Paris salons except where an excursion to the provinces varies the scene. His satire is his revenge on life for not fulfilling the possibilities with which he accredits it, it is a satire of light extravaganza, of faint caricature of given types, of over-accentuation, without distortion, of moral forms. In all his ridicule he is rarely at pains to falsify—it suffices him to unveil human nature; and even unveiling as often as not the surprise of the disclosure consists in the discovery not of the baser but of the nobler secrets of the hearts of men. Where he is embittered it is that he cannot forgive himself for his disillusions. The perfection of his art is such that the impression made is always as of a dialogue overheard between people he has known, and we think of each scene as if it had happened yesterday. Moreover, there is an entire absence of 'the superfluous word.'

He has painted a portrait gallery of women of the world with the ways of the world; but their charm lies in their capacities of simple courage, good faith, and honest affection. Frivolous Mme. Léry † reads M. de Chavigny a lesson none the less keenly tempered because she is, what she counterfeits—a coquette—and he is not, what he appears to be, a libertine. Musset lifts the veil of her pleasure-seeking trivialities to show us that she is a clean-handed woman, faithful to her trust.

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* Arvède Barine. † Un Caprice.

La Marquise * with all her thirty years' hardening in the art of living, despite her jeering indifference, her ready scepticism of word, has a wholesome common-sense basis of virtue, and is as veritably in love as any woman need be. She denies because she believes, and controverts her lover's creed because she is in danger of accepting it, she knows already by heart the home truths he thrusts upon her in answer to her scoffing.

'[*Le Comte.*] Si l'amour est une comédie, cette comédie, vieille comme le monde . . . est ce qu'on a encore trouvé de moins mauvais. Les rôles sont rebattus, j'y consens ; mais si la pièce ne valait rien, tout l'univers ne la saurait pas par cœur ; et je me trompe en disant qu'elle est vieille. Est-ce être vieux que d'être immortelle ? '

So, at his gayest, he still stirs the reserves of emotion as the wings of a swift the water surface. In the early extravaganza, 'A quoi rêvent les jeunes filles,' † almost every page is touched with a suggestion of delicate, evanescent sentiment. The little girl-sisters, crossing the threshold of womanhood with feet that have never trodden the dusty high road, are presented with inconceivable freshness. The whole fabric of this, and of his other romance fantasies,‡ is of spun glass—the epithet recurs involuntarily in the study of Musset's nature and gifts—intersected with filigree of gold wire. The Duke, resolute that his two children shall pass into marriage through the gate of dreams, instructing the lover he has chosen in his duty as wooer, has no counterpart in poetic fiction. The old man has serenaded Ninon by night under her window—

> 'Ninon, Ninon, que fais-tu de la vie ?
> L'heure s'enfuit, le jour succède au jour.
> Rose ce soir, demain flétrie—
> Comment vis-tu, toi qui n'as pas d'amour ? '—

he has forged clandestine love-letters to both little daughters, now Silvio must take up the part and play it—in earnest—to the end. Does Silvio know, the old man questions the youth (whose innocence is twin to Ninon's), what a girl's eyes look for ? It is the Ideal—a Prince Galaor, a shepherd of Arcadia, a Lara. And Lara or Galaor or shepherd, always, always the Ideal holds a sword in his hand, and a mantle wraps him round, and in the summer night a ladder hangs from the balcony :

> 'Le père ouvre la porte au matériel époux,
> Mais toujours l'idéal entre par la fenêtre.'

* Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée.

† Poésies. 2me partie, 1833. ‡ 'Fantasio,' 'Carmosine,' &c.

Carmosine, too (the Lisa of the 'Decameron'*), is a kindred creation of Musset's imagination, though her legend was told four centuries before in one of the loveliest of Italian *novelle*. As the French poet retells it, it is a *légende d'or* with its little virgin figure—whose eyes are blue as Sicilian skies, her face pale as the lilies of her garden—passion-struck for the King who has ridden by the window whence she watched the passing of the royal train. She is dying for love, fading 'come la neve al 'sole si consumava.' As we read, the legend seems written on vellum, with capitals of burnished gold and pure vermilion, and a margin ornamented, as in ancient missals, with leaves of emerald green, with flowers azure, and stems of silver tarnished with the lapse of centuries.†

Fantastic extravaganza, emotional comedy, even verging into burlesque, was Musset's congenial element. He plays with reality as if it were a fairy tale, and yet it remains reality; the sentiment, howsoever it be costumed and masked, powdered and painted, has, invariably, precision and truth, the fantastic presentment is but a coloured film upon the mirror where he reflects life. It is so in 'Fantasio,' where Musset, under the guise of his hero, depicts one side of his own character. Fantasio, though he has donned the livery of the King's dead Fool, makes a sorry buffoon. He dances in the street like a drunken harlequin off the boards, but he is sober enough to know that he is drunk. He talks like a riotous featherbrain, but he has the sting of a gnat and the wit of a poet. He is a cynic, but he is a cynic with an ideal, or rather because of it; and he knows within himself that his true profession is to be past-master in the art of melancholy. Yet in his maddest folly he has out-dreamed the veriest dreamer of them all, for he has valued the saving of a few tears to a poor little princess above the peace of two nations, and, with a pleasantry belonging to the farce of Christmas pantomime, he achieves the breaking of her marriage treaty. It is Musset's typical method. His farce is his apology for his earnest; it is part of his charm that we are never allowed to imagine he is taking himself seriously.

Of the two plays of tragic comedy best known to the play-going public, one, 'Les Caprices de Marianne,' was written before, the other, 'On ne badine pas avec l'amour,' after the George Sand episode. As the Fool in 'Fantasio,' as the very young

* Giornata Decima, Nov. VII.

† Musset took a second theme in 'Barbarine' from Bandello. Vol. I. Novella XXI. Massinger's 'The Picture' is also from the same source.

clerk Fortunio in 'Le Chandelier,' so in both these Musset poses for his portrait; in the 'Caprices,' indeed, the portrait is duplicated, Octave the libertine may be said to be the adolescent Fortunio grown up and disillusioned; passion has lost its wings and fallen to the earth. '[*Octave.*] Moi, je ne suis qu'un débauché sans cœur . . . l'amour que j'inspire est celui que je ressens, l'ivresse passagère d'un songe. Ma gaieté n'est qu'un masque; mon cœur est plus vieux qu'elle.' Célio is also Fortunio, and also grown to manhood, but with all his illusions intact; great in faith, great in humility, giving everything, hoping nothing, despairing of all; resigning himself to sadness with only a regret. He has drifted from the shore little by little, his eyes fixed on the mirage of his Eldorado—when Reality wakens him he is as far from the shore as from the dream. Célio loves Marianne, Octave wooing her for Célio meanwhile enjoys his own gross pleasures.

'[*Marianne to Octave.*] Dites-moi, cousin, est-ce du vin à quinze sous que vous buvez?

'[*Octave.*] N'en riez pas; c'est du lacryma-christi.

'[*Marianne.*] Je croyais qu'il en était du vin comme des femmes . . . Ah! vos lèvres sont délicates, mais votre cœur s'enivre à bon marché.'

It is characteristic of Musset that, having indited Marianne's speech, he was struck by the justice of her contempt. 'Il 'serait incroyable,' he cried, 'que je fusse battu moi-même par 'cette petite prude.' He found, however, a suitable response to her speech, and the play proceeded. It ends with a sharp thrust of satire. The assassins are posted by Marianne's jealous husband. Marianne's honour is on its road to ruin. Célio is on his way to the fatal assignation Octave has procured on his behalf; moreover, he is to die in the belief his friend has betrayed him. But Octave, wholly unaware that the wires he has pulled are dragging the sword of destiny from its sheath, comes forward with the self-congratulation. [*Octave* (*seul*).] 'Ah! où vais-je 'aller à présent? *J'ai fait quelquechose pour le bonheur d'autrui.*'

Perdican, in the familiar 'On ne badine,' represents another developement of the author's many-sided temperament. Camille's heart has been profaned, the innocent boy and girl love of their childhood has been frozen before it blossomed. She repels his loyal affection with distrust, she has learnt at her convent to recoil from the love he offers. She arraigns his 'métier de jeune homme,' and the women who accept the gifts he and such as he proffer. All that she says borrows (Musset is just) its sting from truth—truth seen in the dim twilight of eighteen-year old ignorances. Perdican's mission is clear.

Listening to her with growing anger, he, too, takes up his parable and speaks. He denounces the women who have dared instruct her innocence with their polluted experience. He recapitulates the charges; they are true to life, maybe, true to experience, but above life, above experience, love revindicates its divinity. Men are liars, inconstant, false, artificial, and depraved; but there is one thing holy, one thing only:

'l'union de deux de ces êtres si imparfaits et si affreux. On est souvent trompé en amour, et souvent malheureux; mais on aime; et quand on est sur le bord de sa tombe, on se retourne pour regarder en arrière, et on se dit: J'ai souffert souvent, je me suis trompé quelquefois, mais j'ai aimé. C'est moi qui ai vécu, et non pas un être factice créé par mon orgueil et mon ennui.'

Perdican, and his doctrine, prevail, but the curtain falls on a tragedy which in its medley of pathos and farce, of improbabilities and verisimilitudes, could have been wrought out of the material by no other brain in such well-accorded perfection of detail and such harmonising unity of sentiment. The poet has caught the spray of life's tempest and wrought it into art.

'Lorenzaccio' remains as the instance amongst Musset's works where love abdicates its place as master-theme. Here, too, his genius discards the jester's cloak, and in the sinister and disjointed framework of a sixteenth-century tragedy of blood developes a character whose exact parallel must be sought in vain. Charles Lamb's judgement on Ford's passionate sinners, in whom he finds 'traces of that fiery particle, which 'in the irregular starting from the beaten road of action, dis-'covers something of a right line even in obliquity, and shows 'hint of an improveable greatness in the lowest descents and 'degradations of our nature,' is the fittest commentary on the criminal hero of the French drama. It is not possible to name a psychological theme darker in drift. To attain a noble end—the liberation of Florence from a rule of infamy—Lorenzaccio, dreamer and idealist, assumes the mask of vice. As pander to the Duke's profligacies, he seeks opportunity to use the blade of the assassin as the sword of justice. But long before the accomplishment of the deed, he perceives that the mould of the mask has become the mould of the man who wears it, 'je me suis fait à mon métier,' and the slow agony of a lost soul overtakes him as, steeped in evil, he loses faith even in his purpose, and grasps at once the immensity of his sacrifice with its futility. Yet—he addresses the noble old Florentine who alone of all men loves and believes in him—yet he must execute the project of his blameless youth. 'This

'murder is all that remains to me of my virtue.' He has borne long enough the execrations of the people; and, to-morrow, thanks be to God, he will kill Alexander. The spiritual tragedy follows the assassination. The tyrant falls, but the city beloved re-abases its liberty, and the soul, lost for its sake, lives to see a new tyranny replace the old before it, too, goes to its doom. The play, while an exception to his common usage in that love has no part in the plot, touches his personality none the less closely. It was, as in 'La Coupe,' as in 'Rolla,' 'l'histoire de l'irréparable dégradation de l'homme touché par 'la débauche.' *

He died, May 1, 1857, at the rising tide of a popularity which —after a first outbreak of enthusiasm—had been held, unaccountably, in suspense. In 1855 Palgrave had made his genius known to English readers.† In France Baudelaire, in especial, had consistently sounded his praise. Heine had denominated him the first lyric poet of France. More recently the most eminent critics of two nations have contributed their quota of praise.‡ But while criticisms come and go, each bearing on them the print of the unstable fashion of the day, those who seek the poet in his works will always carry with them the same impression: that his creed was a continual reiteration of the foolish-wise nursery formula:

'C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour,
Qui fait le monde, à la ronde.
C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour,
Qui fait le monde, à son tour';

that his personality was that of a man for whom pity builds its hospitals; a man of many failings, greatly blameworthy and infinitely loveable. His epitaph might be borrowed from Gautier: 'il est guéri à tout jamais d'une maladie pour laquelle aucun 'médecin, fût-ce Hippocrate ou Avicenne, n'ont trouvé de 'remède, je veux dire la vie, dont on finit toujours par mourir.'

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* 'In his [later] works even in his choice of subjects, we can trace the author's personal struggle to throw off his mask of vice and to free himself from the attraction vice has for him,' Georg Brandes truly asserts.

† Oxford Essay No. III.

‡ Emile Faguet and Georg Brandes.

Art. VI.—MEMOIRS OF THE WHIG PARTY.

1. *Further Memoirs of the Whig Party*, 1807-1821, *with some Miscellaneous Reminiscences.* By Henry Richard Vassall, Third Lord Holland. Edited by Lord Stavordale. London: John Murray, 1905.
2. *Letters to 'Ivy' from the First Earl of Dudley.* By S. H. Romilly. London: Longmans, 1905.
3. *The 'Pope' of Holland House: Selections from the Correspondence of John Whishaw and his friends*, 1813-1840. Edited and annotated by Lady Seymour. London: Fisher Unwin, 1906.
4. *The Political History of England.* Edited by William Hunt, D.Litt., and Reginald L. Poole. Vol. XI., 1801-1837. By the late Hon. George C. Brodrick; completed and revised by J. K. Fotheringham. 8vo. London: Longmans, 1906.

The publication of Sir Herbert Maxwell's interesting selection of the 'Creevey Papers' three years ago seems to have wakened the possessors of similar collections to a fuller sense of the interest of letters revealing the inner history of politics in the early years of the nineteenth century; and to this, or to a happy coincidence, we are indebted for the first three of the works named above. The fourth is one of the series of volumes now appearing under the superintendence of Dr. Hunt, the President of the Royal Historical Society, and Mr. Reginald Poole, so well known as the editor of the 'English Historical Review,' which promises, when complete, to do away with the reproach that we have no history of our own country at all commensurate with the importance of the subject and the requirements of modern scholarship. It comes happily as at once a summary of and a commentary on the other more detailed volumes with which we have classed it.

The bitterness of party feeling revealed by the 'Creevey Papers' was freely noted at the time of their publication, and again forms a distinct feature of these later volumes, which also suggest that a considerable, perhaps a large proportion of the party claiming to be guided by the maxim 'measures, not men,' was in truth led by the exact opposite—'men, not measures.' Of the three men whose political ideas are here exposed, the credit of best acting up to the ideal must be assigned to John William Ward, afterwards created Earl of Dudley, whose private and familiar letters

to Mrs. Dugald Stewart, the confidant of his boyish dreams, as of his manhood's aspirations, have a delicacy, a daintiness of expression and thought, which renders them exceedingly pleasant reading. Mrs. Stewart, the wife of the celebrated professor of moral philosophy, is described as 'stately and handsome, having 'the best essence of beauty, expression, a bright eye beaming 'with intelligence, a manner the most distinguished, yet soft, 'feminine, and singularly winning'; devoted to her husband, who had the highest opinion of her judgement and submitted all his writings to her; endowed with gifts and a charm which naturally attracted a large circle of devoted friends, and made their house in Edinburgh 'the resort of all those who were best 'worth knowing in the Scottish metropolis when it was really 'a metropolis of intellectual power.' To young Ward, a shy, sensitive lad of sixteen, when, after a solitary and neglected childhood, he was put under the charge of Stewart, the change of surroundings was like the opening of the heavens, and the charm of the professor's wife as the revelation of a better world. He boarded with the Stewarts for about eighteen months, and carried away a deep affection for both the professor and his wife, which lasted as long as memory itself. His opportunities for seeing them afterwards were few; but from the time of his leaving to go into residence at Oxford, to the close of his life, he kept up a continuous and intimate correspondence with Mrs. Stewart, whom—in playful badinage—he addressed as 'My 'dearest Ivy.'

A great part, perhaps the greater part, of this long series of letters was burnt by Mrs. Stewart shortly before her death; some of the letters, however, either by accident, or perhaps rather by selection, 'escaped the holocaust'; and though most even of these have also perished, it was not till copies had been made, which happily fell a few years ago into the possession of Mr. Romilly, who, with excellent judgement, has now published them. It is not to be supposed that, in a correspondence extending over thirty-two years, there were not many letters of purely personal interest; and we may fairly presume that it was these which, with loving hands, Ivy committed to the funeral pyre. Those which survived, which we are now permitted to read, are more especially devoted to topics of the day—literature and politics. It is in his treatment of these that Ward is notably and honourably distinguished from contemporary writers. It would, indeed, be too much to say that the prevalent bitterness is altogether absent; but it is tempered not only by a natural amiability, which was not an exclusive possession, but perhaps also by a dilettante spirit such as, whilst permitting him to take a keen

interest in the conduct of public business, deprived him of the fierce energy which would have urged him into the fray.

But apart from this, he shows himself throughout as determined to support the measures he approved rather than the men he loved, and as refusing to follow the recognised leaders of his party, merely because they were the leaders and his personal friends. Such balanced partizanship did not commend itself to the strenuous politicians of the day, and towards the end of his too short career Ward was scarcely acknowledged as a colleague. He himself practically admitted this in 1812, when he wrote—'It is 'right to tell you that you must no longer consider me as a '*political* friend.' He found himself in much closer agreement with Canning than with Lords Grey and Grenville; and Canning, though commonly spoken of as a Tory, was, in many of his opinions and much of his conduct, a better Whig than those members of the party who held that every measure devised by a Tory Government was necessarily to be opposed. So also was Ward, who on most points of political dogma was in agreement with the Whigs, though he would never accept the Whig nostrum of parliamentary reform.

An interesting commentary on Lord Dudley's letters is supplied by those of John Whishaw, now edited by Mr. Romilly's sister, Lady Seymour. The letters written to Whishaw, or—in the language of the Record Office—'In letters,' came, in natural course, into the hands of Charles Romilly, the editor's grandfather, who, as a child, was Whishaw's ward, and as a man was Whishaw's heir and executor. To him, also, Mrs. Smith, the widow of Thomas Smith of Easton Grey (near Malmesbury), made over a large collection of letters written to her husband by Whishaw. These form the main part of the present volume, in preparing which Lady Seymour has been fortunate in obtaining the assistance of Mr. W. P. Courtney, whose work on the 'Dictionary of National Biography' may be thought to have especially trained him for investigating and recording the little there is to tell about the life of Whishaw—a graduate of Cambridge, where he was distinguished as a classical scholar,* in the pre-tripos days; a barrister whom private means, increased by the salary of 'Commissioner for auditing public 'accounts,' permitted to lead a life of literary ease, and by his scholarship and critical judgement to sway the society of Holland House with the authority of a 'Pope.' One of the original members of the Athenæum Club, a Fellow of the Royal Society from 1815, and taking active part in the founding of University

* Members' prizeman in 1789, 1790.

College, Mr. Courtney calls attention to the fact that a man of this social distinction has passed out of memory, and his name is not to be found in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' nor even in the 'Catalogue of the British Museum.' The reason is that his distinction was entirely social; that what little he published was anonymous; and that the generous assistance which he frequently rendered to his poorer brethren was not advertised. One singularly interesting instance of this generosity has been recorded by Lord Brougham in his 'Life and Times,' and now again by Mr. Courtney.

'When Lord St. Vincent was sent by Mr. Fox on a mission in 1806 to the Court of Lisbon, . . . Brougham, then a poor man, was selected for the post of secretary. Whishaw surmised that his friend was ill-provided with resources for the journey, and wrote him: "As your sudden journey and voyage may have involved you in some unexpected expenses, and it may happen that you have pecuniary demands for which you may not be altogether prepared, . . . I have money at my bankers' and can, without any inconvenience, furnish you with any reasonable sum for which you may have temporary occasion."'

Failing sight and advancing age compelled him to retire from his official post in 1836. In the following year, Jeffrey, referring to his retirement, wrote:—

'I think he is fortunate beyond most unmarried men, in being the object of more cordial kindness than such solitaries usually attract, and in having so great a society of persons of all ages, sexes and occupations, willing to occupy themselves about him. His kindness, I do think, has *fructified* more than that of most people and been the cause of kindness in others to a larger extent.'

Whishaw's letters are full of political interest, comments on the state of parties or criticisms on contemplated measures; but it is perhaps for the strictly contemporary and confidential notices of current literature that they will be chiefly prized. Byron and Scott were at their zenith, and we can but look with envy on the position of these men—Whishaw and Ward—who had the privilege of reading each new canto of 'Childe Harold' or the successive 'Tales of my Landlord,' as they issued from the press. Whishaw's entire conviction as to the authorship of these last is especially noteworthy. He has, for instance, on December 5, 1816: 'A new novel is just come out, "Tales of my Landlord," I believe 'by the author of "Waverley," *i.e.* the indefatigable Walter 'Scott.' The 'I believe' seems to show that he had not then seen the volumes; but a few days later, December 24, he wrote: 'The second novel [*sc.* "Old Mortality"] is extremely good,

'though the subject is in some respects unpleasing. The author 'writes with great powers, but with very little moral feeling, and 'delights too much in battle, murder, and sudden death.' And again, on February 16: 'The "Tales of my Landlord" are 'most extraordinary productions. The second tale is the best. 'In nice delineations of character, and freedom and vigour of 'colouring, it excels any of the avowed works of Scott in prose 'and verse.' Mr. Smith apparently considered this an argument against Scott being the author, and on March 1 Whishaw replied:

'I agree with you that "Old Mortality" is on the whole superior to any of W. Scott's works, especially those in prose. But I still think it most probable *he* is the author; and this is the clear and decided opinion of the most intelligent persons, and those who best know him in Edinburgh. His brother, Tom Scott, having failed in his circumstances at home, is now a regimental paymaster in Canada. He possesses some of his brother's talents, but he is at a distance from books and has no literary experience. Possibly he may have furnished some outlines or sketches which his brother has filled up. That Walter Scott has had *some* concern with the work is not denied, and several of his anecdotes and jokes are recognised in different parts of the novels. It is, therefore, only a question of degree.'

Three years later, March 25, 1820, he wrote as if the matter was quite certain:—

'Walter Scott is arrived in town to be made a baronet. His new novel, "The Monastery," is just published, and he has now in hand a continuation of it, which is to be called "The Abbot," or by some such name. He has received for these two novels and "Ivanhoe" 9,000 guineas and 11,000 for the copyright of the former "Tales of my Landlord."'

As Whig memoirs, however, these volumes of letters, more pleasing, more sympathetic, and possibly even more accurate, are neither so complete nor so detailed as those written for posthumous publication by the third Lord Holland, the nephew of Charles James Fox. Lord Holland died in 1840, and in 1852, 1854, his son, the fourth lord, edited two volumes of these memoirs, bringing the story down to the autumn of 1807. There it stopped, and has stopped for more than fifty years. 'It is impossible,' says Lord Stavordale—now the Earl of Ilchester—the editor of the new volume, 'to explain why Lord Holland (IV.) paused 'before the completion of his task,' though he hazards the conjecture that 'the state of his health during the last few years of 'his life (he died in 1859) will amply account for the postpone-'ment of the undertaking.' Possibly too—though Lord Ilchester makes no reference to it—the article in the 'Quarterly Review'

(March 1854), written with all the truculence if not with the actual pen of Croker, may have had some weight. Under happier conditions an assault so rude would surely have been a call to battle; but a man in feeble health, with the hand of death already upon him, may well have shunned a war of bludgeons; the more so, as he perhaps realised, that the criticism, brutal, inartistic as it was, did nevertheless contain some element of truth, and that circumspection might be necessary in laying his father's further memoirs before the public.

It is, indeed, quite true that, as Lord Ilchester has said, 'no 'one was better qualified than Lord Holland to relate the political 'occurrences' of this time; for though his official career was but short, and—till after the date of these memoirs—was all included in five months of the ministry of 'All the Talents,' he was, almost from his first entry into public life in 1798, 'recognised as the 'authorised exponent of his uncle's policy in the House of Lords'; and for the twenty-three years following 1807, during which he remained in opposition, 'he took a leading part in the counsels of the party.' He was thus, directly or indirectly, an actor in the greater number of the incidents he describes; and as—the old Quarterly Reviewer notwithstanding—he was an honourable man, his evidence as to matters of fact is of very high authority. On the other hand, we are not called on to place the same confidence in his opinions, many of which—based on imperfect or inaccurate information—are certainly erroneous, and many more are tainted with a bitterness far in excess even of the customary political rancour. This, we may feel assured, was foreign to the man's nature, but was forced on him by the peculiar circumstances in which he had placed himself.

But nothing that Lord Ilchester says would imply this; and though he has related the story of Lord Holland's marriage, without any attempt to conceal its extremely unconventional character, we are permitted to infer that the irregularity was quickly condoned, forgotten, or practically unknown. The numerous memoirs and journals of the period—though later, perhaps, than those we have more immediately before us—convey the same impression; and it is almost a literary commonplace that in a large circle of politicians, authors, and wits, Lady Holland was the admired and autocratic centre. Under her rule, Holland House was, perhaps, the nearest approach which our history offers, to the French salons of the eighteenth century; but very little consideration is needed to show that this brilliant society was entirely masculine; that from the best female society of the day Lady Holland was absolutely excluded. This, too, is now explicitly stated by Ward in his private letters. It was always known

that between him and Lady Holland there was no particular affection, and that he declined Lady Holland's invitations to dinner. The dislike, however—of which, in his letters to Ivy, he speaks freely enough—would seem to have been entirely personal; and, on the other hand, he was all along on friendly, we might almost say intimate, terms with Lord Holland. In October 1808 Ward accompanied the Hollands to Spain, and the night before they sailed he wrote from Falmouth :—

'With respect to this expedition which she [Lady H.] has made Lord Holland undertake, though it is a proper thing enough in a young man like myself, yet I very much doubt the prudence of it in his situation. He has already been enough on the Continent for any reasonable end, either of curiosity or instruction, and his availing himself so immediately of this opportunity to go to a foreign country again looks a little too much like a distaste for his own. The death of his uncle left him at the head (in some measure) of a considerable connection in politics; he has held a great office, and has a great game to play. All this ought to make him extremely cautious not to give rise to a suspicion of his being too much attached to foreign nations or foreign manners. . . . It is just the thing about which the inhabitants of this island are most jealous—even to an absurd degree. I am much mistaken if he has not already done himself a good deal of harm in that way. The disgust which it was natural enough for a liberal and enlightened man to feel at the stupid prejudice many of us entertain against everything that is foreign, probably first threw him into a prejudice of an opposite kind, which, heightened by the love of argument, and by the instigation of Lady H.—who, of course, hates a Court where she is not presentable, and a town where she is only partially visited—has often induced him to say things and to maintain positions quite ridiculous or quite offensive. This is not merely a remark of mine. I have heard it several times from persons who love him, and in the great outline of their political opinions agree with him. I am sorry for it, for he is a most amiable man, a most delightful companion, full of accomplishments and of an excellent understanding; and it is therefore the more to be lamented that education and accident should have, to all appearance at least, divested him of that which . . . is one of the best and most useful feelings of the human heart.'

This raises what is really a very important consideration in forming an estimate of Lord Holland's opinion on men and affairs; it obliges us to remember the attitude of hostility to the English Court and to English society which the circumstances of his marriage almost compelled him to assume, and the prejudice in favour of foreign ideas which he was induced to adopt. It is the more unfortunate as it is exactly in the field where this bias is most pronounced that contemporary opinion ought to be

especially valuable. Of the history of the party, in its broad outline, we have enough in the numerous memoirs on both sides and of all shades—Canning or Brougham, Liverpool and Sidmouth or Grey and Romilly; Alison from one point of view, Molesworth or Sir Spencer Walpole from another, and now the new volume of the 'Political History,' professedly neutral, but which the names of its authors announce as Liberal. What we wanted was the delicate touch, the fine detail, which will frequently throw a clearer light on an obscure situation than the fullest narrative.

And this, though it might have been expected from the memoirs of a man in the position of Lord Holland, we do not get, because, if for no other reason, his evidence seems—truly or not—to be tainted by prejudice. What we have from Ward's letters is immeasurably superior, and must be recognised as at least honest, even when we are compelled to differ from the writer's views. A salient instance of the difference between the two contemporaries, members of the same party, is in their accounts of the abortive negotiations between the Prince Regent and the Whig leaders in 1812, consequent on the assassination of Perceval on May 11. The situation is excellently described in the 'Political History.'

'The Cabinet was bewildered by his [Perceval's] death, and a fresh attempt was made to strengthen it by the simple inclusion of Canning as well as Wellesley. Wellesley stipulated that the Catholic question should be left open, and that the war should be prosecuted with the entire resources of the country, while Canning declined co-operation on the ground of the Catholic question alone. No agreement being found possible, the House of Commons stepped in and addressed the regent, begging him to form a strong and efficient administration, commanding the confidence of all classes. He replied by sending for Wellesley . . . but Wellesley soon found that Liverpool and his adherents would not serve under him at all, while Grenville and Grey, who secretly condemned the Peninsular war, would only serve on conditions which he could not grant. Once more the regent treated directly with these haughty Whigs, now including Moira, to whom he committed the task of forming an administration. Grenville and Grey raised difficulties about the appointments in the royal household, which they wished to include in the political changes, and the negotiation was broken off. The regent at last fell back on Liverpool, a capable and conciliatory minister, who adopted Perceval's colleagues, and a spell of Tory administration set in which remained unbroken for no less than fifteen years.'

The question at issue is as to the negotiations with Grenville and Grey. Lord Holland, who was certainly a party to the

transaction, describes them as having their hands forced by the Regent's tactics. He suggests that the Prince was bound, or, rather, 'pledged,' to the Whigs by his political antecedents, and by his long intimacy with Fox and Sheridan. But

'the sums [proposed by Perceval] for the Privy Purse and Household were sufficient, not only to provide for the wants, but to purchase the favour of the Prince Regent. He was too well acquainted with the characters of the men with whom he had to deal, and indeed too great an adept in that sort of game, not to devise in a moment a method of making the offer which secured its rejection.'

Surely, if Lord Holland could himself have reconsidered this passage, he must have seen how bitterly it reflected on his own uncle. Grey and Grenville, it implies, were too honest to fall in with the Prince's views as to the Civil List; Fox he could have trusted to. What he did, therefore, was to write to the Duke of York a letter which was 'in substance nothing more than an 'invitation to Lord Grey and Lord Grenville and some others 'recommended by them, to accept office with an administration 'whose measures and system they had uniformly and strenuously 'opposed.' This letter, the Duke, as was intended, showed to the Whig leaders, who took twenty-four hours to consult their friends — Lord Lansdowne, Lord Lauderdale, Mr. Ponsonby, and Lord Holland—and eventually refused the Prince's overture.

'The answer of Lord Grey and Lord Grenville, and the tone and temper in which it was conveyed, were very generally approved of. Many no doubt rejoiced at so open a breach between them and the Prince Regent, and none probably more than his Royal Highness himself. Yet friend and foe, Whig and Tory, directly or indirectly acknowledged that to such an overture no other answer could have been given with honour. The form was yet more unobjectionable.'

Such is the verdict of Lord Holland. Ward's judgement of the transaction is in curious contrast, differing from the other even as to matters of fact.

'I can safely assure you,' he wrote to Ivy, 'that there never was a point within my recollection upon which the public was so perfectly agreed as in condemning the conduct of the Lords G. in this negotiation. Except among the immediate, personal and particular friends of the party, I have not heard a dissenting voice, and even in that class there are a great many that openly condemn the refusal. What Sydney [Smith] says about "serving without pay" is true enough, and is pretty generally felt, though it required all his *naiveté* to say it. I wonder if he is quite aware of the harm he has done his friends by diffusing such an opinion of their conduct among

all the innumerable readers of the "Edinburgh Review." His praise of their disinterestedness (which, by the bye, I don't think they deserve—nor would you either if you knew them as well as I do) is no balance to his condemnation of their blunders.'

And a reference to the article in the 'Edinburgh Review'* gives a very direct contradiction to Holland's statement as to the general approval of 'friend and foe, Whig and Tory.' It describes the offer made to the Opposition as neither fraudulent nor unreasonable, and is distinctly of opinion 'that the Opposition 'should have secured a favourable issue to all the great questions 'now in dependence by coming into office, and having guarded the '*principle* respecting the household, should have relaxed in the 'exercise of it upon this particular occasion.' Personally, Ward's disapproval was so strong as to warrant his formally separating himself from the party led by Grey and Grenville. 'The Whig party,' he wrote, 'has been for some time past in 'such a strange disjointed state, and the last refusal appears 'to me to have placed their whole opposition upon such an 'unreasonable footing, that I have formally taken my leave of 'them.'

So far as personal judgements are concerned, Ward and Holland might each claim a right to form his own opinions; but Holland's assertion that friend and foe, with one consent, alike approved of the refusal, is a statement of fact which is contradicted by the balance of evidence; and we can only suppose that, in making it, he was led by prejudice to write what he wished rather than what he knew to be true. We are similarly forced to believe that it was his strong anti-English prejudices—to the interpretation of which Ward has left us the key—which led him to a very unfair criticism on the conduct of the Duke of Wellington at the end of the war.

'Many of the transactions at Paris,' he says, 'as well as the ungenerous treatment of Napoleon, were objectionable on principle and disgusting to the feelings of all who had a nature capable of justice or humanity to a fallen foe. Substantially, if not technically, the merit or guilt of such acts rests with the Prince Regent and the Duke of Wellington. If the removal of the works of art, the demolition of sundry monuments, and other severe retributions of the kind were after the capitulation irregular and questionable; if the judicial murders of Labedoyère and Marshal Ney were direct violations of the articles of that capitulation; and if the detention and transport of a dethroned and abdicated monarch by a foreign power be a breach of the law of nations, as well as an unusual and harsh exercise of

* July 1812.

power, they will all be more or less stains on the character of the great general of the Confederacy, as well as on the Governments who sanctioned and the ministerial agents who counselled or perpetrated such acts of violence or bad faith.'

It may be pointed out that though Lord Holland clearly meant to imply this 'bad faith,' he did not venture to assert it, except as contingent on several propositions, each of which may be met by a direct negative. There, no doubt, were and still are many who, like Lord Holland, misled by false statements that Labedoyère and Ney were included in the capitulation of Paris, have denounced their execution as a breach of faith, which Wellington should, as he certainly could, have prevented. But it is now very well known, and Holland, writing after 1830, ought to have known, that, as these men were not in Paris at the time, they were not protected by the capitulation, and that Wellington was in no way bound to interfere in their behalf. It may be conceded that such interference would have been gracious; but a man is not to be held up to opprobrium because he did not exert himself, outside the field of his duty, to prevent executions which he probably thought both just and called for. There is certainly nothing in the historical character of the Duke of Wellington which can lead us to think that he would be averse from the punishment of a traitor; and in reference to the French King's conduct, Ward's opinion may fairly be put in contrast with that of Holland. And this is what Ward wrote:—

'It is certainly very much to the honour of Louis XVIII. that he has punished only two persons with death for so extensive and so causeless a rebellion, so completely crushed. It shows him or his advisers to be possessed of considerable political courage. Few men would have dared to be so mild. To appreciate duly the lenity of the present Government of France, you have only to call to mind the quantity of blood that was shed by the Whig ministers after our two rebellions, and the '15 and the '45 were but child's play compared to the return of Napoleon, and that vast defection which has been punished by the sacrifice of Labedoyère and Ney.'

In revising his memoirs, Lord Holland added a truly remarkable note, making his condemnation of 'the removal of works of art' more positive.

'Many of them had been ceded by treaty to France, and either some other article in that treaty or the peace itself which it established had been in reason and public law an equivalent stipulation in favour of the party who ceded them. They were resumed or rather taken by force from the French, after a capitulation or treaty in which there was no stipulation whatever for their restoration.'

It is curious that Holland did not see that exactly the same argument might have been urged in favour of the retention by France of all the territory which had been ceded, all the adjustments of territory which had been agreed to, in the several treaties forced on Austria, Prussia, or the Italian States during the dominance of Napoleon. Ward's estimate of the restoration seems to us the more correct—not from the English point of view, for, indeed, England had no direct concern with it—but from the point of view of equity and even legality; though, afraid of offending Ivy, he wrapped it up very nicely.

'I am desirous,' he wrote, 'to hear what you think as to the removal of the statues and pictures from the Louvre. Pray let me know. I confess I have upon that subject so strong a feeling that my usual scepticism and toleration almost fail me when I encounter the opposite opinion. However, I shall be at Paris when I hear from you next, and if you are wrong, I shall take a turn or two in the empty gallery to console myself for your heresy by placing before my eyes the fact that Paris is no longer the capital of the fine a ts, and through them of the civilised world.'

At other times, however, he could speak with a stronger voice.

'[The French] are amazingly angry at suffering a very small part of the evils they inflicted upon other nations. They don't consider it merely as a calamity, but as a piece of shocking injustice. No Tory ever believed more firmly in "divine right" than the French believe in their right (whether divine or not I can't tell) to plunder and insult all mankind without the smallest chance of retaliation. Consequently they are all—royalists as well as republicans—not only grieved at the removal of the works of art from the Louvre, but as much surprised and enraged as if Raphael and Domenichino had been painters to Louis XIV., and the Apollo and the Venus the performances of Puget or Girardon.'

In a similar vein, commenting on the terms that had been offered after the battle of Leipzig, he wrote :—

'I am not at all inclined to meddle with the internal government of France. Nothing could be more absurd. The French have an undoubted right to choose their own taskmaster. . . . But I cannot bear the notion, now that their armies are defeated, and the whole race of mankind has risen up in arms against them, to have a single acre or a single man that does not belong to them, under their unrighteous dominion. And therefore I grieve to read . . . that the allies are willing to have France *greater* than it was under its kings. *As great*, with all my heart, but why greater? Has France, by her conduct for the last twenty years, so merited the gratitude of the rest of Europe that they should give her new territories as a reward for the happiness she has conferred upon

them? If I am knocked down and stripped by footpads, and after a great deal of trouble and danger succeed in bringing them to justice, am I to be told by the magistrate that I may have my money and clothes again, but that I must not think of getting back my watch? It is quite abominable in itself, and after all that has happened would be miserably disappointing.'

This is honest, and does not pretend to place the interests of the vanquished enemy before those of the victors. It is also honourable—chivalrous even—for it does not clamour for the spoliation of that enemy. It is difficult for any one, not a Frenchman, to place himself so as to catch the view of Lord Holland—that the vanquished should reap all the advantages of victory—that the *sapientia veterum* was in fault when it ejaculated *Vae victis!*

With these opinions of Holland and Ward, it is interesting to compare that of John Louis Mallet, a better Whig—we venture to think—than Lord Holland, beyond question a sounder economist, and probably, by reason of his parentage, better able to judge of the internal condition of France. Whishaw had sent him a letter he had just received from Holland; and though we have not that letter, we know, from the 'Memoirs,' enough of Holland's opinions to be able, without difficulty, to interpret Mallet's criticism of it. It is dated January 28, 1815.

'It is with great diffidence that one ventures to differ from so good an observer and so superior a man, but I think that the bias given to his opinions by party politics is very discernible. An impartial reader would certainly conclude upon weighing Napoleon in Lord Holland's scales, that his fall is, upon the whole, a loss to Europe, or at least to the countries he governed. From this conclusion I must differ. Bonaparte's career towards absolute despotism and corrupt government was progressive, and had made rapid strides within the last five years. . . . If one is to judge of the future state of France by the experience of the last years, it was far from holding out cheering expectations of good government. . . . To say that Bonaparte was not so bad as Nero, and better than Charles XII.,* is really leaving the mind quite wide of the question. Lord Holland takes no notice of Bonaparte's antipathy to commerce, and that great feature of his government, the prohibitory system and the means by which it was enforced. His want of good faith in financial operation, his over-reaching maxims, were totally destructive of public credit. . . . Lord Holland does not stoop to inquire what would have been the consequences of the consolidation under one

* Lord Holland's references to Nero, Charles XII., Louis XIV., and perhaps some others, either suggested or were suggested by a letter from Sismondi which is quoted by Whishaw. The date is not given, but it may be inferred that Sismondi's is the later.

despotic power of the immense conquests of Bonaparte, and of the assimilation of laws, institutions, and commercial and military policy in so large an extent of country. The probable consequences of such a state of things appear to me almost to decide the question. Who would not rather have lived under any of the governments of Europe during the last century than under the best of the Roman Emperors ! '

We have dwelt on this point because it is one which brings into clearer light what appears to us a very serious blot on Lord Holland's ' Memoirs '—their anti-English, pro-French character. Many other passages might be adduced, but these are enough. A homely proverb has it that ' 'Tis an ill bird that files its own ' nest ' ; and in this sense Lord Holland must be pronounced a very ill bird ; nor can we feel sure that it was not largely his influence which led to, or at least exaggerated, the anti-English views of many of his party. It is a painful subject, offensive even, to every English-thinking Englishman, and might be confidently adjudged one from which it was impossible to extract any amusement. And yet there is a certain comic element in Whishaw's references to it, divided between his honest opinion and his sentiment of loyalty to Holland House. The struggles of an able, but not brilliant, man to agree with two diametrically opposite conclusions are, at times, almost funny.

' All letters from Paris,' he says, ' state that the English are universally popular as *contrasted* with the Prussians, who are much disliked. . . . Blücher conducts himself like a captain of freebooters. . . . The Duke of Wellington, who has interfered very honourably in some cases, is for the most part a calm spectator. . . . He is thus described in a letter from Paris :—" Le Duc de Wellington, ce héros froid et médiocre, que la nature a créé pour prouver que la science militaire peut exister sans autres talents, et l'intégrité pécuniaire sans autres vertus." '

Whig memoirs, however, more properly treat of domestic politics and persons ; and it might be thought that, in speaking of them, Lord Holland would prove a safer guide than he is in respect of foreign affairs. A careful examination does not confirm the suggestion, and leaves us suspecting that, in this field also, his judgement had received a perverse twist, and is not to be relied on. The world, according to him, was but a poor place, and contained few men of whom he could form a favourable estimate. The King, the Regent, or his brothers, Tories or Whigs, in office or out of office, sailor or soldier, Nelson or Wellington—every man as he is named is condemned with an almost incredible bitterness. The King was, from the first, the butt for all Whig arrows ; but to the political dislike, Holland added

an hereditary hatred, and has spoken of him with a rancorous severity which can scarcely be paralleled, and that too, in speaking of his later years, when age and affliction might well have blunted his enemy's wrath. The King, he wrote,

'had a bad opinion of mankind, a contracted but by no means a feeble view of every subject. With a nature so little attractive, without one brilliant qualification, and during a reign marked by disasters, how did he contrive to win the affections of many and popularity with the great mass of his subjects ?'

He emphasised the disasters; but at the end of the King's reign the disasters were more than thirty years old, and the memory of them, deadened by time, had been obliterated by the glories of Trafalgar, Waterloo, and many other achievements by sea and land far greater than those which two hundred years before had placed Elizabeth on a pinnacle of fame. Was the popularity so strange ? Holland considered it 'an extraordinary 'phenomenon,' and offered the contradictory explanations of the 'childish love of Princes so prevalent in England' and the loathing felt for the bestial character of the Prince of Wales. But the true reason, he thought, was that—

'he was a regular, decorous, church-going family man. The practice of the austerer virtues was not to be imputed in him to any coldness of constitution . . . but to a sense of duty and propriety. Whatever be the moral value of such self-denial, the people of England were then, and, I believe, still are, disposed to pay it full as much homage as it deserves in persons whose high stations render it of difficult attainment.'

The bitter feeling which dictated this sneer is easily understood, but does not intensify the value of the sketch; he admits that George III. was 'a man of principle, honest, and anxious 'in forming his rule of action, sagacious in the application and 'steady in the observance of it'; but—

'his views were narrow and mischievous, his judgements warped and his feelings illiberal. His distrust of mankind made him deem insincerity necessary and justifiable. He practised dissimulation, and in some instances simulation likewise, without scruple. . . . He was a stranger to every generous affection which renders a prince either amiable or benevolent. There was nothing great, nothing kind, nothing open, nothing graceful in his character or manners. . . . An inglorious, if not a pernicious sovereign of a free country.'

He is, perhaps, entitled to some praise as a patron of literature and the arts. He founded the Royal Library; he pensioned Dr. Johnson; but 'he had no relish for poetry, wit, or eloquence;

'no love of study; no discrimination in painting or sculpture.' Thus Holland will not even allow him the modicum of judgement which that very uncompromising Whig, Lord Byron, assigned him, when he described him as objecting vehemently to Southey's 'Vision of Judgement,' and exclaiming—

'What! What!
Pye come again! no more, no more of that.'

Holland would equally have condemned Southey, not for writing bad verses, but for his political tergiversation; for beginning life as a Jacobin, and tiring 'of opinions which led to no worldly 'advantages.' In this, however, he is quite at one with Byron, who, in verse that clings to every memory, denounced the poet laureate as 'turncoat Southey.' As an advanced Whig, Byron was on many points in sympathy with Holland, whom he had at first held up to ridicule as one of the coterie hostile to his young genius. On learning his mistake, he made such amends as were possible, sought Holland's acquaintance and consulted him as to a speech he was preparing for the House of Lords. This led to a 'friendly familiarity which was never interrupted.' He is, in fact, one of the very few men mentioned in these memoirs without some damning qualification. Perhaps one of the most interesting results of this friendship was the celebrated address spoken on the opening of the new Drury Lane Theatre. The circumstances of this are well known; better, indeed, from having given occasion to the 'Rejected Addresses,' than from the actual address itself. As to this, Holland claimed a certain paternity. Byron wrote it, he says, at his request.

'When first Lord Byron agreed to write this address, he said to me: "I will try, but how shall I avoid that damned Phœnix? We must not for the world have a feather of that rare bird, which is become as commonplace as a turtle dove." Mr. Whitbread [as chief director of the Committee], in doubt whether Lord Byron would comply, composed an address himself of more than fifty lines, in which the burning and rebuilding of the theatre were very elaborately compared to the death and revival of the Phœnix, whose plumage, appearance, and natural history were very minutely described. I mentioned this circumstance to Mr. Sheridan, with the obvious remark that Byron felt about his task like a poet and Whitbread like a schoolboy. "Like a schoolboy!" exclaimed Sheridan, who had seen the copy; "no, rather like a poulterer."'

The detestation with which Holland viewed the Regent, afterwards George IV., appears on almost every page of the book, and for this he may be excused. George IV. was not a man of whom, in any capacity, good could be predicated, and assuredly Holland was, at no time, in a frame of mind to try. But his dislike of the

King, his hatred of the Regent was extended, we think unfairly, to other members of the family. The Duke of York, indeed, he judges more leniently than could have been expected, and passes lightly—almost sympathetically—over the scandalous case which made his name a by-word in 1809; and—presumably for family * reasons—the Duke of Clarence, notwithstanding the glaring irregularities of his private and the failure of his professional life, is never once mentioned; but for the Duke of Kent, whose domestic life was 'far from being dissolute or indecorous,' he has nothing but ridicule and shameful innuendo. That the Duke, in his military commands, was unduly strict and severe, was a matter of public knowledge, and it might have been assumed that, in his private arrangements, he would be *pernickety*. Lord Holland has emphasised this.

'Household and family were more strictly disciplined than a regiment or a convent, and the duties, the occupations and the amusements of every branch of his establishment recorded, docketed and preserved, with a minuteness I hardly venture to recount. His life was clockwork, and some ludicrous instances, which his brother, George IV., loved to relate, were such as might have rescued Sterne in his delineation of Mr. Shandy from all charge of extreme improbability.'

This is allowable; not so the greedy acceptance of scandalous gossip, such as the charge of 'having indirectly countenanced 'and disseminated the calumnies and even fomented the plots 'against the Duke of York in the memorable business of Mrs. 'Clarke.' When the not too particular Creevey felt called on to say of this, 'Was there ever such nonsense!' the editor would have shown better taste in suppressing Holland's repetition of it. Still worse is the suggestion that he was associated with Thistlewood, and though, indeed, it is made in the form of a denial, it has a vile resemblance to the celebrated 'Don't nail his ears to 'the pump!' More interesting, and, though not free from the malice which pervades all his character sketches, more pleasant reading are his notes on the birth of the Duke of Kent's daughter. They are not, indeed, at first hand, but give the impression of being substantially true. It was early in 1819 that the approaching *accouchement* of the Duchess was announced, and both she and the Duke were in Germany.

'They were desirous, for obvious reasons, that their child should be born in England, but the Prince Regent had no inclination to facilitate that object by offering any pecuniary assistance. They had not enough for their journey, and a generous loan of several

* Lord Holland's illegitimate son married an illegitimate daughter of the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV.

thousands from Lord Fitzwilliam (not repaid, I believe, till Victoria's accession) extricated them from their dilemma. . . . The Regent, not content with this gratification of malice rather than stinginess, perversely objected to the child, when born, receiving the name of Charlotte. The Emperor Alexander was to be godfather. But the Regent discovered some rule of etiquette which forbade the combination of his mother's name with that of a foreign crowned prince. He wished the name to be Alexandrina, only from a spiteful hope that it might be unpopular; but such a design was successfully frustrated by that of Victoria being also adopted.'

Of his brother Whigs, Sheridan is the one whom Holland treats most severely. We may conjecture that his chief offence was his intimacy with the Prince; and, indeed, it is in respect of that, that Holland is most bitter. He cannot, of course, deny the brilliance of Sheridan's wit, the charm of his conversation, or the power of his oratory. His intemperance, carelessness, debts, and chronic impecuniosity, have been the subjects of innumerable anecdotes of fact or fiction; but Holland refers to them with a spiteful emphasis which savours of that malignity with which he charges Sheridan. He describes him as exerting his influence with the Prince against Grey and Grenville; but as he also describes these as wanting not only in politic but in ordinary courtesy towards him, it is not surprising that Sheridan acted as a warm-blooded Irishman, rather than as a Whig. But once, at least, Holland forgot to be spiteful, in describing a scene which —he suggests—could only receive justice from the pen of Sheridan himself.

It was in 1809, on the resignation of the Duke of Portland, that Perceval, acting on the King's authority, had opened negotiations with the Whig lords, with a view to 'forming an extended 'and combined administration.' The two lords did not feel that they could work in harmony with their proposed colleagues; they suspected that they would not have the King's confidence; and, more or less bluntly, they refused to be a party to the proposed arrangement. At the same time they communicated their answer to the Prince of Wales, still believed to be the rallying point of the Whig party. On this, the Prince, much pleased with the attention, wrote to the King, offering his services as mediator, but was met by a severe snub, reminding him of the assurance he had given not to interfere in these matters.

'Mr. Sheridan,' says Holland, 'took me to Carlton House to see this correspondence. He told me in the anteroom that I should like the prince's letter extremely. "The fact is," added he, "the prince had drawn it out at first himself, but in a way that would never have done, awkward in expression, forgetful of things that

had passed, and pledging himself to others in future that would have been the devil and all. I contrived, however, just by hinting a thing here and there, to recast the whole, and he is delighted with it; because having drawn the original sketch, he fancies the picture his own, though I left none of the outline, and the colouring was never his own."'

Holland was then admitted to the presence of the Prince, who—

'produced the paper with great complacency, and began by informing me that he was sure I should like it. "For," said he, "Sheridan will excuse me, but though he is a clever fellow at such things, I must say he had drawn up a damned bad paper on this occasion. I just took the form and outline, but I have altered it myself, and was obliged to do so." He then read it over sentence by sentence, and almost at every word he turned to Mr. Sheridan and said: "You know it stood so and so, but I altered it," or "You will allow that's better, Sheridan?" To all which Mr. Sheridan nodded assent.'

To the quarrel between Burke and Fox in 1791 we may attribute the ill-natured way in which Holland wrote of one so long his uncle's colleague and supporter.

'He had,' we are told, 'so little judgement in debate, and so little command of his temper in council or in society, that it was at all times a problem whether he did more harm or good to the side which he espoused. Had he been placed at the head of a party, he would have been left without followers in the course of a year. Such is, at least, a fair inference from his mismanagement of the impeachment of Hastings and his conduct during the absence of Mr. Fox, in the King's illness, in 1788. On the latter occasion, in less than six weeks he had ceased to be on speaking terms with any man of consequence in the party. His intemperate language, more than any other circumstance, enabled Mr. Pitt to rivet his popularity by an unconstitutional restriction on the prerogatives and a personal stigma on the heir-apparent of the crown.'

But during the many years of their alliance Fox rated the value of Burke's assistance much more highly; and, notwithstanding the sweetness of temper which was one of his own greatest gifts, he did not shine as a minister, for which, indeed, his opportunities were small; while, as a man of letters, we would now, a hundred years after date, endorse Ward's judgement, that

'Fox was a very great man, and those who were the guardians of his fame * ought not to have consented to his appearing in any

* The History of the Early Part of the Reign of James II. was published by Lord Holland in 1808.

character in which he lost anything of his accustomed superiority over other men. His literary reputation sinks completely before that of his two contemporaries—Burke and (in a very different line, to be sure) Sheridan. I am inclined to imagine that when the generation of those who have heard him, and lived with him, and witnessed all the great efforts of his wonderful genius, is gone by, those who come after will allow his book to go for more than it ought in forming their estimate of him. . . . The publication of it was only setting up a false and disadvantageous standard for him to be measured by through all future ages.'

When Holland has judged royalty and Whigs so severely, it cannot be supposed that such Tories as he speaks of are more lightly dealt with. A few references to the more notable of these must suffice, but we cannot omit his estimate of Perceval, whose unprovoked murder deeply moved him at the moment, but could not bring him to take a kindly view of the motives of a political opponent.

'His virtues and his vices,' he wrote, 'rendered him the most mischievous and dangerous man who had guided our councils for a century. Nothing but a dread that my words may be distorted into an attempt to palliate an atrocious crime makes me hesitate in pronouncing his death (as in my conscience I think it) a very fortunate event for the glory, happiness and independence of my country.'

It appears that the terrible danger thus not obscurely hinted at was to arise from a persistence in the celebrated 'Orders in 'Council'—'injudicious and violent measures he had from 'zeal and ignorance so hastily adopted.' But Holland does not say that the 'Orders in Council' were first promulgated (January 7, 1807) by the Grenville ministry, of which he himself was at the time a member, and were actually drawn up by Lord Grey, then Lord Howick and Foreign Secretary. That afterwards (November 11, 1807) they were repeated in a more stringent form was but a developement of the same policy; and though they were believed by many of our own manufacturers to act most injuriously to their interests and to threaten ruin to their trade, it may at least be argued that the loss and danger were due rather to the Berlin and Milan decrees. In the opinion of successive Governments, of both parties, the Orders in Council were a defensive measure, the burden of which had to be borne along with other burdens incident to a great war; and now the judgement of the authors of the 'Political History' is that 'both the Decrees and the Orders in Council inflicted far more 'damage on France and her allies than on Great Britain.'

The limits of space as well as unity of purpose prevent our

attempting to discuss the subject, which Captain Mahan has treated at great length in his 'Influence of Sea Power upon the 'French Revolution and Empire,' and more recently in 'Sea Power 'in its Relations to the War of 1812.' In this latter he considers the policy of Great Britain as affecting the United States, the policy of the United States as affecting Great Britain, and concludes:

'Great Britain had no choice. She was compelled to resistance; the question was as to methods. Direct military action was impossible. The weapon used against her was commercial prohibition, which meant eventual ruin, unless adequately parried by her own action. From Europe no help was to be expected. If the United States also decided so far to support Napoleon as to prosecute her trade subject to his measures, . . . the trade of Europe would be transferred from Great Britain to America, and the revenues of France would expand in every way, while those of Great Britain shrank—a result militarily fatal. . . . That the tendency of the course pursued by the United States was to destroy British commerce, and that this tendency was successfully counteracted by the "Orders in Council" admits of little doubt.'

From this American writer's expositions of the case nothing can be clearer than that against Napoleon's Decrees, enforced on the Continent of Europe by his vast military power, the Orders in Council were the only effective weapon which the English Government could use; and that if the United States chose to take what was virtually Napoleon's side in the quarrel, England was bound to consider her as an enemy, whether in the commercial struggle or in an appeal to arms. He would not say that, with regard to United States' interests, the United States' Government was in the wrong; but he leaves his readers in no doubt as to his opinion, that in view of England's necessities, the English Government was distinctly in the right.

But there is no evidence that such considerations had ever occurred to Holland. It does not appear that he had ever, in office or out of office, discussed the question from the point of view of military necessity. When in office he assented to the Orders in Council because his colleague Lord Howick desired it and Lord Grenville approved of it. When out of office he denounced them, because the Government, to which he was in opposition, enforced them; but in either case his opinion has no value, and his condemnation of Perceval is as silly as Perceval's denunciation of Nelson, as recorded by the Countess of Glencairn. While Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Duke of Portland's ministry, the Countess applied to him for repayment of a large sum—15,000*l.*—which her first husband, the Attorney-

General of the Leeward Islands, had advanced for the service of the fleet during the American War of Independence, and supported her claim by several letters from naval officers—from Nelson, among others.

'I am sorry to find, Lady Glencairn,' Perceval answered, 'that you rest so much on the force of Lord Nelson's opinion. With me you could offer no name of less weight. I never thought of the late Lord Nelson and his services as the world has; so far otherwise, that I consider his death was the salvation of the country, since, had he lived, he, in one way or other, would have ruined the nation and emptied the Treasury.'*

It will appear as almost in the nature of a just retribution that his own conduct should be denounced, his own violent death described in similar and very nearly as silly language. But of the many distinguished men of whom he had to speak, the object of Holland's greatest aversion seems to have been the Duke of Wellington. This is, indeed, so marked that Lord Ilchester has felt it necessary to comment on it.

'His policy and actions,' he says, 'are held up to opprobrium on scanty and insufficient grounds. His worst offence in Lord Holland's eyes seems to have been his conduct in Paris, and his failure to save Ney from execution; and from that time the favourable opinion of him formed in the Peninsular War makes way for a deepening mistrust of his ulterior motives.'

We have already seen how severely Holland condemned Wellington's conduct in Paris; but his disapproval of a public act in 1815 is scarcely sufficient to account for the rancorous spirit with which in 1830, or later, he wrote of Wellington's arrogance, vanity, inconsistency and greed of office; and we might infer that this was one of 'the few cases' alluded to by Lord Ilchester, in which Holland was 'led by his personal 'feelings to depart from his customary sense of justice,' even if we had not the illuminating stroke of Ward's—now Lord Dudley's—pen, to the effect that 'in a former debate—early in 1830—I 'am told he [the Duke] made minced-meat of poor Lord Holland.'

Dudley, who was familiarly acquainted with the Duke, speaks of him in a very different manner—not, of course, in reference to his military achievements, which not even Holland could disparage, nor yet to his politics, but only to his personal conduct as a minister and to his power as a speaker, 'so clear, so vigorous, 'so pointed.' Wellingtoniana are apt to be stale, but Dudley's appreciation is well put, and introduces an anecdote which is as

* A Letter to the Right Hon. Spencer Percival [*sic*] . . . 4°, 1812.

new as anything about the Duke can be. It is dated March 1828, a little more than a month after the formation of the ministry in which Dudley was again Foreign Secretary, as he had been with Canning and Goderich in the previous year.

'Our new chief (the Duke of W.) is really a most extraordinary man. His share of trouble and of glory in this life had already been pretty large, but he goes to work just as if he had his fortune and his reputation still to make, just as if there had been no India, no Spain, no Waterloo. His industry is incessant, his attention never slumbers. . . . My experience of him is too short for a just judgement, but hitherto I have found it very pleasant to do business with him. He is quick as lightning, clear, decisive, at the same time simple and good humoured. . . . The other morning I went to him early. He was employed in the drudgery of transcribing a monstrous long letter, which I had already seen, and which, being addressed to a foreign minister, he was punctiliously polite enough not to have copied by another hand. It must have cost him near three hours. Whilst he was finishing a sentence, my eye was caught by a scrap of paper that lay open on the table before me, so that I read it before there was time to think whether it was right to read it or no. It was from his house steward, with whom he communicates in writing, and was in these words: "Will your Grace be pleased to have some fresh tea ordered in, as we are now making use of the best canister?" . . . If Joseph Hume knew this trait, he would, I think, take an early opportunity of declaring his confidence in the Duke's administration.'

Dudley, however, was not long to continue the Duke's colleague. On May 19 Huskisson, then Colonial Secretary, together with Palmerston and others, voted against his leader, Peel, on the disfranchisement of East Retford, and the next day tendered his resignation, which the Duke promptly accepted. Mr. Romilly says 'the offer was only intended to be made *pro 'forma*, and without any expectation on Huskisson's part of 'being taken at his word'; and this is the received version of the incident, though Dudley speaks of the resignation not as '*pro 'forma*,' but as 'conditional,' which the Duke understood as 'absolute.' This has been frequently represented as an instance of the Duke's arbitrary manner; but very clearly Dudley did not so consider it; and it is difficult to see what else the Duke could have done. Dudley had, of course, to follow the rest of his party:

'I do not pretend not to be sorry to quit so splendid and, in many respects, so agreeable a station. Indeed there are some circumstances peculiar to myself which make resignation a greater sacrifice. I have an unbounded admiration and reverence for the Duke, a great confidence in his genius for business as well as for war.

I was a sort of favourite at Court. The King always spoke of me and to me in the kindest and most advantageous terms. He has really been to me a very gracious master, and I should be ungrateful if I quitted him without regret. . . . This is the triumph of the Tories; against them what would have been my strength? With them where would have been my honour? If in the first fortnight they had tossed me in a blanket and then thrown me out of the Cabinet window, who would have blamed them? Who would have pitied me?'

Dudley did not long survive his resignation. He had always been considered eccentric, and in some of his cleverest epigrams there is a weird impishness that renders it impossible to be surprised at the statements that early in 1832 eccentricity developed into insanity; that he had to be placed in complete seclusion, and that after a paralytic seizure he died in March 1833, at the comparatively early age of 51. As a minister he made no particular mark. He joined the Government as a follower of Canning, and continued in it or went out from it as a follower of Huskisson; and it is rather as a looker on at the political game, as on the literary events, that he has left us these dainty and impressive if somewhat *dilettante* comments on the world he knew. In comparison with them, Whishaw's letters, though by no means void of interest, are dull and thin; and Lord Holland's 'Memoirs' are too deeply coloured with party prejudice or personal spite to permit the reader to feel absolute confidence in their fairness or accuracy, whilst their extreme bitterness and anti-English tone leave behind them a truly unpleasant savour.

Art. VII.—A REPRESENTATIVE PHILOSOPHER.

1. *Descartes; His Life and Times.* By Elizabeth S. Haldane. London: John Murray. 1905.
2. *Descartes.* By J. P. Mahaffy, M.A. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. 1902.
3. *René Descartes; His Life and Meditations.* By Richard Lowndes. London: Frederic Norgate. 1878.
4. *Descartes.* Par Alfred Fouillée. Paris: Librairie Hachette. 1893.
5. *Descartes Directeur Spirituel.* Par Victor de Swarte. Paris: Félix Alcan. 1904.
6. *René Descartes.* Von Abraham Hoffmann. Stuttgart: Fr. Frommanns Verlag. 1905.
7. *Œuvres de Descartes.* Publiées par Charles Adam et Paul Tannery. Paris: 1897–1904, etc.

René Descartes played his part in the world as a man in a mask. The phrase is his own. It implied no conscious duplicity, but a certain apartness, rendering him incapable of taking his share unreservedly in the game of life. His attitude was that of an unimpassioned spectator. He looked on and learned while others struggled for the stakes. A born recluse, he remained solitary even in the throng of social intercourse. It was his doom, and in a measure his desire, to be isolated with his formulæ of thought. The desire was subject to qualifications. He sought to be alone rather interiorly than exteriorly. Perhaps on the whole he preferred the solitude of the Hall of Eblis to the solitude of the desert under the silent stars. He secured for himself, at any rate, full experience of each in turn.

His manner of life was in truth as anomalous as his method in philosophy. Both involved contradictions which could only by main force be reconciled. He succeeded in reconciling them to his own consciousness, and to the satisfaction of many of his contemporaries; but they show glaringly to the disenchanted eyes of posterity. In his age, turbid as it was with novelty, they could scarcely be avoided. The landmarks of time were on all sides disappearing, the clamour of innovation was everywhere heard. And, as usual, destruction was far more effective than reconstruction. The reforms suggested, sketched, or undertaken by Telesius, Patricius, Bruno, Campanella, Bacon and the rest of Descartes's predecessors embraced, at least potentially, all that the mind of man could conceive; they

were hence of crumbling texture and riddled with inconsistencies. That of Descartes himself was no less comprehensive ; but it was carried out in a different spirit. It was exempt alike from the rage of iconoclasm and from the dithyrambic fervours of ill-considered enthusiasm ; it took its way, irrespectively of Aristotle and the much-abused Peripatetics, towards what seemed a practicable height. The transport felt by Bacon at the glorious vision of a future in which the harvest he had sown would be reaped was not shared by Descartes. He indeed held himself to be the sower and the reaper in one. Calmly, and with settled conviction, he claimed to have virtually expounded all the phenomena of nature. He had crossed the frontier of the new world of knowledge ; those who desired to follow him needed only to purge their eyes with the euphrasy of methodic doubt in order to obtain those crystal-clear intuitions from which, by sure reasoning, universal science could be deduced. His system was moreover profoundly modified by his command of a faculty peculiar to him among the philosophers of the Renaissance. He was a mathematician of first-rate originality and power. Had he been content to prosecute his brilliant inventions he might have spared geometers a century of tentative effort and superfluous toil. Unfortunately, however, he was misled by false analogies of thought ; he sought to universalise what was by its nature special and restricted ; and thus pursued the flitting vision of a deceptive unity in knowledge. As the upshot, he gave to his philosophy a pseudo-mathematical character, and sacrificed the solid achievement of much by aiming at the illusory certainty of everything.

The main authority for the life of Descartes is still the exhaustive though uncritical biography published by Adrien Baillet in 1691. A large mass of his correspondence, too, is extant and invaluable. Carefully edited by himself, it acquaints the world only with what he desired it should know, and is communicative chiefly on the intellectual side. In the centenary edition of the works of Descartes, now being issued from the press at Paris, his letters and the replies to them occupy five quarto volumes (1897–1903). They have been fully turned to account by Miss Haldane in the work which we have taken as the text for this article. It adequately supplies a felt need. No other detailed life of Descartes has been composed in English. Only minor works have appeared from time to time, such as Professor Mahaffy's little volume in the 'Philosophical Classics' series, Dr. Wallace's able article in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and the thoughtful survey of the philosopher's career with which Mr. Richard Lowndes accompanied his English render-

ing of the *Meditations*. Miss Haldane's book, accordingly, takes a position of primary importance; she shows a full command of the metaphysical side of her subject; and her narrative is easy and unpretending, if a trifle monotonous. But the facts are there, clearly and accurately stated, and an 'unvarnished tale' best meets the requirements of the case.

The family of Descartes was, so to speak, aboriginal in Touraine. There was no tradition of its having migrated thither; it seemed the product of the soil. It however threw out many branches, and from one of these sprang Pierre Descartes, a physician residing at Châtellerault in Poitou. Pierre had a son named Joachim, born December 2, 1563, who became in 1586 councillor to the Parliament of Brittany. The post was one of some distinction, conferring upon its holder the 'nobility of the robe'; and Joachim's rise in the world doubtless facilitated his marriage in 1589 with Jeanne Brochard, daughter of the lieutenant-general of Poitiers. They had three children, the youngest of whom, born at La Haye,* March 31, 1596, received in baptism the name of René. His mother, a consumptive patient, died a few days after his birth, and he was kept alive only by the devotion of his nurse. It is pleasant to record that he never forgot the obligation. At the height of his renown, like Zeus raised to Olympus, he provided for the Amalthea of his infancy.

René's strong brain was less easily explicable by heredity than his weak chest. None of his ancestors, male or female, showed intellectual distinction. They trudged through life on a dead level of mediocrity. His genius, nevertheless, asserted itself from the first. His father, who was much attached to him, was wont to call him 'his little philosopher,' because of his exceeding curiosity regarding the why and the wherefore of things. Scant gratification, we may be sure, was afforded to that early curiosity, which survived in full force to 'spur the sides of his intent' later on, when larger enterprises for its appeasement became feasible.

At eight years old he entered upon a systematic course of education at the Jesuit College of La Flèche in Maine. This remarkable institution had just then been founded by Henri IV. as a kind of university for the sons of gentlemen. Provision was, however, also made for the support of twenty-four students of low social grade, as well as for the training and dowering of half that number of poor girls. The royal palace of Château Neuf, surrounded by a stately park on the south bank of the

* The event is located by A. Barbier ('René Descartes, sa Famille,' &c., Poitiers, 1901), at Pré-Fallot in Poitou.

Loire, was allotted, and at lavish expense adapted to be the seat of the establishment; professorships were endowed; all the sciences had representatives on the teaching staff; nothing was omitted that could render the instruction afforded comprehensive and effectual. Descartes profited by it to the full, and throughout his life commended the high excellence of the educational system at La Flèche. He was entered as what we should call a gentleman commoner; he was permitted, from regard to his delicate health, to take his ease in the mornings, and the privileges of his position were accentuated by the gifts of his mind. He became an object of more than common interest to his preceptors, and they won his lasting esteem. One of the most earnest desires of his life was to keep well with the Jesuit Fathers, and he never relinquished the hope of bringing his daring innovations into harmony with what was really fundamental in their scholastic doctrine.

The tragic ceremony of June 4, 1610, when the heart of Henri IV. was solemnly deposited, ten days after his assassination, in the church at La Flèche, was participated in by Descartes. He finally quitted the college in August 1612, having traversed without a check the long and varied curriculum of study presented to him there. He had mastered, with the utmost facility, the humanities, logic, moral philosophy, physics, metaphysics and mathematics, besides reading whatever he could lay his hands on in the way of miscellaneous and out-of-the-way literature. All that was under the given conditions knowable he in fact knew; his educational outfit left nothing to be desired. Yet he was profoundly dissatisfied. What, after all, did it come to? Critically examining the furniture of his mind, he perceived it to be ill-assorted, ill-arranged, unserviceable. As the result of eight years' assiduous study, he found himself possessed of a mass of heterogeneous information, without coherence, lacking any principle of unity, guaranteed by no criterion of certitude, agglomerated anyhow by the cement of a tenacious memory. Materials in abundance were there, but unless they could be fashioned on some definite plan they were unavailable for any useful purpose. Mere culture is not a source of power, and it was power that Descartes wanted. Not so much power to command nature for the benefit of humanity as power to explore the recesses of universal being. 'Fruit,' in the Baconian sense, was not his primary aim, but rather 'light.' He recognised his helplessness to attain it; as an end in itself what he had so far learned struck him as futile, and the upshot of this unique meditation by a just emancipated schoolboy was that he closed his books and determined to see life.

His father had married again, and founded a new family at Rennes, and here the embryo philosopher spent a year fitting himself for camp or court by the practice of fencing, riding, and dancing. Then he went to Paris and tried the career of a *gentilhomme*, mixing with the 'golden youth' who thronged the antechambers of Marie de' Medici, and playing at cards with the curious aloofness habitual to him, more for the exercise of his ingenuity than for the pleasure of winning money. Meanwhile the predominant share of his attention was given to a friend from La Flèche. Marin Mersenne, although eight years his senior, had been his fellow-student there, and now, as a Friar Minor, retained his keen interest in the promotion of knowledge. But his influence, which tended to separate Descartes from worthless companionship, was after a short time withdrawn by his removal to Nevers. What might have been expected did not ensue. His young friend, instead of relapsing into fashion and frivolity, vanished from the scene. He 'gave them all the slip,' and became in a way mythical. Vainly it was asked (in equivalent terms) 'What's become 'of Waring?' According to the prevalent opinion he was lying *perdu* in the Faubourg St. Germain, absorbed in geometry, seeing only geometers, shunning the garish day.

> 'Then down he creeps and out he steals
> Only when the night conceals
> His face.'

But the legend was apocryphal. In point of fact he had repaired to Poitiers for the study of law. His name has lately been discovered by M. Beausire on the register of the university of that town as having, in November 1610, taken a bachelor's degree *in utroque jure*.

He next tried soldiering. It was the custom of the time for young men of rank to take a hand in the game of war, and he conformed to it. Opportunities for doing so were freely offered. The Temple of Janus was ajar, if not wide open, during the whole course of the seventeenth century. When Descartes volunteered in 1617 to serve under Prince Maurice of Nassau, the Thirty Years' War was about to commence, and the preliminary 'unrest' was of a strongly accentuated kind. Military fervours left him, nevertheless, almost untouched. In garrison at Breda he continued

> 'To walk the studious cloister's pale,'

waging only diagrammatic combats. Men of science thronged thither to inspect the wonders of Prince Maurice's engineer-

ing skill, and one of them left behind, by way of challenge to the rest, a mathematical problem placarded on a wall. Descartes chanced to see and desired to understand it, but being ignorant of Flemish, the language in which it was expressed, he asked interpretative help from a passer-by. It was somewhat scornfully afforded on the condition that the young soldier should produce a solution of the problem. This was done with surprising facility, and the admiring acquaintance of Isaac Beeckmann (for the unknown interlocutor was no other than the learned Principal of the College of Dort) was thereby secured. It brought in its train a considerable mathematical connexion, and led to the composition of Descartes's first essay in literature, a tract on music, published after his death. He had been fascinated by the dawning art as practised in Paris, although his ear was too obtuse to enable him to discriminate surely between an octave and a fifth. But musical sensibility is sometimes tolerant of very strange anomalies.

Descartes was not a soldier in the etymological sense; he did not fight for pay (*solde*). One small coin he accepted as earnest-money, and kept as a curiosity. It was his only warlike trophy. He brought to the profession of arms the same spirit that had saved him from submergence in the dissipations of Paris. Events were to him phantasmagorial. He stood aside and watched their succession with no profound concern. Nor did the colours under which he enlisted evoke his enthusiasm. When he had enough of one service he passed on to another, not devoting himself to a cause, but seeking fresh experience. In July 1619, weary of the monotony of garrison life, he left Breda and proceeded to join the forces of the Catholic League. *En route* he contrived (although strangers were nominally excluded) to witness at Frankfurt, on September 9, the coronation of the Emperor Ferdinand II. Public functions had a strange attraction for him. He never missed an opportunity of being present at any kind of historic celebration, and a long series of them came in his way. Before he reached the Danube the army of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, his new commander, had taken up winter quarters at Neuburg, and there Descartes settled down, apparently in a house of his own, and incommoded by no duties or discipline. Having nothing else to do, he gave himself to continuous thought, and an extraordinary crisis supervened. Like the rest of his mental affections, it was unusual and incongruous. Heterogeneous emotions conspired to produce it. He was transported by an ecstasy of discovery, exalted by meditative raptures, mystified by significant dreams, while

at the same time his conscience found purification through anguish for sin, a renewal of religious fervour, and a purpose of consecration which took tangible shape in the vow of a pilgrimage to the Holy House of Loreto. The vow was not forgotten; four years later, the obligation it imposed was complied with, though under less penitential conditions than those originally proposed.

Miss Haldane appears to us to be amply justified in giving Descartes credit for sincerity in his profession of the Catholic faith. It is true that his system of thought was essentially irreconcilable with any Christian philosophy; the pantheism of Spinoza was its logical outcome; but it was an outcome which he would have vehemently repudiated. Innovators very seldom realise the essential meaning of the changes they have introduced. After it has developed, as it inevitably must, it needs no special acumen to see that it was always there; but this is not patent from the start, nor can thinkers be fairly charged with the full responsibility for the implications of their theories. Some of them they are unable, some they are unwilling to perceive. The human mind has a large power of ignoring consequences repugnant to it. Hence the opinion of Descartes's hypocrisy, advocated by Professor Mahaffy, is equally unnecessary and unsatisfactory. The short cut to the heart of the difficulty which it attempts to strike out ends in a quagmire. Of this, and of most other psychological problems, it may be said *Solvitur ambulando*. The infinite perplexities which surround us have mostly to be straightened out by living them down. The issues are too wide for complete apprehension; we can only choose the truths which we see to be vital, and pass by the rest. The bundle of convictions each one appropriates may be ill-matched; but the sincerity of the holder need not therefore be impugned. The unifying force of the will counts for much even within the domain of pure reason, and for a great deal more, where moral choice comes into play. In the case of Descartes there is overwhelming evidence that his practice of religion, despite lapses and shortcomings, was no mere outward show, but the expression of his unalterable belief, even though the philosophy which he originated was sap and mine to that very belief. This he could not or would not recognise; he strove with might and main to coerce the jarring elements into harmony, and flattered himself to the last with the illusory hope of success.

Among the results of his long day's cogitation at Neuburg on November 10, 1619, was what he exultantly styled his *Inventum mirabile*. This was nothing less than the ground-idea of

analytical geometry.* The wonderful inspiration came to him of applying algebra to express the properties of curves by means of a system of co-ordinates, whereby the investigation of quantities changing continuously with time was reduced to the solution of certain algebraic equations. By virtue of this brilliant discovery Descartes takes rank among the pioneers of the Calculus, and he might have reached the goal which he brought within view had not a vain phantasm lured him from the straight path. 'In his winter furlough,' wrote his friend, Pierre Chanut, in his epitaph, 'comparing the mysteries of nature with 'the laws of mathematics, he dared to hope that the secrets of both 'could be unlocked with the same key.' The hope was fallacious. The gates of all knowledge cannot be thrown open just by solving equations. Reasonings based upon definitions laid down by the mind itself possess a demonstrative force within their narrow area, not belonging to those that deal with large elementary conceptions, incapable of delimitation or of formulation.† What we get out of the mill of mathematics (as Huxley said long ago) depends upon what we put into it. Its processes are unerring; but they cannot impart a quality of certitude lacking in the materials they act upon. Descartes accordingly went astray in seeking to universalise his *Inventum mirabile*. Its technical importance could hardly be exaggerated; beyond its appropriate sphere its application was nugatory.

During six further years he allowed his projects to ripen, while he drifted about Europe, as the chances of war and his own inquisitive impulses directed. Having met at Ulm a kindred mathematical spirit in the person of Johann Faulhaber, he spent some months there, oblivious of the fate of empires, drawing diagrams and solving equations. He then made his way to Vienna and Prague, heard the thunder of the Bavarian charge up the White Hill, and watched the rout of the Winter King. His next adventure was one which he preferred to leave in obscurity. He went in quest of the Rosicrucian Brotherhood. He might as well have looked for the cloud-wrapt Cimmerians or the one-eyed Arimaspians. Knights of the Rosy Cross had a way of eluding identification, and Descartes was certainly not initiated into the secrets of the 'invisible' fraternity, although his temporary credulity regarding them exposed him on his next visit to Paris to some shafts of ridicule from the wits of the Pont Neuf.

* An excellent succinct account of Descartes's mathematical performances, by Mr. Frederick Purser, of Trinity College, Dublin, is given as an Appendix to Professor Mahaffy's 'Descartes.'

† Norman Smith, 'Studies in the Cartesian Philosophy,' p. 255.

He saw his father at Rennes in 1622, and was put in possession of lands in Poitou inherited from his mother. But he retained nothing of them except the produce of their sale, and the territorial title of Seigneur du Perron. Business despatched, he started for Italy; assisted in Venice at the espousals of the Doge with the Adriatic; repaired as a pilgrim to Loreto, and arrived in Rome for the Jubilee of 1625. He passed through Florence on his return journey without seeing Galileo, and based a crude speculation as to the origin and nature of thunderstorms on his observations of avalanches on the slopes of the Mont Cenis. Finally, towards the close of the same year he settled in Paris, this time as an avowed member of a learned coterie. He eschewed play, dressed in green taffetas, walked abroad modestly attended, and sported a sword and plumed hat, not for display or gallantry, but solely in deference to etiquette. His old intimacies with Père Mersenne and with the famous geometer Claude Mydorge were resumed; he became familiar with Balzac, and counted among his associates Hardi, the erudite translator of Euclid, Jean Baptiste Morin, the originator of 'telescopic sights' on quadrants, and Desargues, called 'the Monge of his century,' who introduced him to Richelieu. The last military episode of his career was his participation in the siege of Rochelle. He attached himself to the beleaguering army in August 1628; visited during a truce the English fleet in the roadstead, and marched with the king's troops, on October 28, through the desolated streets of the surrendered town.

Soon after his return to Paris, the touch was given at which the purpose of his life crystallised. It happened that Descartes and the Cardinal de Bérulle, head of the Oratorians, were both present at the Nuncio's house when a clever charlatan named Chandoux created a sensation by propounding 'bag and baggage' views regarding the Aristotelian multitude of professors and their disciples. Authoritatively invited to give his opinion on the subject, Descartes spoke reluctantly and with reserve; but his words carried weight. They struck the Cardinal as so momentous that he sought a private interview for the purpose of urging upon him the duty of devoting himself wholly to the developement of his unusual powers. The effect was immediate and decisive. Descartes became at once aware that, after long parleying with his intentions, he must now at last realise them in act. In Paris this was impossible. He might evade the crowd of fops by lodging in the Faubourg St. Germain; but the 'intellectuals' who hung on his utterances and dogged his steps could not so readily be shaken off. Thus beset, he was hopelessly precluded from the long-drawn meditations in which he

sought truth. They could only be carried on in solitude, and he determined to seek solitude in exile,

His thoughts turned to Holland. It was a free and a busy country. The Dutch, he reflected hopefully, were too much occupied with their own affairs to pay inconvenient attention to strangers. On the material side, they had a booming trade to prosecute, and a war for national existence to carry to a successful issue. On the spiritual side, their interests were absorbed in the controversies raging between Calvinists and Arminians. In Holland, then, he determined to seek an asylum from the distractions of society, and quitting Paris surreptitiously to avoid the importunities of his friends, he reached Amsterdam in March 1629. Thereafter, for twenty years, he lived in accordance with his favourite maxim, *Bene vixit qui bene latuit.* He kept his address as much as possible concealed; flitted about continually; shunned company by decamping when it began to collect, so that his changes of abode took place on an average once in ten months. His correspondence was largely conducted through the medium of agents; the Abbé Picot transacted his business in Paris, while the indefatigable Père Mersenne acted as his literary representative. Written scientific intercourse had in those days an importance long since departed from it. By its means intelligence and ideas were kept in circulation, knowledge was rendered cosmopolitan, disputes were assuaged, or protracted and embittered. No periodicals as yet opened their pages to learned discussions; academic journals and transactions were non-existent; their function was discharged, so far as it was discharged at all, by individual communications. By private letters mainly, investigators were kept in touch one with the other; they received stimulating suggestions and obtained cognisance of rival claims. Mersenne was thus indispensable to Descartes; he supplied him in his retirement with a channel of intellectual vitality, and Descartes had already, in advance of his expected publications, attained a kind of provisional eminence which conferred distinction on his chosen *alter ego.*

He now set resolutely to work to expound the universe. Fully assured that he held the key, he found himself distracted by the number of locked doors waiting to open on its application. He tried them all. He practised anatomy with ardour and perseverance; he applied himself in turn to medicine, chemistry, optics, meteorology, acoustics. The varied experiments which he performed were not, however, designed to provide a basis for induction. His method was, on the contrary, purely deductive. Starting from first principles, he reasoned

out their phenomenal consequences, which he then verified by observation. But such observations are apt to be vitiated by the *parti pris*. They are not performed with an unbiassed mind. As a rule, men find under their hands what they have anticipated in their thoughts. Few permit themselves to refute in practice what they have become convinced of through speculation.

By 1633 Descartes had completed a work of the amplest scope and pretensions. It was of an evolutionary character. 'Give me space and movement,' he proclaimed, 'and I will 'construct the universe.' * He asked only for space and movement because he regarded matter as being virtually identical with space, since it possessed no essential property except that of extension. From a boundless chaos, endowed with a fixed quantity of movement, the world was accordingly made to spring, the manner of distribution of the movement prescribing the fashion of its growth. The hypothesis, it is true, was crude in its conception and structurally unsound, yet it marked the beginning of scientific cosmogony.† No occult influences or ambushed phantoms were tolerated in it; it gave the *coup de grâce* to the obscurely sentient World-soul of the Platonic Cosmos. The agencies which it invoked were of a frankly mechanical nature. Their action was indeed designed, but the plan of operations had been laid down once for all in the 'dark 'backward and abysm of time.' And the plan was assumed to have been wrought out according to laws intelligible to human reason.

In its original shape the Cartesian 'Monde' never saw the light. Just as he was about to send it to press, the author was thunderstruck by the intelligence that Galileo had been condemned at Rome for promulgating views which he had adopted as unquestionably true. He nevertheless determined to conform to the decree of the Congregation; and that, not through indolence or pusillanimity, as has often been alleged, but because of his loyal attachment to the Universal Church. He suppressed the treatise in which he had embodied what he held to be a momentous message to mankind, and made his *début* as an author with the famous 'Discours de la Méthode,' printed at Leiden in 1637.

Few books deserve better than this one to be called 'epoch-'making.' Not that it was the first declaration of revolt against the traditional philosophy. Far from it. France, Italy, and Spain had resounded, for the best part of a century, with the

* Norman Smith, 'Studies in the Cartesian Philosophy,' p. 12.
† A. Fouillée, 'Descartes,' p. 58.

clamours of anti-Aristotelian invective raised by Pierre de la Ramée, Melchior Cano, Luis Vives; by Patricius, a hot-headed native of Dalmatia; by the sane and sober Bernardino Telesio, to whom Paul IV. offered the archbishopric of Cosenza; no less than by the perfervid Calabrian monks, Giordano Bruno and Tommaso Campanella. But they accomplished nothing but disintegration. They destroyed, but they could not rebuild. They left the human mind a homeless outcast. The distinction of Descartes was that he provided a new and stately though not wholly weatherproof edifice for its shelter. He started, indeed, from the platform of nihilism; but the clean sweep which he made of everything was only preparatory to a fundamental restoration. He proceeded calmly and deliberately, not in the hurtling confusion of his predecessors. As Victor Cousin wrote: 'Il n'y a point de chimères dans Descartes. Il se trompe 'souvent; mais il ne rêve jamais.' * The definiteness of his ideas gave them power, and they were based on an undeniable truth. His primary axiom—*cogito, ergo sum*—might be cavilled at, but it could not be contravened. Mind is then a thinking substance, and so he obtained his first principle, which remained, nevertheless, in Dr. Iverach's phrase, 'utterly barren.'† For between mind, self-absorbed in its own operations, and matter, regarded as pure extension, lies an impassable gulf. Subject and object were thus, in the Cartesian system, incapable of being brought into any but an extremely forced relationship. The new philosophy had no principle of unity. On one side it plunged into gross materialism, on the other it evanesced into a shadowy idealism. Its subsequent history was largely made up of vicissitudes in the alternate developement of these opposite tendencies.

Appended to the 'Discourse on Method' were three essays, treating severally of Dioptrics, Meteors, and Geometry. Designed by the author as specimens of what might be achieved with his engine of universal discovery, they had, none the less, a very slight illustrative compared with their substantive value. Here was first published the law of refraction, discovered by Willebrod Snell in 1621, but quite possibly arrived at independently by Descartes, who, at any rate, gave it currency, and expressed it in trigonometrical form. In the tract on Meteors, he moreover completed the geometrical theory of the rainbow proffered in 1611 by Antonio de Dominis, archbishop of Spalatro. Although he entirely misconceived the nature of light

* Histoire de la Philosophie, p. 405.
† Descartes and Spinoza, p. 50.

and colours, he still helped to provide the medium for the transmission of luminiferous vibrations by insisting on the replenishment of space with the 'subtle matter' which we call by the non-committal name of ether. The properties of the remarkable class of curves known as 'Cartesian ovals' came to his notice through researches into the figuring of lenses. But it was in the 'Essay on Geometry' that he touched the acme of invention by his memorable presentation of the algebraic equations of curves. Had he been content to pursue the track thus laid down, instead of diverging from it towards the mirage of a mathematical metaphysic, he would have done more for progress than by the severest cogitations of his abstracted individuality.

The publication of the 'Discourse' set a term to the ideal quietude of the author's existence. He had reached the 'waters 'of contradiction,' and they never afterwards ceased to flow. Minor objections were urged in courteous terms by the French mathematicians Fermat, Roberval, and Étienne Pascal. They involved a prolonged correspondence, but brought in their train no serious disturbance. But in Holland the theological issue was raised, and a loud din of battle followed. The rising University of Utrecht was, to begin with, captured for the new opinions by Henri Reneri and Henri Le Roy (Regius), two young and able men; but Reneri died suddenly in 1639, and Regius went over to the enemy. A stronger man had in fact overborne him. This was Gisbert Voët, the champion of Calvinistic orthodoxy. As rector (from 1641) of the University of Utrecht, he exercised the authority of a censor, and the Cartesian philosophy was his particular bugbear. He anathematised it with fanatical zeal; scurrilous pamphlets directed against the author were issued with his sanction; the intervention of the French ambassador alone saved the obnoxious books from being burnt by the common hangman, and the philosopher himself was summoned, by public proclamation, to appear before the magistrates of Utrecht in the guise of a fugitive criminal. This battle of the bees has long ago been stilled by the sprinkling of the 'exiguous' dust of decay; but its virulence bore no proportion to its futility.

In 1641 Descartes published, and invited criticisms on, his 'Meditations.' Among those who responded to the invitation were Thomas Hobbes, Pierre Gassendi, Antoine Arnauld of Port Royal, and Henry More, the Christian Platonist. Elaborate answers were then returned, and the budget of arguments was ultimately tacked on to the original work, where it may even now be perused by intrepid inquirers.

By the publication in 1644 of his 'Principia Philosophiæ,' Descartes effectually impressed his greatness upon the world. The spaciousness of the plan upon which the work was composed inspired respectful admiration, for the whole creation, animate and inanimate, was included within its scope. It is true that some departments of knowledge were reserved for future treatment. But this implied no compromise of its claim to universality. It was indeed unqualified either by space or time, for not only the laws but the origin of the cosmos were expounded in the treatise, which recapitulated the principal contents of 'Le Monde.' Three kinds of matter were distinguished in it. There was the coarse stuff familiar to terrestrial experience, a self-luminous variety forming the celestial globes, and the space-filling, subtle ether, produced by trituration from the other species. The almost infantile simplicity of this device for procuring the *plenum* indispensable to the system adopted by Descartes measures the rashness of his attempt to impose its narrow conditions upon the sum of things.

He further required matter to be infinitely divisible, and assigned the different modes of motion of its minute parts as the cause of its diverse properties. This may count as one of his felicitous ideas. The machinery of vortices, on the other hand, by which he sought to account for the planetary revolutions was ill-geared and out of date. *Elle sent son vieux temps*, as Trissotin said of the Ballad. Originating in a misapprehension of the laws of motion, this 'crude invention of the ante-'mechanical period' (so Dr. Whewell termed it) acted as a drag upon rather than an incentive to progress. Yet it had an extensive vogue. The very defects of its contrivance recommended it to popular favour. The mode of action assumed by it was easily intelligible, if trite and insufficient. The celestial eddies set whirling in the great void could be visualised by the least perspicacious among the *beaux esprits* of Paris. The philosophical structure of which they formed part, too, became the fashion of the salons. Bélise, in the 'Femmes 'Savantes,' asserts an opinion on the question of a vacuum; the Cartesian theory of magnetism commends itself to Trissotin; Armande approves the *tourbillons*, Philaminte the *mondes tombants* of the illustrious thinker. Nor was this merely the trifling of silly pedants. The best scientific opinion in France followed in the Cartesian train until Voltaire effected its derailment by declaring for Newton and the law of gravitation.

During one sanguine interlude of his residence in Holland, Descartes believed that he had discovered the secret of conferring upon humanity a long reprieve from death. He told Sir Kenelm

Digby that although 'he dared not promise to make man 'immortal, he felt sure he could prolong his life beyond that 'of the patriarchs.'* The unwelcome sight of his own grey hairs had in 1639 incited him, as he said, 'to fight the battle 'with nature,' in which he at first believed himself victorious. Some of his followers, indeed, held him to be personally almost proof against decay; but he himself quickly shook off the passing illusion that an artesian well of youth could be sunk through the strata of human knowledge, and was content to have learned how 'to love life without fearing death.'

Our philosopher lost his father in 1640, and his sister, Madame Rogier, soon afterwards. His elder brother, M. de la Bretaillière (to give him his territorial title), virtually ignored him as a disgrace to the family through his eccentric pursuit of learning, and his half-brothers and sisters seem to have counted for nothing in his life. He was then isolated, and thought of migrating to England on the invitation of Sir Kenelm Digby and Sir Charles Cavendish. But the civil commotions visibly impending in that country deterred him from the step, and he remained in Holland. For three years he maintained an elegant establishment in the 'moated grange' of Endegeest, near Leiden, entertaining his friends and enduring the incursions of many curious visitors from foreign parts. Then his patience gave way, and he withdrew in search of tranquillity to the secluded village of Egmond-Binnen, in North Holland.

He carried with him to his retreat the reverential attachment of a singular and unhappy woman. In 1641, when he fixed his residence at Endegeest, the widowed Queen of Bohemia, sister of Charles I. of England, kept her court at the Hague. She and her four daughters made a brilliant group, exercising varied forms of attraction. One among them, however, stood apart from the rest. Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, had no share in the buoyant spirits of her mother, the renowned 'queen 'of hearts.' From her childhood she showed a thoughtful and sedate disposition, which the misfortunes of her family aggravated to the verge of fixed melancholy. Study was her pastime and resource, and she imbibed with enthusiasm the teachings of Descartes. She was now twenty-four, and very handsome, judging by Gerard Honthorst's painting (reproduced in Miss Haldane's book), and the description transmitted to us of her dazzling complexion, sparkling brown eyes, and cherry lips. Descartes paid her due and inevitable homage. He dedicated to her his 'Principia'; composed for her benefit his treatise on

* Mahaffy, 'Descartes,' p. 61.

the 'Passions'; and sustained her spirits with his counsel during her dejected wanderings from Berlin to Grossen, and from Grossen to Heidelberg, in 1646–8. She was then under a cloud of unmerited suspicion. A painful family tragedy had involved her in its deplorable consequences. In full daylight her brother Philip had stabbed to death, in the market-place of the Hague, a Frenchman named d'Espinay, who had previously waylaid him, and Elizabeth, accused of connivance in the crime, was banished in disgrace by her mother. The imputation was removed later; the whole tenour of her life was, in fact, a refutation of the slander. Her religious views were strongly tinctured with Calvinism, and she refused offers of marriage conditional upon their alteration. Eventually she became Abbess of Herford in Westphalia, an anomalous Lutheran institution of academic type. There she gave herself up to 'plain living and high thinking,' and entertained like-minded guests, the list including George Fox, William Penn, and Anna Maria Schurmann, the quondam 'Muse of 'Holland.' The Princess Elizabeth died in 1680, on the thirtieth anniversary of the death of Descartes, whose memory she constantly cherished, and her tomb may still be seen in the Abbey church at Herford.

The Dutch *savante*, whom she harboured there, was an old acquaintance. She had also relations with Descartes; but they were prevalently of an antagonistic nature. Mademoiselle Schurmann was six years older than Elizabeth, whom she dazzled, at their introduction in 1639, with the reputation of her multifarious accomplishments. Besides the languages of modern Europe, Greek and Latin, Turkish, Hebrew, and Arabic were at her command. She was versed in mathematics, philosophy, and theology; her artistic gifts were considerable; Salmasius praised her French style; Balzac wrote verses in her honour. Nor did her fame depend upon personal charm. She looks out from her portrait as a coarse-featured, heavy-browed Frisian damsel, who might have sat to Rembrandt for a burgomaster's wife, or milked Van de Velde's 'brown cow.' Yet she was possessed with an intense spirituality. Had she been a Catholic, she would most likely have joined some contemplative order; but she trod in no such paths of peace. In earlier life she was dominated by the theological stormy petrel Voetius; later, she fell under the influence of Jean de Labadie, whose mystical extravagances she championed to the end, at the cost of persecution and exile. This was how she came, a fugitive from Utrecht, to seek an asylum with the Abbess of Herford.

Meanwhile Descartes was growing weary of residence in

Holland. That 'desert of busy people' no longer afforded him the coveted privileges of a latent existence. The controversies of Utrecht and Leiden brought in their train notoriety, intolerable annoyance, and even a menace of danger, and it was evidently advisable to evade the issue by a timely retreat. In 1644, and again in 1647, he visited France, on the latter occasion to some purpose, since he obtained by royal patent a pension of 3,000 livres, and conversed at length with Blaise Pascal. They discussed, among other topics, the theory of the barometer. Torricelli had expounded it correctly, but only by sagacious conjecture. It remained to verify his surmise that the suspended column of mercury measures the weight of the air; and this was done on the Puy-de-Dôme, in December 1647, by M. Périer, Pascal's brother-in-law, at Pascal's request, and under Pascal's directions. The anticipated result ensued. The mercury fell with the gain of altitude; as the superincumbent atmosphere diminished, the weight sustained by it grew less, and Torricelli's forecast took the stamp of an undeniable truth. Pascal has generally and justly obtained full credit for contriving the decisive experiment, although Descartes, in a letter to M. Carcavi, claimed to have supplied him with the suggestion. Descartes, however, was somewhat of a stickler for his rights of property in ideas, and was not always so original as he imagined. In this case, the test applied on the Puy-de-Dôme was most likely independently thought out by both competitors. It was fairly obvious, and could scarcely be missed by those whose investigations trended that way.

Descartes paid his last visit to Paris in May 1648. He came on an official invitation, secure, as he supposed, of Court favour and an honourable status, and he prepared to live in more dignified and settled style than had been his wont. But he was no sooner installed in the Rue St. Honoré than the troubles of the Fronde broke out. Factious politics usurped the place of 'divine philosophy'; men's minds were more concerned with the hardships of the *octroi* than with the alternative difficulties of the vacuum or the plenum; the returned exile found himself astray in the turmoil, and more exiled than before. He compared his lamentable plight with that of a guest invited to dinner, who should arrive only to find his host's kitchen topsy-turvy, and the saucepans upset. He tarried just long enough to endure one further polemical attack from the combative Roberval; to become reconciled with Gassendi, a more placable antagonist; to hear the 'Te Deum' sung for Condé's victory at Lens, and to witness the erection of barricades after the arrest of Broussel. On August 27 he

departed to Egmond, and on September 1 his life-long friend Mersenne died of surgical maltreatment for an abscess in the side. The ceaseless devotion to letters of this inoffensive priest won him a degree of regard denied to many of higher gifts, and extracted from the rampant author of the 'Leviathan' the admission that 'his cell was preferable to all the schools of 'philosophy.' *

The course of Descartes's life was henceforth swayed by a potent and ill-omened influence. Queen Christina of Sweden, daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, had already, at the age of twenty-three, reigned seventeen years. The cares of state consumed only a part of her superabundant vitality; a large overplus was available for erudite amusements, and she opened communications with Descartes in 1647 through the intervention of Pierre Chanut, the French ambassador at her Court. The overtures were too flattering to be neglected. Christina had taken Europe by storm with her versatile talents, her brilliant eccentricities, her prodigious energy; no wonder that her notice had a bewildering attraction for a lonely thinker, disillusioned by public indifference in his native country, and tormented by the vexatious hostility of strangers. Since the Queen piqued herself upon keeping a menagerie of *savants* in the Northern Venice, a summons thither was inevitable; and it came in the spring of 1649. The proposal was only for a summer visit; but Descartes, whose mind vacillated between his strong inclination to accede to the royal desire and misgivings as to the consequences of compliance, hesitated and delayed. But postponement, as it happened, was of fatal import, since it involved spending a winter at Stockholm.

Before quitting Holland, he gave sittings to Franz Hals for the portrait which now hangs in the Louvre. It represents a man not unscathed by the experiences of life, with searching grey eyes, a large nose, a strongly lined mouth, and flowing dark locks covering the forehead. He was short in stature, of sallow complexion, and with a rather disproportionately large head. During his stay in Holland, he dressed in black cloth relieved by silk hose, and in later years always wore a wig. His diet was carefully regulated, he rested long in the mornings, and, unlike ordinary mortals, slept well and ate ravenously in times of trouble, while his joys were penalised by wakefulness and loss of appetite.

He made his farewells at Amsterdam in brave attire, curled and resplendent, the toes of his shoes adorned with crescents,

* Quoted by Miss Haldane, 'Descartes,' p. 324, note.

his gloves trimmed with soft and snowy wool. The amalgam of Plato with a court-gallant which his aspect suggested was highly diverting to his friends. Yet his frame of mind was depressed and foreboding. He reached Stockholm early in October 1649, and the Queen, in her eager curiosity about the *rara avis* she had imported, instantly sent for the pilot and asked his opinion of his passenger. 'Madam,' was the reply, 'it is not a man but a demigod whom I have brought hither. 'In three weeks he taught me more of the science of seamanship 'and of winds and navigation than I had learned in the sixty 'years I have been at sea.' This singular encomium served to enhance the esteem in which he was held by his royal mistress, and the favours accorded to him excited jealousies among the clique of pedants about the palace which boded ill for the future. The sands, however, were running out. He entered in November upon his tutorial duties, and they were so arranged as to conflict with the settled habits of his life. The Queen was inexperienced in human infirmity. Of an iron physique herself, she could make no allowance for the needs of more fragile organisms. So she appointed for her lessons in philosophy the deadly hour of 5 A.M., and Descartes was obliged, several times in the week, to leave his comfortable quarters at the French Embassy for a drive along an exposed causeway, in darkness, fog and frost, or snow and sleet, to keep his tryst with his impulsive young pupil. The strain was excessive, and nature entered her ultimate protest.

The winter was rigorous beyond recent precedent. Arctic gloom and arctic chill preyed on Descartes's spirits. He wrote to the Count de Brégy, January 15, that he paid no visits and heard nothing new; men's thoughts seeming to freeze up, like water, with the intense cold. His longing grew daily stronger, he assured him, to return to solitude and tranquillity. He longed in vain. Three days later, Chanut fell ill with pneumonia. He had scarcely recovered when Descartes, who had assiduously watched by his bedside, was attacked by the same malady. He refused at first to be bled, exclaiming half-deliriously, 'Messieurs, épargnez le sang français!' and when he did consent to the operation it was too late. The Queen sent her own physicians; the devotion of Monsieur and Madame Chanut knew no limits; but the case was visibly hopeless. The patient did not shrink from recognising the fact. He sent for his spiritual adviser, and received from him the last rites of the Church with piety and Christian resignation. Clerselier, the brother-in-law of Chanut, records as one of his last utterances the following words: 'My soul, thou hast long been held captive; the

'hour has now come for thee to quit thy prison, to leave the 'trammels of the body ; suffer, then, this separation with joy and 'courage.' 'We have every reason,' Miss Haldane adds (p. 357), 'to believe that these were Descartes's real sentiments.' He died on February 11, 1650, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and his remains, brought to Paris seventeen years later, were interred at St. Geneviève-du-Mont, the French Pantheon. During the Revolution they were removed for safety to the Louvre, and their present resting-place is at St. Germain-des-Prés.

Two royal ladies bewailed his loss. The Queen of Sweden was struck sad both by personal sorrow and at the frustration of many plans. She had designated the French philosopher as the first director of a Swedish Academy ; an estate in the least ungenial corner of her dominions had been selected for him ; a patent of nobility would have secured his permanent attachment to the Swedish Court, but for the fatal interposition of 'the blind Fury with the abhorréd shears.' His influence with her had been considerable. Christina herself ascribed her abdication in 1654, and her subsequent conversion to Catholicity, to the precepts and example of Chanut and Descartes. The deceased philosopher had a still more passionate mourner in a German valet named Schluter, loaned to him by the Abbé Picot. A man of no despicable attainments, he was equally capable of assisting him in his experiments and of adjusting his perruque. A strong mutual attachment subsisted between him and his master, whose considerate treatment of inferiors usually won their unalterable fidelity. His relations, for instance, with Jean Gillot, a young Huguenot who attended him in Holland, were those of *camaraderie*. Gillot learned from him analytical geometry, knew Flemish, Latin, and English, and eventually became instructor in mechanics and fortification to the staff of the Prince of Orange.

Descartes did not shine in society. He was slow of speech ; but his high-bred deportment, courteous manners, and the innate force of his mind combined to produce on those with whom he came into contact a rare impression of greatness and distinction. His powers were rendered more effective by the conscious security with which they were used. What he had once perceived to be true he never afterwards doubted. His thoughts were 'irrevocable travellers' ; his conclusions were irreversible, for he possessed a criterion of certitude which he opined to be unerring, and he was an expert in its employment. This test was the 'clearness and distinctness' of the mind's intuitions. What cannot be thought away assuredly exists.

What is apprehended with a clear-cut mental vision cannot be false. Unluckily, human minds are not unanimous in their definition of what they unmistakably perceive. What is clear to some is hazy to others. The debateable ground is wide. No sharp line can be drawn between opinion and conviction; hence, the convictions of one man, be they never so 'clear 'and distinct,' cannot be made to serve as a standard of certainty for his fellows. To Descartes, however, it appeared that only the perverse or incompetent could help seeing eye to eye with him. What was patent to his intellect ought, if rightly understood, to meet with universal assent. He was perplexed and annoyed to find that there were a variety of view-points. He made no allowance for differences of mental quality and calibre. Imagine any two men set down to cogitate. They start from the same elementary intuitions; but if they pursue the consequences far enough, discordance will certainly be apparent between those respectively arrived at. The strictest methodical guidance, the most rigid logical training, must fail to convert human beings into thinking machines. The upshot of meditative introspection is personal and incalculable. Pure reason has only a share, and sometimes a small share, in its determination.

Descartes read little as he advanced in life, and underestimated the merits of his contemporaries. He spoke contemptuously of Galileo, and left unnoticed his discovery of the pendulum as a time-measurer; he imperfectly appreciated Pascal's genius; Viéta's works he set aside as unimportant; those of Campanella he, with better justification, purposely ignored; while, on the other hand, he regarded Kepler's optical researches with genuine admiration; acknowledged his indebtedness to Harvey for having provided him, through his great discovery, with a mechanical basis for his physiology; and lamented the loss caused to science by the death of Francis Bacon, though yet he was probably unacquainted with his works. His library of 'half-a-dozen books,' referred to in a letter written to Mersenne in 1638, did not include, it may safely be affirmed, either the 'De Augmentis' or the 'Novum Organum.'

These two great men have often been compared, and certain resemblances between them are obvious to notice. Both early conceived a profound dissatisfaction with the state of learning in their time. To both it seemed that the human intellect had diverged widely from the way of truth, and could only regain it by an entire change of course. Each regarded himself as, in some sort, the prophet of a new era. Each recommended a novel and infallible method for the advancement of

science; each insisted upon a purposeful use of the trained understanding as an indispensable preliminary to reform. But the systems they so earnestly advocated were antithetical in character. Descartes began with principles, deduced their consequences, and verified those consequences by experiment. Bacon took the opposite course. He set out with ordered and arranged observations, from the results of which, sifted and compared according to a prescribed rule, there might be obtained by induction some large and luminous generalisation, contributing to the increase of man's power over nature. The 'Novum 'Organum' then in no way suggested the 'Discours de la Méthode.' Independent and original, these two works stand side by side as monuments of towering ambition, as daring forecasts, still unrealised, of the universal subjugation of things by thought. The 'divine discontent' of genius has surely never been more strikingly embodied than in these extraordinary products of the philosophical renaissance.

Descartes can hardly be said to have improved as he advanced in the career of an author. His first was undoubtedly his best book. In the 'Discourse' was contained the real sum and substance of his teaching. It had the charm of an intellectual autobiography; it allured its readers with startling novelties; it announced brilliant discoveries in science. During the last thirteen years of his life, in fact, Descartes added to the volume rather than to the weight of his contributions to knowledge. He imparted to the world at the outset essentially all that he had to give: at any rate, all that he allowed himself to accumulate. For he was little inclined to welcome new ideas. He perhaps shunned their disturbing effect upon those he had formed and cherished. He shrank from criticism; in the work of others he sought mainly ratification for his own principles. He accordingly became immured in them. What lay outside the Cartesian system was to him of small account, and thus his achievement fell short of his capability. But he imposed his limitations on himself. Descartes was content to be a Cartesian.

Art. VIII.—VITERBO.

1. *Storia della Città di Viterbo.* Da Cesare Pinzi. 3 vols. Roma. 1887 etc.
2. *I principali Monumenti di Viterbo.* Da Cesare Pinzi. 3rd Edition. Viterbo. 1905.
3. *History of Latin Christianity.* By H. H. Milman, Dean of St. Paul's. 4th Edition. London: John Murray. 1866.
4. *History of Frederick the Second.* By T. L. Kington Oliphant. Cambridge and London. 1862.
5. *Italy and her Invaders.* By Thos. Hodgkin. Oxford. 1892 etc.

Viterbo is only fifty-four miles from Rome, and is connected with it by a special railway, yet one suspects that its name is almost unknown to a large number of the Englishmen who travel in Italy. One obvious reason for this neglect is that, since the railway began to bear visitors to the South, Viterbo, instead of lying on the high road to Rome, has been left isolated betwixt the new routes. Yet it is a well-preserved mediæval town, with walls, churches, and palaces which will repay a visit. If it is wanting in a distinguished school of painting, it has developed an architecture of its own, which is curious and of considerable value for the history of the art. Its chief attraction, however, lies in its historical associations—in the part it played in the Middle Ages both as a place of refuge for the Popes, and as a plucky combatant in the struggle between Pope and Emperor. It makes, too, a special appeal to the Englishman, since the one English Pope figures in its story, and since an English prince was murdered on the steps of the altar of one of its churches. A further inducement to visit the city is the recent improvement of the hotel accommodation, the increase in the number of travellers in motor-cars having prompted the proprietor of the principal inn to raise his house to a quite satisfactory standard of comfort.

Through its learned librarian, Signor Cesare Pinzi, Viterbo has recently made a bid for the interest of visitors by publishing a full history of itself during the most strenuous and eventful period of its existence, this being followed up with an excellent little guide, which one is pleased to find has reached its third edition. Following Signor Pinzi's narrative, with the aid of other historical works, we learn that for more than three centuries, from about 1100 to 1430, Viterbo played a part in Italian history which, if it failed to reach the point of brilliance, was

certainly respectable. This achievement was doubtless due to sterling qualities in the Viterbese people. Yet it was favoured by outward circumstances. Its position, close to the ancient Via Cassia, the high road to the north, on the north-west slope of the Cimerian Forest, fifty-nine miles from Rome, and its salubrious qualities, due to its elevation (over 1,000 feet) and its sulphur baths, marked it as a likely resort for Pope, if not for Emperor, while its situation at the edge of the Pope's dominions exposed it to intrigue and to attack.

After the invasion of Italy by the Lombards, the castle of Viterbo (Castrum Viterbii) was included in the Lombard Duchy of Spoleto, close to the confines of the Roman Duchy.* But it attracted little attention before Desiderius, the last of the Lombard kings, visited it in 773, and, having fortified it, made it his base in attacking Rome. Soon after, about the time that Charlemagne drew up the constitution of the Holy Roman Empire, it was included in the 'donations' of Matilda Countess of Tuscany, by which the Papacy claimed to inherit certain territories. Yet for three centuries afterwards it was but loosely attached to the rule of the Pope, being governed by officials who were now Ducal, now Imperial, and now Papal. During the ninth and tenth centuries, it passed with other Italian cities through the ordeal of the feudal régime, its citizens being the vassals of Counts who for the most part shut themselves up in their castles. Following the general course of developement of an Italian city, it had managed by the end of the eleventh century not only to increase its population and its area, but to begin the work of organising itself into a commune, and of protecting itself by fortified walls.

In the year 1115, Viterbo was formally made over to the Holy See as a part of the Patrimony of St. Peter. Yet not until three more centuries had passed was she prepared to accept the peaceful rôle of dutiful daughter of the Church. As the building of the walls suggests, she was just beginning to taste the wild joys of battle, and to feel her fighting powers. It was now, in the first half of the twelfth century, that the new republican spirit in the Italian cities began to assert itself effectively against the oppressions of German feudalism, and that the growth of population in the cities, aided by the keener rivalries of their pushing industry, led to frequent struggles between one city and another. Viterbo, infected by the spirit of

* Pinzi gives the date as A.D. 567. But the Duchy of Spoleto seems to have been established about the year 571 (T. Hodgkin, 'Italy and her Invaders,' vi. pp. 83 ff.).

her time, found ample vents for her fighting impulses. During this century the conflict between her burghers and her nobles waxed fierce and obstinate; and a series of attacks on neighbouring cities was initiated by the conquest of the ancient and strongly placed city of Ferento (1172). She was also led into warfare with other cities through her subjection to the Papal dominions: Eugenius III., the first Pope who sought a refuge in the city, levying an army in Viterbo and other Papal territory to throw it against the Republicans in Rome, led by Arnold of Brescia (1145). This gave rise to a long feud between the two cities.

It was, however, after the contest between Pope and Emperor had begun to define itself that Viterbo become entangled in a network of external conflicts. In the struggle between Guelph and Ghibelline, her republican sentiments and her attachment to the Pope combined to dispose her to side with the former party. And, on the whole, the people were in their hearts Guelphs, whereas the Ghibelline cause found its supporters here, as elsewhere, among the nobles and their followers. At the same time, since they cared more for their own civic independence and expansion than for any other cause, they were not unwilling, now and again, to listen to the flattering voice of an Emperor, when he promised to deliver them from Papal exactions and to confer a greater degree of autonomy and prosperity on their city.

The rise of a Ghibelline faction within the city is said to date from the visit of the Emperor Barbarossa to Viterbo in 1155. It was then that the citizens saw an emperor stoop to hold the stirrup of a Pope, Hadrian IV., the only Englishman who has ever sat on the Papal throne, as a condition of subsequently receiving the crown from the hands of the Pontiff in St. Peter's. The Emperor seems to have ingratiated himself with the citizens by conferring on their town the title of city, making it his vassal, and bestowing on it the imperial standard. It was in Viterbo that he set up a few years later his anti-pope Clement III. A pretty clear sign of the good impression he was making on the city is that a sumptuous palace was placed at his disposal.

The end of the twelfth century found Viterbo rapidly growing. It had begun to enlarge its borders, taking in another of those hill plateaus on which a large part of it stands, and was extending its territory by conquest also. In 1193 the title of 'city' was confirmed by Pope Celestine III., who also raised the church of San Lorenzo to the rank of an episcopal cathedral. The importance of Viterbo was recognised also by Celestine's great successor, Innocent III., who in 1207 selected it as the

meeting-place of the famous Council which for the first time laid down the basis of the political constitution of the Papal States.

This advance in power and dignity naturally drew to Viterbo further attention from the emperors. Otho IV. is said to have laid siege to it in 1210. But the real tussle between Emperor and Pope for the possession of the city began with the appearance in Italy of that gifted and dazzling personality, Frederick II. (crowned in Rome 1220), who raised the German dominion in Viterbo, as in a great part of Italy, to its highest point.

Viterbo was at this time in a mood to listen to the overtures of the foreigner. She had excited the anger of the Papal Court by sheltering heretics, the Paterines. She had further roused the jealousies of Rome by forcible acquisitions of new territory. The nobles, who after the Peace of Constance (1183) had been required to live with the burghers within the city, had become a worse source of disorder, and they proved a potent germ of Ghibelline disaffection. Thus it came to pass that Viterbo gave a warm welcome to Frederick, when he offered his good services as mediator between it and Rome, with which a fierce war was now being waged. Frederick was the better able to play the peacemaker as he was now on friendly terms with the Pope, Gregory IX. His efforts at conciliation were successful and Viterbo obtained peace, though on pretty severe conditions.

This occurred in 1234. By the end of the decade the situation had undergone a profound change. Frederick had been excommunicated, and the Emperor and the Pope were bitter and implacable foes. About the year 1240, the Viterbese were angled for by a reminder from the Emperor of how, when they were hard pressed, he had 'donned helmet and cuirass in their 'behalf.' The people of Viterbo gave him a great reception. The Emperor once more offered his services as mediator, this time between rival noble factions. While Frederick's wiles were thus undermining Viterbo's loyalty to the Papal Government, Gregory died. The news of this intrigue must have been a bitter pill to the old man, who at this time was prevented, by the Emperor's successful march southwards, from taking his baths at Viterbo. No wonder that his biographer inveighs against the perfidious city, calling it 'a hotbed of heresy, a field 'of blood, a cave of robbers, and a home of adulterers.' The Emperor now began to look on the city as a permanent possession, marking the fact of his dominion by erecting, in 1242, a huge palace or castle, which is said to have had sixteen towers and horrible dungeons. But he was soon to learn the amazing fickleness of his rather easy prey. In 1243 the citizens rose

against the Germans, so that the governor had to retire to the castle and provision it. When the Emperor, hearing of this, attacked the city, he was driven back. Thereupon each party prepared for the more serious combat. The Pope sent help to the Viterbese, and Frederick beat up recruits from neighbouring cities. In November he began the assault. The citizens, led by Cardinal Regnier (or 'Raniero'), defended the walls with the energy and obstinacy of a deep hatred. The women aided the men, carrying on their shoulders or heads heavy stones to be hurled on the assailants, or bandaging and solacing the wounded. The battle resulted in the complete defeat of the Emperor, who was compelled to retire into Tuscany.

The importance of the siege of Viterbo, which lasted three months, is fully recognised by the historians, Gregorovius calling it a memorable episode in the history of mediæval Rome; while another German historian, Winckelmann, the author of a history of Frederick, devotes a special essay to his struggle for Viterbo. The defeat was one of the first of that series of reverses which led to the collapse of Frederick's power in Italy, and finally to his despondency and death (1250).

The conflict left bitter feelings on both sides. Frederick, in his second manifesto to the Princes of Christendom (1245), vents his anger on the city; and he is reported to have exclaimed on one occasion: 'If I already had one foot in Paradise, I would 'gladly draw it back on the chance of avenging myself on the 'citizens.'* The Viterbese, on their side, seem to have cherished a hatred like that of a woman who has temporarily forsaken her lord for a stranger and become thoroughly disillusioned. The same cardinal who led the defence destroyed Frederick's palace, and, in order that it might not be rebuilt, carried the city wall, which had not before been completed on this side, through the ruins. The picturesque figure of Viterbo's young saint, Santa Rosa, whose memory the citizens still honour by an annual procession, appears on the scene as the denunciator of the remnant of the Imperial party in the city, and as the foreteller of the death of her arch-enemy.

Viterbo, taught by bitter experience, appears now to have virtually resolved to relinquish external politics, and to set her house in order. This concentration of activity on internal affairs was aided by the circumstance that about this time the Popes, driven out of Rome by the chaotic disorders, began to

* Quoted by Winckelmann, 'Kaiser Friedrichs II. Kampf um Viterbo' in 'Historische Aufsätze dem Andenken an Georg Waitz gewidmet,' p. 302.

visit Viterbo, and to take up their residence there. From about the year 1260, a series of Popes, beginning with Alexander IV., who died there (1261), stayed in the city; some coming on their election to be crowned, others to die and be buried; while others made the place a more permanent residence. In 1266 a beautiful palace was specially built for the Papal visitors at the expense of the commune. Among these was the eager politician, Clement IV., who was the first to occupy the new palace, and made it notorious by inviting to it Charles of Anjou, afterwards King of Sicily, and other ambitious and intriguing personages of the time.

The establishment of the Papal Court in the city must have brought it more than one benefit. The presence of the Pope made for peace and prevented a repetition of the old backslidings from the Church. As positive benefits, it secured a more satisfactory government, for the Pope was in general better to deal with than one of his fussy officials, and would, on occasion, wisely temper the harsh treatment of heretics due to excess of zeal; and it gave the city not only a new and more imposing element of show, but more of real consequence. The great and exciting business of electing a new Pope drew to the city many exalted personages with their retinues, and introduced the stir of great affairs. The Viterbese eagerly joined in the exciting business, and, as faithful guardians of the Church's honour, carefully watched the growth of new intrigues, seeking to restrain the violence to which these were apt to give rise. They went further than this, and when, on the death of a Pope, dilatory cardinals delayed the election of his successor, occasioning the scandal of a Christendom without a head, they brought a firm pressure to bear on their Excellencies, and were probably the first to put the College on such occasions under lock and key, a practice clearly chronicled in the word 'conclave.' All this must have added to the importance of the municipality. One may suppose further that the presence and support of the Holy See must have supplied a considerable impetus to the efforts which were now being made to improve and decorate the city by the erection, not only of the Papal Palace, but of large churches and of municipal palaces.

Yet, if the Popes served to save the city from external conflicts, they introduced a crop of internal ones. An atmosphere of political intrigue hung over the city. The advocates of the various claimants for the chair were active and aggressive, and quarrelsome factions met in the squares or in the narrow winding streets, filling the city with uproar and violence. In this way the old feuds, arising from the rivalries of noble clans, were

intensified and extended. The bold and public-spirited action of the burghers, in forcing the cardinals to shorten the interregnum between Pope and Pope, must have further embittered the relations between them and the nobles, and in the end this opposition to the cardinals cost them dear. During the delay of nearly six months, which preceded the election of the Frenchman, Martin IV., in 1281, when the college of cardinals was crowded with the Orsini and their dependents, the people, losing patience, broke into the assembly and seized three cardinals as hostages; as a consequence of which sacrilegious act, the Bishop of Viterbo had to fly, while the city was punished by the dread penalty of excommunication. The new Pontiff, Martin, who was little more than a vassal of Charles of Anjou, wiped the dust of the truculent city from his feet, and eighty-six years were to elapse before Viterbo was again to receive another Pontifical visit. These events, we are told, reduced the city to a state of squalid poverty and of gloomy dejection. The first of the more serious outbreaks between the nobles and the people took place about this time (1281–3), including a fierce battle which was fought in the Piazza del Comune. The animosities between the Viterbese and the Romans smouldered on, and now and again flamed out into another war. The fortunes of battle now turned to the side of the Romans, and in the year 1291 the Viterbese ambassadors had to appear before a great Parlamento of the Roman citizens on the Capitol, and there to take solemn oath of fidelity and vassalage to Rome. Yet the old independent spirit was not broken, but flashed out now and again not only in the masterful handling of the cardinals, but in a war with Orvieto or other city.

With the fourteenth century new movements, or phases of movements, come into Italian history. The Popes continue still in exile at Avignon, and their absence is the cause not merely of sentimental suffering, but of shameful misgovernment and of social and political disorder. Efforts are made by the Ghibellines to revive the rule of the German Emperors. The growing power of the nobles, due in part to their ability to command the hordes of mercenary soldiers, leads to a struggle between them and the Republics, which ends in the establishment of the famous tyrannies, and the rivalries among these occasion further conflicts. In the midst of this noisy ferment, the still small voice of the scholar may be heard recalling men to the newly rediscovered fountains of intellectual delight in the writings of classical antiquity.

Viterbo had its share in the prevailing commotion. The absence of the Papacy was particularly hurtful to the city.

Rapacities of Papal officers were apt to be resisted, and the resistance might easily result in the infliction of new penalties. The Popes were, however, wise enough to temper these hardships now and again with some form of consolatory gift. The appointment of a Jubilee was a matter of great rejoicing to the Viterbese, because their city, lying on the great northern route to Rome, got much profit out of entertaining the throng of pilgrims and exhibiting to them its sacred relics.

In Viterbo, as in other cities, the names of new noble families now leapt into prominence. Among these the most famous were the clan of the Gatti and of the Di Vico. The first to capture the Signoria was Silvestre Gatti (1325), 'a proud and 'perverse Ghibelline.' He was but a sorry leader, and was soon driven out of the city by its disgusted citizens. Then a long tenure of the lordship fell to the clan of Di Vico, who took the title of Prefetti (Prefects) of Rome, the first and ablest of them being the celebrated Prefetto Giovanni Di Vico (1338). The despots of Viterbo seem to have been merely rude fighters and lovers of dominion. Thus, though they brought some aggrandisement to the city, they brought nothing of the splendour and fame which were conferred on other Italian cities by the patrons of the new learning and art. Yet, bad as they were, the citizens refused to expel their prefect when in 1347 they were ordered by Cola di Rienzo to do so, and to send ambassadors to the national Parlamento in Rome. Even after Innocent VI., in his determination to free the Papal States from tyrants, had suppressed Di Vico (1353), the city gave itself once more to the clutches of this masterful family.

A deeply interesting event in the history of Viterbo, which occurred in the interval between these tyrannies, was the visit of Pope Urban V. to the city on his return from Avignon (1367). In connexion with this visit we read, strangely enough, not of wild rejoicings on the part of the populace, but only of a serious riot which was brought on by the Papal Marshal's daring to wash his dog in one of the most prized fountains of the city.

The prolonged sojourn of the Popes in Avignon, leading to further extortions on the part of their officers, seems to have cooled what little affection Viterbo still retained for them. In 1375 the son of the preceding tyrant, Francesco di Vico, entered the city to the cry of 'Long live the people,' and the people, responding by salutations to the 'Lord of Viterbo,' stormed the castle (Rocca) and razed it to the ground, and then proceeding to the Piazza del Comune, burnt there the articles of their Papal constitution. Twelve years of the new lordship, which heaped upon the unhappy city worse injuries than ever

before, had to be endured before the people were strong enough to defeat and slay the worst of their tyrants.

At length the Papal chair was restored to Rome, and the Viterbese were able to see their Popes again within their walls. Yet in spite of this, with what looks like a fatal tenacity of passion, the city opened her arms once more to a Di Vico, one Sciarra, a cousin of the last ruler (1391). The hand of the Pope had, however, grown more powerful, and, after only a few years of power, Sciarra was defeated by the Papal forces, and, failing to comply with the conditions of the office of vicar which Boniface had left him, had to retire to a fortress of his clan (1396). Viterbo was now strictly subject to the dominion of the Pope, and was, for the first time, required to pay tribute. The astute Boniface, however, mitigated penalties by judicious favours, and by a clever stroke included, among the bulls and pardons which he issued, one which offered a sheaf of indulgences to those of his rebel subjects who would assist gratuitously in confirming his hold on the city by rebuilding and strengthening the fortress. The constitution of the city was now altered, the more popular element, the Parlamento, being suppressed. In 1435 the extinction of the Di Vico clan secured the Papal Government against risk of further trouble.

It is at this point that the local historian breaks off. The city was now firmly placed under the temporal dominion of the Papacy. After this, he writes, it was to remain 'almost atrophied for more than four centuries in the mystic sleep of the 'Papal States, until the Breach of Porta Pia came to reunite 'it with the affairs of the nation.' The 'mystic sleep' began under Martin V., when the citizens were subjected to plentiful admonitions from friars, Viterbese and others, who preached peace and concord, anti-Semitism, and purification of manners. It was now (1426) that San Bernardino of Siena visited the city, and kindled in the citizens a passion for moral reforms. At the beginning of the fifteenth century, Viterbo again became a resort of the Popes, Boniface visiting it for the baths, and Innocent VII., Gregory XII., and John XXIII.—the next John after him who had died here—fleeing hither for security. Later in the century, too, the place proved to be attractive to the Popes, and the reader of their history is not likely to forget how the most cultured of them, Pius II. (Aeneas Sylvius), loved to come here in the month of May, not only to take the baths, but to stroll in the fields and enjoy the air, and look on the green crops and the flowering flax, 'which in its colour imitated 'the heavens'; and how his cardinals once glorified the city for his delectation on Corpus Christi Day, adorning its whole

length from the Franciscan church to the cathedral with blue and white draperies, and preparing scenes in which were represented events from sacred history, such as the Resurrection and the Assumption of the Virgin, the housetops being used to represent heaven.*

That the citizens were thoroughly cured of their Ghibelline leanings seems to be shown by the fact that when, about the middle of the fifteenth century, the Emperor Frederick III. visited Viterbo, unruly spirits showed their contempt for Imperial dignities by trying to catch with hooks the baldachin held over the Emperor.†

Even to-day Viterbo at once shows itself to be a mediæval town to a stranger who drives into it from the railway station. He will catch a glimpse of the old wall, and, outside this, of the fine Torre di San Biele, with its two stories, each having its battlements, and its curious combination of round and pointed arch, which was erected as an advanced fort in 1270. Inside the gate the first impression may disappoint one who has read of the battles and the pageants described in its history. He may feel, as J. A. Symonds felt on visiting Syracuse, that the reality had a disappointing smallness. The streets are narrow, the squares mostly small, and there are no such imposing buildings as the cathedral and the Palazzo Pubblico of Siena. Yet he soon discovers that it is, so to say, drawn to scale; and after he has grown accustomed to the standard he will find much that is architecturally interesting. A large part of these relics of a past art date from the period of Viterbo's most strenuous life—the interesting period in the history of Italian architecture in which the Lombard Romanesque style was in its bloom, and passed into the richer style known as the Lombard Gothic or 'Gothic Romanesque.'‡

It is natural to turn first to the famous historical spot, the Piazza San Lorenzo, where stand the cathedral and the Pope's palace (now the episcopal palace). As a whole, the square has an unfinished look, and its buildings impress one as small and as bleakly isolated one from the other. In addition to the cathedral and the Pope's palace, there is but one other building—a 'mediæval house,' referred to the thirteenth century. It

* M. Creighton, 'History of the Papacy,' iii. p. 287 ff.; and 'Hist. Essays and Reviews,' pp. 93, 94, and 97.

† Creighton, 'History of the Papacy,' iii. p. 123.

‡ See J. Wood Brown, 'Italian Architecture' (1905), chaps. iv. and v.

has a charming little façade, on the lower division of which is an arcade of two circular arches, now filled up; and on the upper division, marked off by a dainty cornice, are two small round-arched windows, having each two lights, divided by a delicate shaft, with pretty tracery above.

The piazza stands on one of the highest parts of the city, the cathedral occupying, it is said, the site of the ancient Castrum Viterbii. This building, with its later classical façade and its fine campanile, marked with black and white horizontal bars in the Sienese manner, is impressive even from without. The body of the cathedral represents the Lombard church of the twelfth century greatly reduced. The Gothic campanile dates from the fourteenth century, with later restorations. The most interesting feature of the interior is the curiously carved capitals, some in leaf pattern, others in the form of winged quadrupeds, others again in that of human faces. Here a lover of ceremonial spectacle would naturally recall the Papal coronations and sepultures which took place in the church. The imagination of a student of history might select a politically important event, such as the meeting of the Great Council in 1207, or one of those incidents which touch the deeper human emotions. Among these the most solemn and most pathetic was surely the excommunication passed here in 1268 by Clement IV. on the Hohenstaufen lad Conradin. This darling of the Ghibellines had ignored repeated summonses to appear before the Pope; and a like indifference showed itself in the young prince just after the excommunication, when he and Prince Frederick of Austria rode defiantly at the head of their troops past the city, and the Pope, with prophetic shrewdness, remarked to his cardinals: 'Behold the victims led to the sacrifice.' The handsome modern tomb of John XXI., set up in the cathedral opposite the modest old one, carries the thoughts back to the sinister event, the swift succession of three Popes in a single year (1276), and to the sudden death of John by the collapse of a room which he had just built in the palace.

The Pope's palace looks from the front a puny and shabby building. This impression is due partly to its state of decay, partly to its position. It stands at the edge of a precipitous side of the narrow valley of Faulle, and when looked at from behind it is a distinctly impressive structure, set high, like the Church which it represents, on a rocky foundation, strengthened by a stone wall, stout buttresses, and a massive arch. Entering the building one steps into the famous Hall of the First Conclave, through which one passes to the old Papal apartments. It is a dingy, badly-lit place, though by peering up one can manage

to see something of its fine wooden roof. It must have worn a very different look in the old days when the cardinals gathered here, well lit with six windows on either side similar in form to those of the palazzina opposite. These have long since been covered over, though from the back one can still see the frame of those on the hinder wall. The gem of this structure is, however, the open loggia added to the palace in 1267. It runs to the right of this over the deep arch. Up to 1903 it had been sadly neglected, its graceful arches being filled in, but in that year the restorer took it in hand. Photographs have happily preserved the look of the half-ruined arcade. The Gothic arches formed by an interlacing of larger circular ones are not only elegant, but seem to be appropriate as suggesting one way in which the evolution of the 'Gothic Romanesque' may have arisen out of the 'Lombard Romanesque.' Above the arcade is a kind of frieze in which an alternating lion and a shield represent the city of Viterbo and the Gatti family, to which the founder of the palace belonged, while higher still may be seen traces of the symbols of Pope and Emperor. The loggia was built as a place where the Pope could show himself to the people, and give them his benediction.

Among many scenes which are apt to recur to one in this palace is one enacted in the hall in 1270. Clement IV. was dead, and already more than a year had passed, and no successor was elected. So the commune with characteristic energy began to apply the screw, first keeping the cardinals confined on a diet of bread and water, and then, after this measure had failed to move them to a decision, removing the roof of the Aula, so that the heat of the dog-days and the rain might force them to discharge their duty. In the archives of the city there is still preserved a bull, issued by the college during this time of its extremity, in which it prays the captain of the city to remove from the roofless hall an aged cardinal who is too infirm to endure the severe discipline. Yet, in strolling through the fair palace built to be a pleasant retreat for hunted and weary pontiffs, it seems better to put out of sight the agitating political events, and to dwell on the moments of happy tranquillity which it gave to a Pope like Pius II., when on a spring morning he looked down from a palace window or from the loggia on the golden poplars fluttering in the soft breeze above the shooting fruit trees and the gleaming rivulet.

From the retired piazza on which the ecclesiastical life of Viterbo was focussed, the visitor will probably pass to the larger and more impressive one in the centre of the city in which the civic life centred, the Piazza del Plebiscito. The buildings

speak of a commune with large and various functions. The finest is the Palazzo Municipale, the construction of which, with the piazza, was begun in the year 1264. Only the fine arcade of the original palace survives. In this building are the library, the archives of the city, and an interesting museum containing Etruscan tombs and other curiosities, as well as paintings by Lorenzo di Viterbo and other local painters. The other striking feature of the piazza is the Communal Tower (Torre del Comune). This tower, which fell and was rebuilt in 1487, is 44 metres in height, and lifts its slender form, crowned by the lightest of iron belfries, with an aerial grace which will charm even one who is familiar with the famous Torre del Mangia at Siena. A curious detail in the piazza is two large stone lions on granite columns. The one on the south end represents thee Gulph emblem of the Commune before the destruction of Ferento (1172); the other at the north end, which has a palm tree, the symbol of Ferento, added to the lion, is the emblem of the city after this event.

On this piazza more than one exciting Parlamento has been held, more than one fierce battle fought. The fiercest was that when the people, in 1387, rose against their tyrant Francesco di Vico, whose oppressions had passed the limits of endurance. It was the feast of the archangel St. Michael, and from the belfry of the church of Sant'Angelo, at one corner of the piazza, fluttered a flag with the image of the saint. Just when the citizens were losing ground, this banner fell in their midst, a favourable omen which so rallied their spirits that they fought with redoubled energy and drove the tyrant from the place. This church of Sant' Angelo adds another interesting detail to the piazza, a Roman sarcophagus, whose sculptured surface depicts the hunt of Meleager. A popular legend has interred in this beautiful tomb one of the worthiest of Viterbese women, Santa Galiana. This lady, so the story runs, lived about the middle of the twelfth century, and was of a rare beauty, being known as 'la 'Bella Galiana.' A Roman baron was urged by a mad love for the famed damsel to attack Viterbo in order to carry her off by force. Failing to enter the city, he prayed that the fair lady might at least be shown to him for a moment on the wall. He was granted his request, and at sight of her spite and envy so mastered him that he aimed an arrow and shot her through the heart.

Besides these two foci of the city's public life, there are other spots where one seems to catch the echoes of its long hushed clamour. In the large modern square where the hotel stands, the Piazza della Rocca, many a stirring scene has been witnessed. Here stood the old fortress (Rocca) within which more than one

Pope dwelt before the palace was built. It was repeatedly destroyed and rebuilt, the surviving structure being used as barracks. It was on this piazza, in the year 1426, that San Bernardino, after completing a cycle of sermons on a spot close to the church of San Francesco hard by—a spot now marked by a pulpit—celebrated a great 'Burning of Vanities' (Bruciamento delle Vanità). Among the 'vanities' cast upon the pyre were draught boards, slippers, amulets, and bits of braided hair. As the bonfire shot up its first flames, the lofty bell on the municipal tower led off a crash of bells from all the churches. A few steps take us from the piazza to the Gothic church of San Francesco, begun in 1237. Though never completed, the transepts and chancel, with their vaulted roof and their beautiful tombs, have an impressive dignity. Of these the finest are those of the Popes Clement IV. and Hadrian VI., and of the Cardinals Fra Marco and Gerardo Landriano. Another tomb, that of the Prefetto Pietro di Vico, though considerably damaged, shows traces of fine sculpture. When Pope Clement died, and his body was laid, according to his wishes, in the Dominican church, Santa Maria di Gradi, and miracles were said to be wrought, bringing great gain to the church, the envious greed of the priests of the cathedral prompted them to steal the tomb; after which, the poor Pope's remains were bandied hither and thither till only twenty years ago they were brought here for what it is hoped is to be their resting-place. The visitor who contemplates the quiet effigies on these beautiful monuments will find curious matter for reflection in the circumstance that the Pope and the Prefect, who were bitter enemies during their lifetime, became strangely united after their death. Both died in the same year (1268); both, probably, had their mausoleums carved by the same pair of hands; and now they lie side by side in the profound peace of the tomb.

The piazza of San Gesù, which is now one of a number of dreary, half-finished-looking squares in Viterbo, was in the old days when the Communal Palace stood here a centre of life and strife. The fierce clan of Di Vico had their palace here, remains of which can still be recognised. The church, formerly that of San Silvestro, wears to-day a worn and squalid aspect, the beams of the roof and the wooden gallery looking shaky, and the stucco peeling off from the walls. It was at the high altar of this church that, in 1271, Prince Henry of Cornwall, when kneeling and praying, was slain by Guy de Montfort and his followers as an act of vengeance for the slaying of Guy's father, Simon de Montfort, at the battle of Evesham. Although the choice of the moment when the enemy was praying in church

in order to kill him was not uncommon in those days.* Dante had good reason to single out this instance as typical of blood-thirsty violence (' Inferno,' xii. 118–120).

But all the remains of mediæval Viterbo are not thus mean-looking. The city has conserved some fine examples of the best periods of its architecture, of which not the least curious and beautiful is the palace of the Alessandri in the tiny piazza of San Pellegrino. It stands in one of the most battered and squalid quarters of the town, and the first view of it brings to the stranger who has threaded the long, narrow Via di San Pellegrino, the rare thrill of a vision. Two sides are bounded by the palace. On the larger façade is a deep grotto serving as a balcony, framed in above by the mouldings of a wide (segmental) arch. The face of the balcony has a deep parapet cornice resting on finely cut corbels. Above the gallery the façade has mouldings of a fine pointed ornament. This part of the palace is connected by a passage, roofed over with half an arch, with a second building which, though squatty-looking, has its meanness redeemed by a curious portico, the stunted columns of which suggest that the pavement has been raised. Behind this lesser wing of the palace appear two square towers. The Alessandri were a good Guelph family which supported the Gatti when the twelfth century was giving place to the thirteenth. The other two sides of the piazzetta are formed by a small chapel, which in its new façade looks out of place, and some small houses, which show from the coat of arms on their fronts that they were dependent on the baronial mansion. These houses and the half-ruined towers near the piazzetta, which are said to have belonged to enemies of the Alessandri, are eloquent of the hot fighting which must once have raged in this small and confined quarter of the city. The proud little edifice, which was saved from destruction by a special decree of Pope Innocent IV., is now occupied by modest husbandmen. There is no other surviving palace of Viterbo which can compare in architectural fascination with this. Yet more than one deserve a passing glance. Of these it must be sufficient to name the portion of the ancient palace of the Gatti (twelfth century) visible from the Via Principe Umberto, and the very interesting Farnese palace (fifteenth century), on the façade of which round arched windows bravely surmount pointed ones.

It is, however, in its churches that Viterbo has conserved the choicest examples of its ancient architecture. They lie hidden away in their tiny piazzas from the highways of the city. One

* See Burckhardt, ' Renaissance in Italy,' p. 57.

of the oldest is that of San Sisto, the lower and older portion of which is said by Pinzi to date from about the beginning of the ninth century. In this portion the two arcades with their slightly bulging columns and ornate capitals, and the fine arch at the end of the nave, all of a lightish stone, make up a pleasing whole. The extension of this church in the twelfth century by the addition of a presbytery and an apse, standing on a higher level, and connected with the older church by a high flight of steps, has, no doubt, marred the original design; yet it introduces a certain element of piquant picturesqueness into the interior. This later apse, as well as the old square campanile, protrudes through the adjacent wall of the city, giving to this from outside one of its picturesque details. With this one must be taken another ancient Lombard church, that of San Giovanni in Zoccoli (St. John in sandals), which forms a curious contrast with the first. It is plain to the point of ascetic severity. The walls and the roof of beams are alike naked and gloomy. The only element of decoration is supplied by the bands of moulding (torus) which serve as rudiments of capitals. Everything here, says Pinzi, breathes of austerity, of mortification, of ultramundane aspiration, the spirit of the eleventh century.*

The architectural treasures of Viterbo lie scattered about the city, often in out-of-the-way nooks, and the only way to seize clearly the characteristics and to imbibe the spirit of its art is to wander along its narrow and often gloomy streets, to cross its bridges and its piazzette, and to pass under its gateways. In this way one lights unexpectedly on picturesque relics of a past art, thrown into relief by commonplace and dingy surroundings, which affect the observer as the resurrection of flowers from under an ash-heap might affect him. Now it is an early Lombard campanile of uncouth and squatty form, yet with a promise of beauty in its apertures. At another moment it is a small palace, much defaced, but preserving a beautiful heirloom in an external staircase leading up over half an arch to a balcony and round-arched doorway, the balcony being adorned with a parapet cornice on corbels, and with mouldings. Now again one's eye is arrested by a lovely portal, once belonging to a church, decked out with dainty spiral columns, and a sort of rich frieze work made up of intersecting vines and Lilliputian

* G. F. Rivoira ('Le Origini dell' Architettura lombarda,' pp. 276 ff.) seems to differ from Pinzi as to the relative ages of these two churches, regarding the church of San Giovanni as the older edifice (eleventh century), while he refers the old church of San Sisto to the first half of the twelfth century.

human figures, the work of some fourteenth-century sculptor rejoicing in the prodigality of the new Renaissance art. Just after, it is a blackened fountain in a poor dilapidated piazza, which has the form of a font with a peaked cover, every bit of its surface being carven into floral and human forms as carefully and as daintily as if it had been a chalice—one of the surviving thirteenth-century sculptures which led men to name Viterbo 'the city of beautiful women and beautiful fountains.'

If the visitor would fully seize the spirit of old Viterbo, he should wander also beyond its gates, contemplating its fine battlemented wall and the many towers which rise above, glancing back on the municipal and other towers of what once was called also 'the turreted city' when these are touched by the glow of the setting sun, and ruminating over the massive foundations of Frederick's castle, so rudely cut across by the wall. He will find, too, outside the city some of its finest architectural treasures. Not far from the wall stands the church of Santa Maria della Verità, now turned into municipal offices, on the plaster of whose walls is preserved the finest painting by a Viterbese artist, the 'Espousal of the Virgin,' by Lorenzo di Viterbo, a work deserving to be better known, whilst in its cloisters, which are said to date from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, may be found tracery of a rare loveliness. Then there is the old Dominican church, Santa Maria di Gradi, where the weary body of the Pope was not allowed to repose; which, though now transformed into a penitentiary, has preserved its large and chaste Gothic cloisters and the portico in front of its façade. A longer walk brings one to the church of Santa Maria della Quercia, with its cloisters, a handsome edifice of the fifteenth century.

Other reasons, too, will draw the visitor outside the city. He will want to see the famous hot sulphur spring, Il Bulicame (or Bullicame), i.e. boiling spring, which gurgles up in the centre of a basin of smoking water. Dante, who had pretty certainly visited Viterbo,* used this spring as an image of a rivulet in hell, which made him shudder again even when he wrote of it ('Inferno,' xiv. 79–81). To the reader of the turbulent history of the city the spring might well seem to image the ever hot and eruptive temper of mediæval Viterbo. Then, too, he will be well advised to take longer excursions, to drive up to the ruins of Ferento, the hostile city which the Viterbese destroyed, standing on a height which commands a fine view, where he will find the imposing remains of a primitive Etrusco-Roman theatre, and to

* See Christopher Hare, 'Dante the Wayfarer,' p. 263.

visit other towns which had hostile doings with Viterbo: Montefiascone, for example, on its prominent hill a thousand feet above Viterbo; or Vetralla, where, though he will find little of interest in the squalid-looking town, he may walk over to the romantic Valley of Norchia, and see the long series of lofty temple-like Etruscan tombs carven on the face of the warm yellow cliffs. And he will find new architectural beauties in the Villa Lante (fifteenth and sixteenth centuries), an elegantly planned building with a lovely garden and fountain, and in Toscanella with its fine early Lombard church. Viterbo offers the traveller, indeed, an exceptional variety of excursions. He will find that one of the most interesting ways of leaving the place is to drive up the Roman road over the slopes of Monte Cimino to Civitâ Castellana. He will have glorious views on the way of Monte Soracte and the Apennines, edged with snow, and will be able to inspect the Palazzo Farnese at Caprarola, a magnificent example of a Renaissance palace, further on the sombre yet deeply interesting ruins of Falerii, and beyond these the Etruscan tomb-chambers which flank the latter part of the road.

Art. IX.—RATIONALISM AND APOLOGETIC.

1. *The History of English Rationalism in the Nineteenth Century.* By Alfred William Benn. London: Longmans. 1906.
2. *Religion: A Criticism and a Forecast.* By G. Lowes Dickinson. London: Brimley Johnson. 1905.
3. *The Hearts of Men.* By H. Fielding. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1901.
4. *Truth and Falsehood in Religion.* By W. R. Inge, D.D. London: Murray. 1906.

If, as Buckle assures us, the progress of civilisation is marked by the triumph of mental over physical and of intellectual over moral laws, the history of the thought of a given period is, as such, the history of the civilisation of that period; its temporary retreats and permanent advance, as of an incoming tide which, if here and there it appears to lose ground, gains steadily along the whole coastline, flooding creek, pool, and shallow with its resistless flow. Such is the impression left by Mr. Benn's 'History of English Rationalism in the Nineteenth Century.' It is more than a 'History of English Rationalism'; it is a history of the advance of English intellectual life. In more than one respect it recalls Buckle's famous book, like which it possesses the merit, too rare in works of a scientific character, of a literary and often epigrammatic style. The description of the effect of the Copernican astronomy on sixteenth-century speculation may be instanced:

'The celestial luminaries were no longer conceived as carried on a series of concentric shells, but as moving freely through space; and with the shattering of those crystalline spheres an outlook opened into the vast solitudes which lay beyond; while the forces imprisoned within their impassable walls as it were exploded, and rushed out to occupy the illimitable void. Under Aristotle's system the position assigned to matter had been something like that of the populace in an aristocratically governed Greek city-state, fit only to receive the orders and to carry out the designs of an enlightened ruling caste, or of the structureless mass on which the thoughts of plastic art are impressed. To Bruno, on the contrary, matter seemed more a power than a potentiality; an infinite and eternal energy, whence the living forms of visible nature were thrown up in inexhaustible profusion, and into whose bosom they were absorbed again. In his philosophy the subterranean current of mediæval pantheism gushed up once more into the light of day, mingling its waters with the reopened springs of Platonism and with the passionate outpourings of Lucretius, which seemed less justified by the memories of what

evils sacerdotal superstition had already wrought than by a prophetic vision of the woes it was yet to work.' (i. 86.)

Or the remarks on continuity as contrasted with evolution, which, indeed, give the general standpoint of the book :

'Continuity expresses far more perfectly than evolution the guiding idea of modern speculation, and enables us to grasp with more thoroughness the links by which its varied and widely divergent activities are mutually sustained and completed. For evolution, after all, cannot be freed from a certain teleological implication. We think of it as moving towards a predetermined end, as constantly directed from without. And even those who succeed in eliminating such associations are met by the fact that, on any definition, evolution as a cosmic process is neither universal, nor uninterrupted, nor unending. There are aggregates whose condition, within the limits of our observation, remains unchanged ; there are others in a state of retrograde metamorphosis or dissolution ; and there are periods in the life of a developing organism when such phases seem for a time to interfere with the normal processes of growth. But always and everywhere there is continuity between the successive states ; and even the coexistent states of distinct aggregates, although they cannot be proved to form such an unbroken chain as Leibnitz supposed, are still connected by more links than would appear to a superficial observer. And while there is room for very wide disagreement between thinkers of different schools as to what constitutes evolution, one denouncing as symptomatic of decay and death what another hails as the dawn of a brighter era, all who are imbued with the philosophical spirit will unite in recommending a vigilant study of small beginnings and almost imperceptible transitions, as the very method of nature, and the key to her most momentous transformations.

'Evolution is often spoken of as a solvent of theology. Nevertheless, theologians who wish to reconcile themselves with the scientific spirit have not been slow to adopt the language of evolutionary philosophy, and to apply it for their own purposes. They would find continuity a more dangerous enemy, except just in so far as evolution is a particular application of its methods to the criticism of their pretensions. For the hard and fast divisions, abrupt contrasts, and summary alternatives of theology, or at least of Christian and Catholic theology, are essentially incompatible with a philosophy which is ever refining on differences and resemblances ; connecting points the remotest in space and time ; softening down antithetical qualities, or filling up the interval between them by insensible transitions ; interpolating more and more links in the chain of causal sequence ; building up enormous forces from an accumulation of infinitesimal momenta, and dissolving them again into their minute component parts. Such impassable, or all but impassable, distinctions as the Church draws between herself and the world, spirit and matter, God and nature, miracles and law, this life and the next, the saved and the lost, the state of grace and

the state of sin, cannot live in the mental condition engendered by such habits. Continuity will be invoked to disguise the retreat it has imposed; but the fact will remain that the positions it has undermined have been abandoned.' (ii. 152.)

Mr. Benn's sympathies are frankly given to the rationalistic side. And he leaves no doubt as to what he means by rationalism. He is concerned with it primarily as it bears on religious belief; and 'in the present state of thought rationalism means the 'hostile criticism of such belief'; or, in still plainer language, 'rationalism is the mental habit of using reason for the destruc-'tion of religious belief.' That reason is destructive of certain religious beliefs, and that its action on dogmatic standards has been that of a solvent is undoubted; and the attempt to withdraw these beliefs and standards from its action is as useless as it is immoral. But it is possible to interpret these facts in more than one way. Rationalism, it may be held, counteracts certain parasitic and malignant growths which attach themselves too easily to religion, and arrests the symptoms to which their presence gives rise. We shall endeavour to show that this is so; that rationalism, so far from being the enemy of religion, is on the contrary its friend, however unconsciously; that apologetic, with rare exception, is an attempt to defend the indefensible; and finally that religion is part of human nature, and, as such, its own justification—'a reaction of the highest 'imagination of the best men upon life and the world, so far as 'we know them by experience and science; a passionate appre-'hension, from the point of view of ideals, of the general situation 'in which we find ourselves.' *

It is difficult, it must be admitted, to find room in a world whose law is continuity for breaches of continuity, for miracle, special providence, and the like. Is not the solution of the difficulty this—that the same object may be perceived under more than one form? that the same facts may assume this or that aspect according to the perspective in which we see them? The vast scale of the universe and the gradual advance of mankind account for this shifting focus. Where primitive man saw miracle, we recognise the orderly, but no less marvellous, working of law: it is not the fact or phenomenon, but its interpretation that is in dispute. And the former is given to, not by, religion.

'Religion cannot teach us what is true. Only perception, and inference, and logic, only, in the broadest sense, science—under

* 'Religion: A Criticism and a Forecast,' G. Lowes Dickinson, p. 54.

which, for the moment, I will ask to be allowed to include philosophy—can teach us anything about the constitution of the universe and our own place in it; can teach us whether or no there be anything corresponding with what we have called God; whether or no the individual soul survives death; whether or no the process of things moves towards a good end.' (p. 57.)

The fallacy of Mr. Benn's argument is his identification of theology with religion, and of dogma with religious belief. The fact that he can quote a consensus of apologists in favour of this identification does not make it a whit less erroneous; the two are contrary, it might be urged with greater plausibility, to one another; there is an essential opposition between them. And granted the collapse of the former—which, perhaps, is neither so assured nor so complete as he supposes—enough of the latter remains to make the purely negative attitude possible only by leaving out of the reckoning vital facts of the situation. An abstract rationalism is critical, not constructive: to take it as a philosophy of life is fatal to atmosphere and horizon. 'Everything is deprived of its crown. Morality wants heroism; 'verse, poetry; philosophy, metaphysics; life, immortality; 'because, at the summit of everything, there is no God.' Of many an assailant, as of many a defender, of religion it may be said, 'il pèche par trop de conviction.' The survival of religion shows that it contains elements fit to survive; it is not in virtue of what is mischievous and outworn in them that ideas and institutions live. There is a place in the world for truth-hunters, in spite of the small esteem in which they are held by an eminent member of the craft; * but they may be reminded that the object of their pursuit is a thing of flesh and blood, fugitive, evasive, coy. A little experimental knowledge of human nature is not to be despised by the philosopher: 'la 'vérité est comme les femmes capricieuses, que l'on perd, dit-on, 'par les trop aimer. Un certain air d'indifférence réussit 'mieux avec elles.' Mr. Benn can scarcely be credited with the indifference which Renan counsels; but his book, if not always judicial, is a solid gain to history, and will be welcomed by historical students, be their opinions what they may.

'It would neither surprise nor annoy me,' he says, 'to hear that the religious conviction of no single reader had been changed by its perusal. But I own that it would be disappointing to hear that I had thrown no new light on the evolution of opinion as such.'

'To set fact at one with faith is to rationalise.' That this should be possible, that falsehood should associate itself with

* Cf. Obiter Dicta. First Series.

faith, is the justification of rationalism; the two must be separated, at whatever cost. It is a strange conjunction;

'Mortua quinetiam jungebat corpora vivis:'

what gives rise to it is the fact that religion does not present itself to us in an abstract form. The Word is made flesh, and speaks 'by divers portions and in divers manners'—in various and changing theologies and in institutions in which the colours of good and evil are mixed. The value of our human inheritance must be decided on other grounds than that supplied by the forms under which we possess it at a given time, or the channels through which it has been transmitted. That conscience, if it be so, should have its origin in utility, or love in instinct, is no prejudice to the significance of either; the humble beginnings of humanity affect the How, not the What, of man. So throughout. Arioste's fable, applied by Macaulay to liberty,* is of wider application. Things become what they were not; but they are not what they were, but what they have become. Justice masked herself of old in barbarous disguises—the torture-chambers and scaffolds of the Middle Ages, the cruel and purposeless severities of the unreformed penal code. These things were abominable, and perished; justice survived. Religion conceals herself only too effectually in grotesque mythologies and rituals; the hateful apparatus of superstition—the reeking altar; the priest, half butcher, half wizard—follows in her train. The shadow passes; she emerges from it; it is a law of our state that these horrors should have been, and that they should cease to be. 'Omne receptum secundum modum recipientis recipitur.' If we are asked why this is so, we cannot answer the question; we do not know. The gradualness of human progress is simply a fact to be reckoned with; the knowledge and morality of a later age are incompatible with the conditions of an earlier. So that religion incorporates herself with the ideas, the institutions, the civilisation of the time, sharing their limitations, their relativity, their shortcomings, moral and intellectual.

'No doubt the historical study of religion is disappointing if we expect to find truth without any admixture of falsehood, or good untouched by evil, in any human institution. But Christians, at any rate, have been amply warned not to set their hopes as high as this. The kingdom of heaven is compared to leaven hid in a hundred measures of meal till the whole be leavened. Two thousand years is a very short chapter in the lifetime of the human race. The "little leaven" introduced into it by Jesus Christ has not nearly had time enough to "leaven the whole lump."' †

* Essay on Milton. † Truth and Falsehood in Religion, p. 63.

Hence the sharp *Either—Or* alternative, which the mind, delighting in abstractions, is so apt to put, is out of place. The Bible, it is urged, is either true or false; the Papacy either Christ or Antichrist; the Mass either a standing miracle or a 'blasphe-'mous fable and a dangerous deceit.' This way of putting the matter is thought English and straightforward. It is neither. It is simply stupid: the dilemma is self-made. These things grew up in the course of history; they are growing under our eyes as we watch them; no one definition can reproduce their complexity, their ancient and many-sided life. The Bible is the literature of the Old Covenant, a literature at once inspired and inspiring, in which we discern new treasures as our knowledge of it grows; the Papacy is a politico-ecclesiastical institution which has been framed by history, the product of many ages, a thing neither to be mended nor ended in a day; the Mass is the historical form which the Lord's Supper has taken, the earliest and most central act of Christian worship, a rite round which many strange but very human developments have accumulated. Instances might be multiplied indefinitely; but the line of thought which they suggest is clear. It is this: that the fabric of Christianity, doctrinal and institutional, forms part of 'that fixed order of the world in which we live, which surrounds 'us on every side with its restraints, social, legal, moral; which, 'if it is not very good, is not very evil; which "letteth and will '"let" as long as human nature lasts.'* This concrete Christianity is to the mystic what the external world is to the idealist—a hard nut to crack. It is there, and cannot be thought out of existence; it is in possession, and therefore has certain claims upon us; it falls short, very short, of its ideal, and so calls for reconstruction. As a fact, indeed, it is always in process of reconstruction, rationalistic criticism being a factor in the process; it is always becoming, it never is.

For becoming rather than being is the law of thought as of existence; thought and things alike are always in movement, never at rest. This movement is attended by friction, the old and the new clashing; and in proportion as the old has struck root in the existing order the friction is acute. Hence religious controversies are prolonged and bitter. The assailants of established beliefs have a worse reputation for violence both of method and temper than they deserve; between assailants and defenders there is little to choose. That the manners of religious, as of political, reformers leave something to be desired is probable; the hand of their opponents is heavy upon them—

* Jowett, 'Epistles of St. Paul,' ii. 101.

and reformers are men. But 'the prejudice against negative 'criticism, so rife throughout the whole of the nineteenth century, 'and sanctioned by many great names even among the rationalists 'themselves, is unjust and a little childish. If the ascertain-'ment of truth is desirable, then the removal of error must also 'be desirable as a means to that end.' The satire of Elijah and Isaiah * is as biting as that of Lucian or Voltaire; nor was the Founder of Christianity sparing either of sarcasm or of denunciation when these weapons were called for; he was sent 'to 'pluck up and to break down, and to destroy and to overthrow.' † For religion—it cannot be put too strongly—has the power of allying itself with the worst as with the best side of the man.

'Of this the whole history of the Catholic Church is an illustration. That Church is now commonly regarded as one of the great civilising agencies of the world; and I have no desire to dispute its claims. Let all that is urged for it in this respect be granted. Let it be admitted that it evolved order out of chaos, that it civilised barbarism, that it fostered the virtues of charity and peace in an age of universal war, that it kept alive the tradition of philosophy and culture, fostered the arts, disciplined the mind, and inspired the spiritual life. Let all this be admitted, and nevertheless it is true that the evil wrought by the Catholic Church is so incalculable that sober and impartial historians would hesitate to pronounce whether, even to an age of barbarism, it was more of a blessing than a curse. Consider its record. If it has preached peace, it has also filled the world with war; if it has saved life, it has also destroyed it; if it has raised the spirit, it has also degraded it; if it has kindled the intelligence, it has also extinguished it. Deliberately and in cold blood, in pursuance of a policy, it has tortured the souls and burnt the bodies of men. Deliberately it has struck at the root of virtue by evoking and fostering slavish fear and desire, by promising a material heaven and threatening a material hell. Deliberately it has invited men to lie, and punished them for adhering to the truth. Deliberately it has arrested, as far as it could, the nascent growth of science, and thwarted the only activity by which man may alleviate his material lot, and set himself free for the triumphs of the mind and the spirit.' ‡

The fault of the indictment of a Lucretius or of the panegyric of a Chateaubriand is not that either is untrue, but that each is onesided and requires to be supplemented by the other; for practical purposes the balance has to be struck between the two. And the history of rationalism, destructive as rationalism has been of religious beliefs and institutions, is a history of the

* 1 Kings, xviii. 27; Isaiah, xliv. 15–20.
† St. Mark, vii. 1–23.
‡ Religion: A Criticism and a Forecast, p. 12.

growth of the religious idea from less to more, of the emancipation of the spirit, which, in proportion as it realises itself, is free. There is not a step in the advance of rationalism on which religion is not to be congratulated, where apparent loss has not been real gain.

Few will be found to regret the active persecution of the rack and the stake; but minds of a certain type look back with sympathy to the time when 'Christianity was the law of the 'land'; and the picture, painted by the rhetoric of Burke or Newman, can be made glowing enough. Its real colours were less attractive. Penal laws and civil disabilities, the *damnosa hæreditas* handed down from a barbarous age, were strange supports of the Gospel; at home the Corporation and Test Act, abroad the priest-and-police government of the restored Bourbons contrasted strangely no less with the enlightenment of the times than with the Spirit of Christ. In *La Chartreuse de Parme* and *Le Rouge et le Noir* Stendhal has given a vivid description of the rottenness and hypocrisy of the Legitimist régime in Italy and France; nor was England, before its Reform Bill of 1832, in much better case. The essential sanity of the nations prevailed. Newman, cordially as he detested the new order, saw that the old could not be recalled. 'No one can dislike the 'democratic principle more than I do. No one mourns, for 'instance, more than I over the state of Oxford, given up alas! 'to "liberalism and progress"—but what can we do?' Reaction, on the Continent at least, is more adventurous. 'Je 'suis partisan des mouvements de violence,' said a clerical orator lately: 'la Saint-Barthélemy fut une nuit splendide pour l'Église 'et la Patrie.' That the Church has identified herself with the policy of reaction, and is believed to have the will to adopt it, should circumstances permit, is the reason why her support is fatal to the political party to which it is given. The recent French elections are a case in point. The country is not irreligious, and its religion—historically it could not be otherwise—is Catholic. But Catholicism is not necessarily clericalism. Of this France will have nothing. And, till its opponents can rid themselves for good and all of their clerical allies, the *Bloc* is supreme.

Mr. Benn's chapter on Rationalism and the Methods of Faith is, as far as it goes, conclusive. He plays Samuel to the Eliab and Shammah of his opponents with vivacity. Neither Traditionalism, nor Mysticism as it is commonly understood, nor Scepticism, nor any of the various forms of what he aptly calls Ophelism, *i.e.* the argument from results, will help us; the sons of Jesse retire discomfited; and, if little David is over-

looked, the rejection of his brethren is without appeal; on each in succession is passed the judgement, 'Neither hath the Lord 'chosen this.' No serious defence of religion can be based to-day upon miracles and prophecy; miracles and prophecy explain nothing; they are difficulties to be explained. The argument from authority succumbs to 'the imminent dialectic and spon-'taneous decomposition of every false principle when worked 'out to its furthest consequences.' From the premisses of a Christianity resting on authority the *Unam Sanctam* of Boniface VIII. was perfectly logical. It was at the same time a *reductio ad absurdum* of the argument; a society which admitted it would fall to pieces like a house of cards. A revision of the process as a whole is inevitable; and the movement of the mind is independent of us; we must follow it not only as far as it suits us to follow it, but wherever it leads. It would be easy to pick out overstatements in Mr. Benn's criticism of the traditionalist position and its representatives Whatever, for instance, may be the explanation of the *Utopia*, it is impossible to think of its author as an agnostic; there is nothing absurd in the argument that the Bible was not meant to teach science; 'the assumption that man can only have been evolved under 'certain physical conditions excludes the existence of an omni-'potent and intelligent will' only on the supposition that the dependence of the evolution on the given conditions is absolute, and not conditioned by the determination of this will. Again, the persistence in one shape or another of the argument from design, of belief in individual immortality and in a personal God, is too easily accounted for by 'economy' or subjective bias; rather it appears to indicate that it is the formula, not the idea, that is at fault in each case. If, for example, because 'the soul is in the race,'* individual life is but a side, and that a subordinate side, of life, individual immortality is but a side, we may believe, and that a subordinate side, of the future that awaits us. While retaining all that is worth retaining in the notion of personality, and all that we reasonably fear to lose in surrendering it, we may reach 'a loftier plane, a larger view.' But, as a whole, his indictment must be admitted; the apologists have been defeated all along the line. It does not follow that religion has been defeated. It has not. The apologists were defending beliefs which, though held by Christians, were not Christianity. It is their vocation to fight for what has passed, or is passing, into desuetude; they did it yesterday; they are doing it to-day. Hence the sterility of apologetic. At most it

* Cf. R. L. Stevenson, 'Olalla.'

serves a temporary purpose; and here even it is a question whether it does not confirm those only who do not need confirming, and alienate rather than retain the weak in faith.

'Butler's "Analogy" is considered to be largely responsible for the more complete unbelief which took the place of Deism among the higher intellects after its publication; and Mansel's "Limits of Religious Thought" contributed still more decisively to the spread of agnosticism during the latter part of the nineteenth century in England.'

Newman's famous apology for Transubstantiation is surely the strangest ever made by a believer for his belief. 'For 'myself, I cannot indeed prove it; I cannot tell how it is; but I 'say, "Why should it not be so? What is to hinder it? What '"do I know of substance or matter? Just as much as the '"greatest philosopher, and that is nothing at all."'* The crazy alchemist in *La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque* justifies his belief in Sylphs and Salamanders by such reasoning; the stream of assent is poisoned at its source.

It is amazing that so acute an understanding as Newman's should not have seen this. The explanation is not only that his mind, like that of a certain type of lawyer, delighted in subtlety for its own sake, but that his position hampered him; he fought, and the same may be said in their measure of Butler and Mansel, with his hands tied. An historical religion, like Christianity, is weighted by a certain content the value of which is relative, and which is dropped, tacitly if not avowedly, as time goes on. And this is just what the apologist undertakes to defend. Hence the more successful his defence for the moment the more mischievous its effects on religion in the long run; like the chemicals with which the beef kings of Chicago are said to doctor diseased carcases, it disguises the putrefaction which it is powerless to arrest. The Oxford Movement, both in its Anglican and its Roman stage, was an attempt to resist the process of decomposition; to insist on just those elements in religion which had ceased to have value or meaning. Needless to say, the attempt was unavailing; the shadow on the dial does not go back. Granted, the putting off the old and putting on the new is attended by danger, and that from opposite sides. If it is possible to insist on the vehicle of the idea to the destruction of the idea itself, it is also possible to reject the idea with the vehicle, and so to throw out the child with the bath. And each of these dangers besets an age of transition—if the phrase may be pardoned; for every age is an age of transition; it is a ques-

* Apologia, chapter v.

tion of less or more. But there are dangers—and these are of their number—which must be risked; which it is a greater danger to avoid or postpone than to incur. The key to the situation is the historical sense. Till almost our own time this was undeveloped.

'Neither Butler nor any other theologian of the time seems to have suspected that when those doctrines'—the Fall, the eternity of punishment, vicarious satisfaction, &c.—'were first formulated neither those who preached nor those who accepted them saw any difficulty or moral mystery about the matter. Once stated, they were self-evidencing truths. That God should employ all the resources of omnipotence to take vengeance on his enemies, that the responsibility for disobedience to his commands should descend through endless generations, or that merit should be passed about like current coin, seemed no more paradoxical to them than it seems paradoxical to most of us that titles should be inherited, that certain persons should be called a disgrace to their family, and that we should feel proud of the great men our country has produced. If anything, the real wonder, the awe-inspiring mystery, was not that God should punish his creatures, but that he should forgive them; and the dogmas afterwards so denied were in fact elaborate apologies, devices to make it appear a little less unreasonable and incredible.'*

The Greek philosopher who forbade the teachers of his model state to predicate the shameful—*αἰσχρόν τι*—of God, or to represent him as the author of evil—*ἐκ θεῶν κακὰ γίγνεσθαι ἀδύνατον*†—knew him better than those Christian teachers; to pass from their muddy sophisms to his serene pages is to have reached a higher level and breathe a purer air.

They serve religion best who, discerning the signs of the times, mediate between conflicting tendencies of thought. *Bildung ist ueberhaupt Vermittelung.* To have recognised this betimes is the peculiar glory of German theology. We follow at a distance; but we do follow. The Declaratory Act saved the Churches of the Westminster Confession; the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has been of greater service to Anglicanism than all the Oxford divines. The logical weakness of this policy of mediation need not disturb us. On the surface of life logic is to be trusted, because here we can be sure that, for practical purposes, the premisses cover the facts. But where this is not so, what may be called the fallacy of logic is the most fatal of fallacies, because the more rigorously we reason from imperfect premisses the wider of the truth are the conclusions at which we arrive. Many are conscious of this who cannot put it into words. Hence the distrust with which abstract reasoning is

* I. 141. †_Plato, 'Republic,' 391.

commonly regarded. The conclusion, we suspect, is seldom more than a way of putting things—telling, perhaps, ingenious, inspiring, but not the only way of putting them; another might do as well, or better; we have not struck rock. This is the meaning of St. Ambrose: *Non in dialectica complacuit Deo salvum facere populum suum*; or as Harnack puts the same idea, 'Nicht die 'systematische Consequenz verbürgt die Zukunft einer religiösen 'Denkweise innerhalb einer Kirche, sondern die Reichhaltigkeit 'an disparaten Gedankenreihen und die Elasticität.'* 'Distrust 'simple explanations of things,' a great Oxford tutor used to say, 'for things are not simple, and their explanations cannot be so.' The all-or-nothing argument, advanced at once by the theologian and the rationalist, is a stage bludgeon. 'The vast 'majority of human beings refuse to let themselves be imprisoned 'in such syllogisms, not only halting but taking up their per-'manent abode at one or other of the intermediate stations 'between the extreme positions fixed as alone tenable by theo-'logical or antitheological controversialists.'

To the traditionalist the reformer, whatever his pretext or purpose, is a profane person; an Uzzah laying hands on the ark. The coarseness of Luther, the sourness of Calvin, the violence of Knox are commonplaces of controversial history. We need neither defend nor deny these things. The virtues of men who play a prominent part in human affairs are seldom of the claustral or academic sort; such men are not commonly burdened with scruples; they make or mar with a strong hand. It has been so in the Church. Its great figures—a Constantine, a Theodosius, a Pepin—were not modelled on the Jesuit novice type of sanctity, anæmic, their eyes downcast, with lilies in their emaciated hands. Loud-voiced, rather, and choleric; men of blood and thunder; used rather to the camp and its battle-axe than to the pulpit and the pen. The most representative popes have been statesmen, not theologians or ascetics: the Leos, the Gregories, the Innocents, religion was their instrument; a pawn on the chessboard on which they played for more material stakes. Power meant much to them, ideas little; they moulded abstract theory undisguisedly enough in the interests of concrete fact. And so throughout. A Cromwell, a Napoleon, a Bismarck, a Cavour—such are the men who uproot tyrannies, disperse darkness, diffuse light. Not professional pietists, but men cast in a big mould, full-blooded human animals, ruthless often enough and unscrupulous, who love and hate, purpose and accomplish on a larger scale than ours.

* Dogmengeschichte, i. 571.

To criticise them from standpoints which were not theirs is as easy as it is futile. The question is, Did they stand for light or darkness? If for light—well, a man's life must be judged as a whole. Readers of Merestjkowski's 'Death of the Gods' will remember its essential tragedy. The old civilisation claims our sympathy; but it is evident from the first that the effort to restore it must break against forces that cannot be gainsaid, that the new has with it the essential movement of history, and must prevail. How often our hearts go out to the conquered cause! But its defeat is inevitable and irrevocable: 'the 'kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent bear it 'away.' And

'it shows a strange ignorance of general history to suppose that a cause, otherwise good, can be discredited by the political agents to whom its victory was due. In a rude age they will, as often as not, be lying, treacherous, and sanguinary ruffians; in a civilised age they will, more often than not, be unscrupulous intriguers; while in all ages the disinterested enthusiasts will profit by their help with a finely uncritical toleration of God's appointed instruments. There is always the consolation of remembering that quite as bad things are done on the other side, and done for a bad cause into the bargain.'*

The most considerable names in English apologetics are Butler and J. H. Newman. The one an Anglican bishop, the other a Roman cardinal, they have much in common. Butler, brought up a Presbyterian, left the narrow surroundings of dissent for the larger atmosphere of the National Church; Newman was drawn from the somewhat provincial Anglicanism of his generation into what seemed to him the wider and more majestic orbit of Rome. The reputation of each, great as it is, is English, not European. Butler is scarcely known on the Continent, or even in Scotland; Newman from the first was regarded with suspicion by his adopted coreligionists; and, though he has been quoted as an authority by certain recent French writers,† with whom he would have found himself in very imperfect sympathy, he is little read abroad. In style they are as the poles asunder. Butler is clumsy and involved; Newman lucid, musical, delicate, the quintessence of grace and charm. Yet in each the style betrays the same mental quality. Mr. Benn's criticism of the earlier applies to the later writer:

'In Butler the legal element preponderates. . . . He has the qualities of a first-rate conveyancer, of a very clever cross-examiner,

* II. 45.

† Cf. Houtin, 'La Question Biblique au XXe Siècle,' ch. iv.

of a powerful advocate, of an acute and dignified judge—under that curious system which allows judges to leave the most momentous decisions to a tribunal composed of relatively uneducated persons, while reserving to themselves the more agreeable duty of balancing the conflicting arguments on either side. But perhaps the most exact parallel to Butler's apologetics will be found in the logic of the crown lawyers under the Stuarts. These authorities made out, to their own satisfaction and that of their patrons, that, as the King had a dispensing power in particular cases, he had the right to suspend any law at his own pleasure ; and that he could levy shipmoney in time of peace and in inland counties, and for other purposes than building ships, if, in his opinion, the public safety required it. Their method, like Butler's, was to convert rules of provisional and temporary expediency into universal law.' *

To overlook the general drift of one's text, and lay stress on particular instances, even if these are authentic, is not to see the wood for the trees.

In arguing that Butler was devoid of philosophical intelligence, Mr. Benn overlooks the subtle analysis of the 'Sermons 'on Human Nature' ; and the fact that his doctrine of immortality makes for pre-existence and a plurality of lives will not prejudice it in the eyes of at least some modern philosophers.† But that 'for truth as truth he, like many other prominent 'Englishmen, cared little' is probable enough. This indifference, which, needless to say, has no bearing on personal veracity, is often found with the practical temperament which looks at knowledge only as a guide to action. For this temperament truth is not an end, but a means to an end of another order—the saving of souls, the success of a party, the triumph of a Church. To the philosopher this is a perversion ; truth, like the woman we love, must be approached for her own sake, not for our gratification ; the most hateful form of libertinism is illicit intercourse with ideas.

As a theologian Butler's fallacy was his unquestioning acceptance of an objective conception of religion. This, like an objective conception of the external world, is self-destructive ; dualism, in religion as in philosophy, breaks down. 'The 'mental attitude of the Evidential school is a false one' says a great Scottish divine.

'Genuine religious conviction can never be the result of a balancing of logical arguments ; it cannot be a belief produced by a series of external proofs, and which implies no relation of the spirit of man

* I. 139.

† J. M. E. McTaggart, 'Studies in Hegelian Cosmology,' chapter ii. Cf. Browning's 'Evelyn Hope.'

to the thing believed. The proof of religion cannot be separated from its essence. . . . And to believe in Christianity is not to believe in a highly probable God, for whose existence there are many strong arguments balanced by some great objections; but it is to believe in that which is more in us than life, in which all life, all thought, and being rests, and our faith in which neither life nor death, nor things present nor things to come, can subvert or shake.' *

Or, as Dr. Inge puts it,

'Nothing can be more purely rationalistic than to base the truth of Christianity on miracles and prophecy, the evidence for which must be weighed only by the understanding. The evidential school was the child of rationalism, and is falling into deserved contempt because its victories help religion no more than its defects hinder it.'

The succession from Butler to Newman is unbroken. In each there is the same stubborn resistance to the march of mind and of events, the same acuteness to detect weak points in detail, the same sombre view of life and history, the same unquestioning reliance on objectivity—external formulas, external institutions, external proofs. But, while the name of Butler is associated with a book, Newman's is identified with a movement, weakened indeed, but not yet exhausted, which derailed English religion and put English thought back a hundred and fifty years. Such reactions are not causeless. There was a certain narrowness of outlook and aridity of temper in the liberalism of the first half of the nineteenth century; it lacked spaciousness and horizon, it took little count of the mystery of life and of the world. Intent on practical reforms—the need for which was imperative—it did not look much beyond them; it undermined many a mischievous superstition, but it provided no outlet for the elements of our nature to which these superstitions corresponded; it forgot that he who would destroy the temple must build it up again within three days. The natural movement of thought brought about the negation of this standpoint, a negation relative indeed and temporary, but deep-rooted and widely spread. The Scottish Disruption of 1843 was part and parcel of the same reaction, disastrous indeed in many respects, yet resting on the conviction that 'man liveth not by bread alone.' Mr. Benn connects Tractarianism, as well as the Evangelicalism which it supplemented, with Pietism rather than with Romanticism; and though the influence of the latter is the more obvious, that of the former is the more fundamental of the two. Unfortunately, the movement rejected the sounder elements in its parent system—those

* John Caird, 'University Addresses,' p. 221.

that were brought into prominence by Schleiermacher in Germany and Arnold and Maurice in this country—and assimilated the mischievous: the sectarianism, the morbidity of temper, the ethical onesidedness, the reversion to the past. The past, as such, never returns. It lives, indeed, in the present; but to endeavour to recall it under the form of pastness is the idlest of dreams. The stream of life flows by those who dream it, leaving them stranded, ineffective, waiting for the turning of a tide which does not turn.

The influence of Newman has been compared with that of Augustine; and indeed he shares at once the great gifts and the fundamental inconsistencies of that Father. 'Philo-'sophie, Heilsglaube, und kirchliche Ueberlieferung streiten 'sich um den Principat in seiner Glaubenslehre, und da 'zu diesen drei Elementen noch der Biblicismus tritt, so ist 'die Einheitlichkeit der Denkweise überall gestört.'* Mr. Benn is able to point with truth to his 'frankly barbarous religion';† the French writers above referred to see in him with equal truth lines of thought leading to emancipation, and the conflicting tendencies lie side by side unreconciled. He was a great, a very great, dialectician; no weak point in his opponent's armour escaped him, and his rapier thrust seldom failed to strike home. His controversial writings suggest nothing so much as a brilliant and destructive cross-examination; what they lack is the judicial quality, they silence rather than convince. Kingsley in a rash moment crossed swords with him, and 'was 'not'; yet, apart from the merely personal issue, Kingsley was right and Newman wrong. He smote popular Protestantism hip and thigh, and popular Protestantism emerged draggle-tailed and ridiculous from the conflict; yet with all its shortcomings, the face of popular Protestantism was set forward, Newman's back. With every art of pathos and sarcasm, of denunciation and appeal, he set forth his conviction that the Church of England was not what High Churchmen understood by the term Catholic, and proved, if proof were needed, that for English Churchmen to meet Rome on Rome's ground and with Rome's weapons was to invite defeat. He rehabilitated Catholicism in England, casting over it the glow of his rhetoric and the glamour of his personality; he hypnotized many a perplexed Anglican into cutting the knot of his difficulties by submission to Rome. Much after the same fashion Oriental cults recommended themselves to the Romans of the Empire. In each case the mirage faded on closer knowledge. A religion without difficulties is like light

* Harnack, 'Dogmengeschichte,' iii. 93. † II. 335.

without shadow; it is not found. 'Qu'est-ce donc qui est aisé 'en ce monde? Il n'y a que les sots qui croient à l'existence 'des besognes faciles.' In Catholicism as elsewhere there is a Broad and a Narrow Church, but in Catholicism more than elsewhere the latter has the formularies, the voice of authority and the logic of the position on its side.

'Das ganze Wesen des Katholicismus liegt in der Vergöttlichung der Tradition. Die empirischen, ad hoc geschaffenen, ad hoc notwendigen Institutionen der Kirche für apostolisch zu erklären, dadurch mit dem Wesen und Inhalt des Evangeliums zu verschmelzen und ausserhalb jeder Kritik zu stellen—das ist "katholisch"';*

and the claim to infallibility bars retreat. On the Biblical question the Church of Rome has gone nearer to compromising herself than any important Protestant communion; and for 'frankly barbarous religion'† neither Calvin nor Jonathan Edwards can approach Newman's contemporary and fellow convert, F. W. Faber, a writer whose works have enjoyed a sanction and a circulation both in England and on the Continent which those of the great Cardinal never attained.

'The severity of God's punishments,' says this author, 'is a severity not only beyond all historical record of cruelty, but beyond all our imaginations of conceivable torture. . . . Hell will horribly astonish and amaze its victims. How various are the pains which flesh and nerve can feel! How multitudinous are the diseases with which suffering can play upon our bodies, as it were some musical instrument! These are but figures of the divine punishments. God can find unimaginable capabilities of pain in the immortal body, and yet more unimaginable capabilities in the soul. His justice will tax these capabilities to the utmost, and will exhaust their almost unfathomable resources. Kinds of punishment undreamed of lie beyond the grave.'

The 'he knoweth our frame' of the Psalmist receives a new interpretation at the hands of this divine. The idiosyncrasies of our individual temperament, physical and psychical, being fully known to God who created us and them,

'supply to our omniscient Sovereign peculiar resources for the most intolerable punishments. . . . He intensely individualises our punishment, fits it to us, makes it grow out of ourselves, and takes care to inflict it with a considerate purpose to make it unbearable to our peculiar selves.'‡

* Harnack, 'Dogmengeschichte,' i. 304. † I. 77.
‡ Notes on Doctrinal and Spiritual Subjects, ii. 188-190.

The key to these evil dreams is physiological; the same perversity of imagination is to be found in more than one novel of M. Huysmans. What is significant is not that they should have been conceived by a Catholic writer—no theological or antitheological opinions constitute a guarantee of sanity—but that they should have passed without protest from ecclesiastical authority or from the religious world. Condemnation is dealt out unsparingly enough to real or supposed offenders; M. Loisy and Signor Fogazzaro are silenced, Fr. Faber and M. Huysmans are acclaimed. It is a strange taste both in theology and in literature. Till it is corrected, rationalistic criticism has its place.

To the position of Liberalism in the Churches Mr. Benn does less than justice. There is no impassable gulf between the position, say, of Dr. Inge and that of Mr. Lowes Dickinson or Mr. Fielding. Differences, indeed, there are, but such differences as can be bridged or forded: the touch of nature, in which Mr. Benn somehow is lacking, makes them kin. There should be, there is, no essential antagonism between genuine thinkers; in aim, in method, in temper they are one. The question of conformity is, indeed, important. Those who can conform gain a distinct leverage; they can reach many whom those that are without cannot reach. And the presumption is in their favour. It is improbable that an institution on so large a scale as the Christian, or even the Catholic, Church should separate itself definitely from the life of mankind.

> 'There's a divinity that shapes our ends.'

It may go near the fatal step; it may even appear to have taken it; but between nearly and altogether, between appearance and reality, all the difference lies. The spirit that

> 'for ever doth accompany mankind'

intervenes between it and shipwreck: it falls, we may believe, under that special Providence that watches over fools and drunken men. The issues are too great for this to fail. For what is the Church but mankind viewed from the religious standpoint? What is its teaching but the religious consciousness of mankind? What is its so-called infallibility but the fact that this consciousness is justified in the long run, and absorbs all that is partial or one-sided into itself? The time of ultimates, however, is not yet; and meanwhile the Liberal Churchman, especially if he is a clergyman, stands between two fires. Orthodox and freethinker alike suspect his honesty; he subscribes formulas, they maintain, which he does not believe, and uses words in a sense which they will

not bear. The attempt to justify the actual fabric of Christianity, Catholic or Protestant, leaves, it must be admitted, an impression either of paradox or of insincerity. Not all of it can be justified; the defender within the walls feels often enough that on the point at issue the assailant without is in the right. He can only urge the *moderamen tutelæ*. We do not pull the house down because repairs are wanted, nor naturalise ourselves as foreign citizens because the government of our own country is not to our mind. The multiplication of sects, since the Reformation, has brought the problem of conformity into false relief. The profession of a common creed, though it forms a bond between Christians, is not the only or the most important note of a Church. The Church is polity, and *Heilanstalt*, as well as and even rather than school. When Christendom was one this was obvious; there was no question of secession, because there was no religious body to which to secede. The doubting Christian—and such there were, for human nature is much the same at all times—possessed his soul in patience. He reflected, perhaps, that if in some things he was in advance of his age, in more he was its child, or behind it: time is a great reconciler; meanwhile 'cultivons notre jardin' was sound advice. Nor, it must be remembered, does the verdict of history invariably justify the reformer; the symbols of religion enshrine an ideal content which we may lose by prematurely rejecting the vehicle; novelty is often error 'from the refraction with 'which it enters into the mind.' Duties, indeed, may conflict. 'My country, right or wrong,' is a dangerous watchword; we may not identify ourselves with what our conscience disapproves. Yet, the more the obligation to follow conscience is recognised, the more imperative it becomes that the conscience followed shall be well informed. Conscience is not crank: we should distrust it if it tells that we cannot do what good men about us do without scruple. And in the last resort self-effacement is possible; there are times when moderate men have to stand aside. Their hour will come, but first passion and prejudice must exhaust themselves: they must wait. And if meanwhile they are exposed to misunderstanding, let them bear it; others have been misunderstood before, and will be misunderstood after, them.

The question of subscription is less one of conflicting beliefs than of a different perspective. To no two observers does the world present precisely the same aspect; to no two minds does the same proposition express precisely the same sense. The bearing of this on theological assent is obvious: 'to no two souls could 'the words of the creed stand for quite the same thing, while to

'the Reader of Hearts our divergences of conception, veiled from 'us by the coarse medium of language, widen out indefinitely 'and make inward heretics of us all.'* This is not to say that anything may mean everything, or that, as the poet suggests,† the assent of the heart and that of the mouth may be separated. No—the unity of the idea persists under the changing formulas, and it is the idea, not the formula, that is the truth of things. Formula is essentially picture or symbol; and though one is a better representation of the thing symbolised than another, and the task of substituting the more for the less suitable is important, the assent which is vital is given not to the formula, but to the idea. The cleavage which is taking place under our eyes in the various Churches shows how powerless mechanism is to preserve or restore unity. This cleavage is as notorious in the more dogmatic as in the freer Churches. *Lux Mundi* drove a wedge into the solid ranks of the High Church party; the controversies of which the works of the Abbé Loisy are the centre show how little real unanimity lies behind the uniformity of Rome. Dogma and fact have come into conflict, and, while the effect of the conflict on the various ecclesiastical organisations is uncertain, the issue is certain; not dogma, but fact, will prevail. In the interests of peace it is to be hoped that a violent breach with the past may be avoided. Here much depends on tact and method of approach. 'Les religions sont des 'femmes, dont il est très facile de tout obtenir, si on sait les 'prendre; impossible de rien obtenir, si on veut procéder de 'haute lutte.'

It is impossible, it is said, to have religion without dogma. The proposition may be admitted—with the proviso that it is a thing of secondary importance what the dogma is. A dogma is the historical form assumed by a religious idea. This must take some form: hence the necessity of dogma; but these forms change, and the history of dogma is the history of their changes. Nowhere is the dialectical process seen so clearly at work. The position passes over into its other; it unites its partial and opposite moments in a higher unity, which in turn breaks up and re-unites again. Take, for instance, the Christology built up in the fourth and fifth centuries. Great as Athanasius was, the teaching which prevailed in the long run was not the Athanasian;‡ in the Nestorian controversy 'the 'Council of Chalcedon trimmed the balance of doctrine by com-'pleting it, and excluded from the Church those errors which

* G. Tyrrell, 'Lex Credendi.' † Hippolytus, 612.
‡ Harnack, 'Dogmengeschichte,' ii. 267.

'seemed to have received some sanction at Ephesus.' * So throughout: as long as theology remained a living science, orthodoxy balanced itself between conflicting tendencies—Augustine and Pelagius, Radbert and Ratrammus, Aquinas and Scotus.

Are these shifting series of formulas religion? We are apt to think so; hence our dismay when they perish. The ever-recurring rise of new and larger forms of faith from the ruins of the old should suggest a new interpretation of the facts. Religion was before those things were, and survives them. There is a relation between the two, but it is not that of identity; rather it is that of plant to foliage, of life to its infinitely various manifestations. Religion is an instinct in human nature which postulates its object, an object which the growing experience of life verifies. It is open, of course, to the sceptic to argue that the nature of things is an elaborate conspiracy to deceive us. But the supposition is too paradoxical to be taken seriously. A natural instinct passes beyond itself: its object is given with it, though this object may not be realised in the form under which we conceive it: 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard.' The beliefs which this particular instinct implies, though capable of wide and legitimate developements, are in themselves simple. That neither evil, nor fate, nor chance, but an intelligent and benevolent Purpose—the Lord—reigneth; that this Power, despite appearances not a few to the contrary, is friendly to us; that our relations to it are filial, and that in the last resort it prevails—these are the root-certainties of which consciousness, properly interrogated, assures us, and on which the historical religions are built. It is not necessary to suppose that every man possesses them explicitly; but they form part of our human heritage, and a Socratic *μαιευτική* would elicit them from the normal nature; they may be latent, but they are there.

From the point of view both of its origin and its developement religion may be compared to art and poetry, to which it is so near of kin. Saints, artists, poets are rare; but few, if any, are without the instincts which reach so lofty a developement in those gifted persons. Each of the three has arisen from small beginnings.

> 'Ages of heroes fought and fell
> That Homer in the end might tell;
> O'er grovelling generations past
> The Doric column rose at last.'

Feeling, reflexion, experience combine to produce the Christian; he is the fruit of many generations, of the varied influences of soil,

* Newman, 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk.'

sun, and rain. Again, each of the three—Art, Poetry, Religion—is universal; not for the elect, but for mankind. Where they are wanting—and it would perhaps be too much to say that they are never wanting—we have the abnormal, the incomplete. The argument against the universality of the religious instinct—and the same holds good in the case of the other two—rests upon an imperfect analysis. It would hold good were the explicitness of an instinct a condition of its existence. But the work of psychology is to a great extent the interpretation of the implicit; the bringing to light of what, though present and at work, is unseen. What used to be called natural religion is, indeed, an abstraction; we must not expect to find ready-made in consciousness such beliefs as the Personality of God, Immortality, Free Will, and the like. These are, from our present point of view, developements, forms taken on later by the primitive instinct: they have their justification, but they must be justified on other grounds than that which we are considering. What is here contended for is the immediacy of the foundation on which they are built. If this foundation is dogmatic—and we need not be afraid of the word—it is so only in the sense in which a metaphysic underlies the simplest fact of consciousness, in which being is implied in act.

An acute writer argues against the immediate certainty of the religious instinct that 'it is by no means certain that A has 'an immediate conviction when he thinks he has. In many 'cases—though not certainly in all—it seems very probable 'that he has not. A man may make mistakes in judging and 'classifying what takes place in his own mind, just as much as 'he may make mistakes about other subjects.' *

As it is true that the immediate certainty in question need not be recognised as such by those who possess it, so it is true that other foundations of belief may be superimposed upon it; that a man may in fact believe on authority or on the strength of reasoning what he imagines himself to hold as immediately certain. But these actual foundations are accidental; the immediacy of the assent subsists underneath them, and, were they removed, would suffice as the ground of belief. That the immediacy of A's belief is no argument for B's believing is, as Mr. McTaggart argues, obvious. But if this immediacy is found not in individuals, few or many, but, as we have endeavoured to show, in human nature as such, the case is different: the appeal is to consciousness adequately interrogated and interpreted. 'The instincts are innate or do not exist at all. Like all emotions

* J. E. McTaggart, 'Some Dogmas of Religion,' p. 43.

'and feelings they cannot be created or destroyed by reason. 'Why does a man fall in love? No one knows. And if he fall 'in love, can you cure him of it by argument? Would it be 'any use to say to him, "The girl you love is not beautiful, is not '"clever; she would be of no use to you; she does not return your '"love at all. You cannot really love her." He would only laugh 'and say, "All that may be true, and yet the fact remains unaltered. '"She is the woman I love."'* So it is with all the emotions. You either have them or have not. You do not reason about them. Reason is of things we doubt, not of things we know. It is the *expertus potest credere* of St. Bernard; the witness of spirit to spirit: 'the music of the infinite echoed from the hearts 'of men.'

In the presence of these immense certainties the bickerings of dogmatist and rationalist sink to silence. The religious difficulties of our time are to be traced to two main causes: imperfect analysis of consciousness in the negative, and survival of outworn symbolism in the traditional school. The first has been sufficiently discussed; a few words may be said on the second. It is not symbolism as such that jars upon us; it is symbolism that has ceased to represent the idea. Such survival is inevitable to a certain extent in an historical religion. How greatly, for example, the literature and art of the past have influenced our theological conceptions! Fra Angelico, Dante, Milton, John Bunyan, have created the atmosphere in which the religious imagination moves. To the spiritual profit of many generations. For conceptions without form are thin and ineffectual; it is to the genius of such artists whether in words or colour, that the vividness and intensity of historical Christianity are due. But the presentation of truth with which they furnish us has a relative and personal element which succumbs under the solvent of time. The material heaven of mediæval poets and painters, for instance, strikes a false note for us of to-day. The trim parterres and formal garden-paths of the Primitives have given place to the wind-swept spaces of eternity; their demure saints and little piping angels to shadowy forms, vast and indeterminate, embodying a more than human intelligence, force, and will. The sense of limit irks us; the city that lieth foursquare is exchanged for the flaming walls of the world; and these again open and disclose endless vistas of aspiration and activity.

'O to be up and doing!'

A listless inert eternity were monotonous. Knowledge, love, achievement call, and we follow—to be deaf were death. It is

* The Hearts of Men, p. 310.

not necessary, perhaps it is not even desirable, that all who hear it should move in the same direction. Temperament, circumstance, and heredity attach a man to this or that religious society or lead him to take up this or that form of religious activity. The essential thing is that it shall be religious. And this is not to be taken for granted or decided on surface grounds. There is an irreligious orthodoxy as there is a religious heterodoxy: names, about which religionists dispute so fiercely and so interminably, are the least important things in religion; what matters is not the name but the thing. Few retain unchanged the religious symbols and beliefs of infancy: becoming men, they put away childish things. But the gracious simplicity of childhood may and should remain: with the man's maturer understanding we may unite

> 'The childlike heart,
> The childlike soul.'

For it is the perspective, not the picture, that is altered; life is fuller, its horizon vaster, heaven at once greater and nearer than we thought. The barriers are thin, and from time to time foregleams of the Beyond fall upon us. Some touch of nature—the plash of a passing shower; the wind on the hill; the rustling of leaves in wood or garden; a sunset on the sea—and every nerve is sharp set with indefinable longing; some transient contact with our fellows—the beauty of a fair girl's face, strange yet familiar, that speaks to the heart, revealing things unutterable; the pressure of a hand; the melody of a voice; the light of beloved eyes that meet ours—and the veil is lifted. Alas! a moment only. Oh, to arrest the glory! the

> 'vision bright
> As sunshine flooding all the clouded seas
> With light and fragrance!'

It passes, but it will return, brighter, more fragrant, more abiding, shining to the perfect day. Are these things dreams? If so, they are dreams wondrous lifelike; dreams of which, comparing them with what we call reality, we ask, 'Which is 'reality, and which is dream?'

Art. X.—MARINO FALIER.

1. *Archivio di Stato, Venice*: (1) Consiglio X. Misti $\frac{5}{4}$. (2) Miscellanea. Cod. 678.
2. *R. Biblioteca Marciana, Venice*: (1) Cl. VII. Ital. Cod. MMLI. (2) Cl. XI. Ital. Cod. XXXII.
3. *Marino Faliero. La Congiura.* Da Vittorio Lazzarini. Venezia: Visentini, 1897.
4. *Archivio Veneto.* Vols. I., VII., XV., XVI., XX., XXVI. and XXIX.
5. *The Complete Works of Lord Byron.* Poetry. Vol. IV. London: Murray, 1901.

Of the two great conspiracies which shook the State of Venice—the conspiracy of Bajamonte Tiepolo and the conspiracy of Marino Falier—the latter has attracted by far the larger share of attention, and has taken its place permanently as one of the stirring episodes in the annals of the Republic. This, no doubt, is largely due to the dramatic character of the story as currently told. The fiery old warrior Doge, insulted in the honour of his wife by a ribald young noble, exasperated against the whole body of the Venetian aristocracy by the inadequate punishment meted out to his offender, conceived the idea of murderous revenge, and put himself at the head of a conspiracy—fomented chiefly among the middle and lower classes—to slaughter the entire governing caste. The plot was discovered only just in time, and the Doge and his accomplices paid the penalty with their lives. The thrilling spectacle of the black veil over the place where the Doge's portrait should be, in the Sala del Maggior Consiglio, has helped to fix the attention and rouse the curiosity of thousands of tourists. Byron fastened upon the story and made it the subject of his finest play, though he misreads the intention of the Doge, painting him as a friend of liberty, anxious to free the people from the intolerable tyranny of the oligarchy, and importing into his drama modern ideas quite foreign to the period. It happens, therefore, that the story of Marino Falier's conspiracy occupies a far larger place in popular imagination than does the conspiracy of Tiepolo, though the one created the Council of Ten, while the other merely demonstrated its supremacy.

Marino Sanudo, in the 'Lives of the Doges,' has hitherto been the principal authority for the story as related by most modern historians, and though recent criticism has rejected as legendary many of the more picturesque episodes, still we shall see, by

a comparison of the current and the critical accounts, that after all the proverb is justified which says 'there's aye some 'water where they say the stirkie was drowned.' The larger part of Sanudo's tale is based, he says, upon 'an ancient 'chronicle,' which has not yet been identified. It is from Sanudo that we get the picturesque touches—unrecorded by any contemporary document—of the blow administered to the Bishop of Treviso who kept Falier waiting when he was governor of the city; of the landing in the fog; of Steno's insolent conduct to one of the Dogaressa's maids of honour at a ball in the Ducal Palace; of his expulsion by order of the Doge; of the revenge he took by scribbling on the Ducal throne the ribald lines:

> Doge Marin Falier
> Has a wife that is fair;
> He pays the bill,
> Other fellows take their fill.

It is Sanudo, too, who tells us of the mild punishment inflicted on Steno, and the Doge's indignation at this slight to his person; of the quarrel between a gentleman of the Barbaro family and one of the arsenal hands, who sought redress from the Doge, and of the Doge's bitter protest that he was impotent in face of the insolent aristocracy. It is Sanudo who gives us the conversation which followed, and the suggestion that the Doge, with the help of the arsenal hands, should make himself Lord of Venice, cut the nobles to pieces, and so avenge both insults. For the rest of the story Sanudo agrees with the earlier and better authorities.

These authorities have recently been most carefully examined, compared, and arranged in order of value by Signor Vittorio Lazzarini, in a work which is no doubt the final word on the narrative of the Marino Falier conspiracy. Following Signor Lazzarini, we may take these authorities in the following order: (1) official documents; (2) inedited contemporary evidence; (3) published Venetian chronicles, contemporary or nearly so; (4) foreign contemporary evidence; (5) later chronicles.

Naturally we turn first to the archives at the Frari and to the documents of the Council of Ten, the tribunal that tried and sentenced the Doge. The papers relating to the epoch of Marino Falier are contained in the series marked 'Misti, reg. ($\frac{5}{4}$),' the volume being really volume 5, numbered 4 in error. There, on the recto of folio 33, between the documents of April 8, 1355, and the election of officers for the month of May—that is to say, in the place where the documents relating to the conspiracy should have appeared—we find a blank space with 'Non scribatur'

twice written on the margin. This phrase 'Be it not written' has given rise to fanciful conjectures on the part of such good scholars as Romanin and Rawdon Brown. 'Un onorevole pudor,' writes Romanin, 'forse ritenne quei giudici dallo scrivere il 'nome del capo della repubblica'; and Rawdon Brown supposes that the marginal note indicates some unusual procedure on the part of the Ten. As a matter of fact 'Non scribatur' is a common formula of the Venetian chancellery, indicating that the space opposite the marginal note was to be left blank for the reception of documents not yet ready for registration. Had 'Non scribatur' meant that the space was to be left blank permanently, the words would naturally have been written in the centre of the space and not in the margin. The fact that 'Non 'scribatur' is repeated twice indicates that two documents were to have been inserted, but it is by no means certain that these documents referred to the case of Marino Falier. It is more probable that the whole of the papers relating to the conspiracy were collected in a separate volume. This conjecture is supported by the fact that in the margin of a decree of the Ten dated January 13, 1355–56, providing that the sentences in the Falier case shall never be revoked, we find the phrase, 'Ponatur in libro processuum.' That 'book of the 'trials' is now unfortunately lost, and the papers of the Council of Ten tell us next to nothing about the most remarkable case that ever came before that court. But as regards the episode of Steno's insult to the Doge which contributed to precipitate the conspiracy, thanks to the industry of Sanudo, we have the copy of several trials before the Avvogadori di Comun, which, as we shall see when we come to narrate the events of the conspiracy, give us the true version of the Steno episode. This is all that can be found in the archives at the Frari.

Among the contemporary inedited evidence the first place undoubtedly belongs to the chronicle of Nicolò Trevisan of Sant' Angelo, who was one of the Ten when the Doge was tried and executed. He was subsequently Governor of Crete, and died Procurator of San Marco in 1369. Apart from the fact that Trevisan was a contemporary and also an actor in the drama, his account commands attention by its accuracy and its sobriety. Following Trevisan we have the contemporary chronicle of Pietro Giustinian (1360). An anonymous chronicler, writing in 1396, adds some further facts.

Of published Venetian evidence the most valuable is the chronicle of Lorenzo de Monacis. Lorenzo was a scholar, a poet, an historian, a statesman, having served as Grand Chancellor in Crete, and his narrative is full and convincing. Unfor-

tunately, however, it stops abruptly in the very middle of the story of Falier's conspiracy. Rafaino Caresini, Notary ducal at the time, and afterwards Grand Chancellor of the Republic, who probably knew the truth, hardly mentions the subject, restrained, no doubt, by the delicacy of his position as an official. Among the foreign evidence we get two contemporaries, Petrarch, who knew Falier intimately, 'vir ab olim mihi familiariter notus,' and Matteo Villani, who seems to have had sound information from some contemporary correspondent in Venice.

Finally, among later writers who treat of the Falier conspiracy we have Sabellico's 'De Vitis Principum'; Sanudo, whose 'cronaca antica' we have already discussed; a chronicle attributed to Zancarolo; the chronicle of Daniele Barbaro, who claims to base his narrative on secret papers, though he varies but slightly from the Sanudo legends; and many others whose accounts of the episode may be broadly classed as following either the Cronaca Trevisan or Sanudo.

Following the more trustworthy of these authorities—that is to say, such few official documents as survive, the Chronicle of Nicolò Trevisan and the Chronicle of Lorenzo de Monacis—we may proceed to reconstruct the story of Marino Falier and his conspiracy.

Perhaps in no State of importance equal to that of Venice are we left in such obscurity as to the personal details of its great men; in no case would it be more difficult to write biographies of the leading Venetian statesmen and soldiers. Venice demanded and secured the effacement of the individual, and impressed upon its citizens, one and all, that the State was everything, the individual nothing. The consequence is that the life of a distinguished Venetian, in so far as we can recover it, is little more than a bare record of the offices he filled; his policy, his ability, his achievements are rarely associated with his own name, and are to be looked for, not in the history of the man, but in the developement of the State. So it is with Marino Falier. He belonged to that branch of the family which was settled in the parish of the SS. Apostoli, and was born between the years 1280–1285, probably in the family palace which looks across the Rio dei Santi Apostoli to the cupola of the church, and is carried on columns over a 'sottoportico.' His father was Jacopo Falier, and his mother Beriola Loredan; his blood therefore was of the oldest in Venice, and his connexions of the highest. We know hardly anything of his youth. In all probability he attended the school of some grammarian and then passed into commercial life, frequenting the Rialto and making voyages in the trading galleys. In due time he would take his seat in

the Great Council and begin his political career. In 1315, when he was about thirty years of age, we find him one of the Chiefs of the Ten, and in 1320 he is dealing with English affairs in the Great Council. In January of 1320 he was entrusted with the delicate and dangerous mission of hunting down, 'sollicite et 'attente,' the conspirators Bajamonte Tiepolo and Piero Quirini. From this time onwards Marino Falier was constantly employed either on missions abroad or in public offices at home. His knowledge of affairs was enlarged by his services as Governor of Negropont in 1323, of Lesina and Brazza in 1334, of Chioggia in 1337, 1342, 1344, and 1349. In 1335 he married Aluica Gradenigo, a niece of the great Doge Piero Gradenigo, who carried the *Serrata del Maggior Consiglio* and established the aristocratic caste, a marriage which doubtless tended to strengthen Falier's social position and political influence. He was now fifty years old. When Treviso came into the hands of Venice in 1339 Falier was appointed its first Governor, and it was at Treviso, during the period of his second governorship in 1346, that legend relates how, on Corpus Domini day, in the Cathedral, Falier, in a fit of blind fury, struck the Bishop who was bearing the Host, because he had kept the procession waiting, a deed which is said to have called down the wrath of Heaven, and to have led him to ruin, though no chroniclers, whether Trevisan or Venetian earlier than the middle of the following century, mention the episode, of which we may doubt the strict veracity, although it doubtless gives us some indication of the reputed temper of the man. By this time Falier's name had spread beyond the borders of Venice, and we find him twice called to act as Podestà in Padua, where he acquired the friendship of the Carraresi and probably made the acquaintance of Petrarch. In July 1349, with the consent of the Republic, Falier received from the Count-Bishop of Ceneda the investiture of the fief of Val di Marena near Serravalle in the Marca Trevigiana, and assumed the title of Count of Val di Marena.

Nor was his reputation as a diplomatist and a soldier less striking. He served on embassies to Avignon, to the Duke of Austria, to the Republic of Genoa, when the friction between the rival maritime States was approaching a burning point over trade in the Black Sea, and to the Emperor Charles IV., 1350, on which occasion he was knighted and named Privy Councillor. Falier, moreover, served with distinction both in the army and in the fleet. He was captain of the galleys of Constantinople and the Black Sea, with commission to protect Venetian trade; he took a brilliant part in the siege of Zara, which had rebelled;

he was serving under Civran and acquired for himself the epithet 'audax,' when that general won the glorious victory of July 1346 over the King of Hungary. In 1348 he was elected to the supreme command of the forces sent to reduce Capo d' Istria, but did not arrive in time to take an active part in the campaign. Later on, in 1352, he conducted a successful marauding campaign against the Genoese, and on behalf of the Republic he was put in possession of the island of Tenedos by the Emperor, John Palæologus. Yet, in spite of all this activity abroad, Falier was as fully employed at home; he sat on commissions for enlarging the Merceria, and for putting down usury; he was in trading partnership with his brother Ordelafo and his cousin Nicolò. Among his family and his friends he was held in the highest esteem; his uncle, Marino, made him executor of his will; his brother left him absolutely free to dispose of his whole estate; he was frequently called on to arbitrate between conflicting parties. In the opinion of his contemporaries he stood very high. Petrarch bears witness to his reputation for wisdom, a reputation which the poet regretfully admits was ill-founded; Matteo Villani records his valour and his judgement; Lorenzo de Monacis declares him to have been 'reputatus tantæ 'gravitatis'; every writer expresses surprise and regret at his fall. In fact, in Marino Falier we have a fine figure of a Venetian noble in the Middle Ages: active, capable, respected, enjoying a great position and displaying striking ability; and yet this is the man who, within eight months of his election to the supreme dignity in the State, threw all to the winds and embarked on an enterprise as rash as it was criminal. No wonder that his conduct amazed and puzzled his contemporaries, and has left the explanation of his conspiracy among the obscure problems of Venetian history.

On September 7, 1354 the Doge, Andrea Dandolo, died. The Great Council met for the election of the five *Correttori della Commissione ducale*, or revisers of the coronation oath, that powerful weapon which the aristocracy employed to restrict the authority of the Doge. On the 9th the *Correttori* presented their proposed modifications; it is important to bear these in mind, for they may possibly have contributed to engender in Falier his hatred of the governing caste. The amendments were conceived in the usual spirit; their intention was to curtail the ducal power and prestige. Besides forbidding the Doge to receive or to answer any diplomatic agent except in the presence of four Ducal Councillors and two Chiefs of the Court of Forty, the new Doge was bound to observe all the regulations laid down for the guidance of his Council; the Doge's intervention

in matters financial and juridical was further limited, and modifications and reductions were made in his salary and his dues. The Great Council approved the amendments, and then, after a prayer 'pro bono duce,' and after having taken the oath to abide by the result of the coming election, the Council proceeded to nominate the forty-one electors. It seems that Falier's name was already in the air, for a special order was passed declaring that if a noble who was absent from Venice should be elected the regency should be put in commission till his return. This, in all probability, referred to Falier, who was then on an embassy to the Pope at Avignon. The forty-one then proceeded to write the names of the proposed candidates. Four names were put forward; on casting lots, the name of Falier came up first. A ballot was taken on his candidature and resulted in his securing thirty-five votes. Falier was accordingly elected Doge of Venice on September 11, 1354, while absent from the country, 'ducatus honor non petenti, 'imo quidem ignaro sibi obtigit.' The same day he was proclaimed and confirmed in a general assembly of the entire Venetian population. The day following, the notary Stefano Ziera was sent to Verona with orders to procure from the Lord of Milan a safe-conduct for Falier's journey through Lombardy. This done, Ziera set out for Avignon to inform Falier of his election, and to present to the Pope and Cardinals the Republic's letters conveying the news. But Falier had already left Avignon, and on September 28 it was known in Venice that the new Doge was at hand. Twelve nobles were elected as a solemn embassy to the Prince; each took with him one noble and three pages as his suite. They met the Doge at Verona and brought him to Padua on Friday, October 3. At Padua they found waiting them fifteen 'ganzaroli,' long light boats with a covered cabin at the stern, rowed by thirty oars, and they started on their way down the Brenta. On Sunday, the 5th, they reached the lagoon at Fusina, where lay the Bucentoro and a crowd of boats come out from Venice. The Doge went on board the great barge, and the tale goes that while crossing the lagoon a thick mist came down, so that the Bucentoro ran into the mud at S. Giorgio in Alega and remained there fast. The Doge and his company took to the lighter boats and were brought to Venice, where, by an error due to the fog, he landed not at the Ponte della Paglia, but opposite the two columns of the Piazzetta—a place of ill omen, as the place of execution, between which he passed on his way to S. Marco—a fact noted by Petrarch immediately after the Doge's death—'sinistro pede 'palatium ingressus.' In the church of S. Marco Falier was

presented to the people and acclaimed, and then, on the upper landing-place of the stone staircase * leading from the loggia down into the courtyard of the Ducal Palace, he took the coronation oath and received the Ducal bonnet.

When Falier came to the throne the condition of Venice was far from satisfactory, and there was general discontent for various reasons among all classes. The Genoese war was still raging; Genoa, after the crushing defeat of Lojera, had placed herself under the protection of Visconti, thereby complicating the situation. Venetian trade, especially in the Levant and in the Black Sea, was suffering severely from the desultory marauding campaign, which was conducted chiefly by raids on Venetian shipping. The merchant class, therefore, and all who depended on them were in a state of irritation and anxious for peace, which, rightly or wrongly, they supposed the nobles to be opposing. Falier himself had failed in his negotiations at Avignon which were directed to that end. A few years earlier, in 1348, a great earthquake had brought down campaniles and houses, and this was followed by the terrible plague of that year, when the lazar-boats went through the canals of the city to the cry of 'Corpi morti, corpi morti,' and the living flung the dead from the windows on to the ghastly heap. Falier had not been long on the throne when the public mind was still further alarmed and exasperated by the serious defeat at Portolungo or Sapienza, whereby the Republic lost the whole of her fleet and the Adriatic, and Venice itself seemed to be at the mercy of the Genoese. This crushing reverse was entirely due to the negligence of some of the nobles in command, and the fact no doubt helped to intensify the discontent against the governing caste. Furthermore, the political disfranchisement brought about by the closing of the Great Council was still rankling in the minds of many well-born and well-to-do citizens who found themselves excluded from all share in the government. The disorder and insolence of the young nobles, coupled with their incompetence at sea, justified the growing hatred. The Doge's action on receipt of the news from Sapienza is noteworthy in view of the tragedy so soon to overtake him. To counteract the effects of the defeat, he caused three experienced seamen, chosen from among the people, not from amongst the nobles, to be appointed to the command of flying squadrons destined to harry the Genoese, and

* The staircase stood at the angle of the courtyard corresponding to the angle now occupied by the Giant stairs. It was built in 1340 and pulled down when the Renaissance façade was erected in the fifteenth century. (See Lazzarini, op. cit. p. 37, note 4.)

his choice was fully justified by the result. The successes of Berti Vido, Piero Nani, Costantino Zucuol stood out in high relief against the pusillanimity of the noble Nicolò Quirini, while the people began to feel that in the Doge they had a sovereign who was not entirely the slave of the ruling caste.

While the political atmosphere of Venice was in this tense condition, on November 10, 1354, the Avvogadori di Comun received instructions to proceed against certain persons accused of having written insulting words and drawn offensive figures in the 'chamber of the chimneys' in the private apartments of the Doge—'in magnum dedecus et vituperium totius terre.' Accordingly the following young nobles—Micheleto Steno, Pietro Bolani, Rizardo Marioni, Moreto Zorzi, Micheleto de Molino, and Mafeo Morosini—were arrested and tried. On November 20 the following sentences were passed: Michel Steno to be imprisoned for the rest of the month, that is, for ten days; Pietro Bolani to be imprisoned till the following Monday; Rizardo Marioni, who had drawn offensive figures as well as writing insulting words, to be imprisoned till the following Tuesday; while Zorzi, de Molino, and Morosini were acquitted. So far the official account. There is no mention of the Dogaressa, but it is explicitly stated that the insults were levelled at the Doge and his nephew—'scripsit multa enormia verba loquentia in 'vituperium domini ducis et ejus nepotis.' The account in the official documents is confirmed by Lorenzo de Monacis, but under an *on dit*. 'Fama fuit' he says 'quod se movit ad tantum 'flagitium' (*i.e.* the conspiracy) 'quia aliqui adolescentuli 'nobiles scripserunt in angulis interioris palatii aliqua verba 'ignominiosa, et quod ipse magis incanduit quoniam adolescen-'tuli illi parva fuerant animadversione puniti'; and Lorenzo de Monacis is borne out by the Chronicle of Antonio Morosini which reports 'alguna inzuria per alguny zovenety fioli de 'zintilomeni Veniexia di quel inzustamente fo ponidy.' The contemporary authority, Nicolò Trevisan, is silent upon the point, but we must remember that this writer begins his narrative with the conspiracy itself, not with the preceding insult. Lorenzo de Monacis and Antonio Morosini then confirm the fact of the insult to the Doge as given by the official documents and add that he was further incensed by the lightness of the punishment inflicted on the culprits, and they connect the Doge's anger on this occasion with his share in the subsequent conspiracy; but in these earliest and best authorities there is no aspersion on the honour of the Dogaressa—a legend introduced at a later period and traceable to Sanudo and his anonymous 'cronaca antica.' Lazzarini conjectures that there was

an ancient family feud between the Falier and Steno families, basing his supposition on the fact that in August 1343 Saray Falier, daughter of Ser Piero Falier of San Maurizio, brought an action against Paulo Steno of San Geremia for housebreaking and rape committed on her person with the connivance of two of her servants, Beta, a German waiting-woman, and Zanino da Cremona, a lackey in the Falier house. Steno was condemned to a year's imprisonment and three hundred lire damages. Lazzarini's conjecture is ingenious and probable, and young Michel Steno, when insulting the Doge in his private apartments, may very likely have been expressing the feelings of his family, though the looseness of manners prevailing in Venice made such episodes common enough.

The insult took place in November, and we must suppose the Doge to have been nursing his wrath in silence during the next four months, for there is no record of any action on his part which would indicate that his mind was set on active revenge. But the popular dissatisfaction with the governing caste was also smouldering, and in April 1355 an event happened which brought the two currents of feeling into contact, and revealed the Doge's mind to the people and the people's mind to the Doge.

In the Council-chamber of the Admiralty a quarrel suddenly sprang up between Giovanni Dandolo, a noble, and Bertuccio Ixarello, a sea-captain of great weight among the seafearing population. Dandolo struck Bertuccio, who left the palace in a fury, and gathering his friends about him in the Piazzetta began to walk up and down between the two columns and the Pietra del Bando at the Santa Sofia angle of S. Marco, waiting till Dandolo should come out. Dandolo was aware of the threatening attitude of the mob, and denounced the gathering to the government. The Doge and his Council summoned Bertuccio to their presence and severely reprimanded him, telling him that if he had a quarrel with Dandolo he must bring it before the appointed Court.

Sanudo again is responsible for a more highly coloured version of the case: Bertuccio's face cut open by Dandolo's ring; Bertuccio's private interview with the Doge, and Falier's bitter complaint that, as he had obtained no redress for Steno's insult, he was powerless to right a mere master mariner, to which Bertuccio replied, 'My Lord Duke, if you would make yourself 'Prince and cut all these cuckoldy gentlemen to pieces, I have 'the courage to make you Sovereign of Venice if you will but lend 'me your aid.'

But though this conversation may be apocryphal, our trust-

worthy Lorenzo de Monacis proceeds to say that on the following night the Doge in fact did secretly send for Bertuccio and opened his mind to him in all its bitterness against the nobility. They proceeded to lay out their designs. Bertuccio, 'auctore et 'promotore duce,' agreed to enrol twenty leading citizens, recruited from the merchant, banking, and seafaring classes, each of whom would answer for forty stout fellows who should be ready to do their bidding; that is to say the forces at the disposal of the conspirators would amount to eight hundred men. The plot matured rapidly, but of the twenty leaders only Bertuccio Ixarello, Filippo Calendario, Stefanello Trevisan, Antonio dalle Binde and Nicoleto Doro were informed that the Doge himself was 'auctorem et conscium hujus conjurationis.'

The plan of the conspirators was this: on the evening of April 15 all the leaders, each with his forty followers, were to walk down towards the Piazza; either on the cry that the Genoese were off the Lido or, as another account has it, on the outbreak of a fictitious brawl among themselves, the Doge was to order the bell of S. Marco to be rung; this would bring the nobles flocking to the Piazza, where they were to be cut to pieces as they came up. In the meantime, in order to exasperate the popular feeling against the nobility, the conspirators were to divide themselves into groups and scour the town at night, knocking at the doors of peaceable citizens and shouting insults to their wives and daughters, then whistling to each other and calling each other by the names of noble families.

The secret was well kept; the plot ripened; April 15 was approaching. But on the very day preceding the night of the rising, the Doge sent for Nicolò Zucuol, son of the Costantino Zucuol who by the Doge's influence had been given the command of a flying squadron. Nicolò Zucuol was a man of the middle class, rich, of great weight with the people of his own rank, and an intimate friend of the Doge. Unfortunately Lorenzo de Monacis, who furnishes this information, breaks off his narrative just at this point, but Matteo Villani comes to our help. He tells us that the Doge, whose object evidently was to secure the support of the class represented by Zucuol, laid before his friend the whole plot which was on the very point of being carried into execution; but instead of support he met with opposition from Zucuol and entreaties to abandon the scheme before it was too late. Villani goes on to say that the Doge, in alarm, accepted his friend's advice and empowered him to seek out the leading conspirators and to order them in his name to proceed no further with the design; as warrant for this order the Doge gave Zucuol his signet ring. When

the populace learned this change of plan they considered themselves betrayed by the Doge. If Villani's story be correct it would account for the attitude of the people. But it differs from the story as told by Trevisan, to whom we now return. At the hour of supper on April 15—that is, shortly after Zucuol had seen the Doge—Vendrame, a leather merchant, one of the conspirators, who was not aware that the Doge was in the plot, being a particular friend of Messer Nicolò Lion, a patrician, went to Lion's house and told him that there was to be a rising in Venice headed by Bertuccio Ixarello, Stefano Trevisan and many others, whose object was to upset the State of Venice ('chon intenzion de rovezar el stato de Veniexia'). Vendrame declared that he revealed the plot to Lion in order that he might take steps to frustrate so great an evil. Lion, on hearing this, was struck dumb with terror, but presently both set out for the palace and laid the whole story before the Doge, who, however, appeared to make light of the affair. Lion was not satisfied, and urged the summoning of the Council, to which the Doge reluctantly agreed. The Council, it seems, were aware of a certain unquiet in the city and had ordered precautions to be taken; but nothing positive was known as yet. While they were still sitting, two members of the Contarini family, Giacomo and his nephew Zuan, arrived at the palace with news that they had discovered a plot among the population of Castello, headed by Filippo Calendario; this information they had from a friend who had been invited to join the rising, but had declined and had denounced the conspiracy to the Contarini. The name of this friend the Contarini refused to give, but under pressure from the Council they went back to their house and presently returned with Marco Negro, a seaman of Castello. Marco, closely examined, deposed that Nicolò Brazzaduro and Marco Muda had invited him to join them in the plot of which Marino Falier, Doge of Venice, was the head ('choncludendo che Miser Marin Falier, doxie de Venexia, era 'chapo e guida del dito tratato'). We must conclude that the Council already had some suspicion of the fact, for apparently they were, contrary to practice, sitting without the Doge, who was moving about the palace with a large train of people and nobles and other persons of weight who did not know how the matter stood ('chandava per pallazo con gram zente e 'zentillomeni e altra bona zente che non sapeva el fato chomo 'stava'). Night was now closing in rapidly; the conspirators were waiting for the sound of the bell, but the Doge, in the uncertainty of the situation at the palace, gave no order. The Council, however, acted promptly. Calendario and Zuan da

Corso were arrested, brought before the Council, and immediately tortured. Corso confessed that Marino Falier was in the plot ('era in lo tratato'); he also denounced Calendario, who thereupon made a full confession, with names. Orders were given to occupy the Piazza with armed men.

So rapid had been the action of the Council that even if the people had intended to rise, which is doubtful, they were forestalled; the tocsin was not rung and the city remained absolutely quiet through the night. On becoming convinced of the Doge's guilt, the Ducal Council convened the Council of Ten, 'a qual conseglio aspetta simille chose.' The Ten at once appointed a Zonta (Giunta) of twenty assessors, chosen from among the more distinguished nobles, and summoned the Doge to appear before them. By this time it was early morning, and the dawn of Thursday, April 16, was just coming in.

Meantime Bertuccio Ixarello had been arrested and brought to the palace by the people of Santa Croce, a significant fact enabling us to estimate the slight extent to which the populace of Venice was in favour of the plot. Calendario and Ixarello were at once condemned and hanged, with gags in their mouths, from the red columns on the upper loggia of the old palace looking on to the Piazzetta.* The other arcades proceeding from the red columns towards the Molo were soon filled with other corpses as execution succeeded execution, eleven in all.

On Friday, April 17, five of the Ducal Councillors, Giovanni Sanudo being ill, nine of the Council of Ten, Ser Nicolò Falier withdrawing as a relation to the Doge, twenty of the Zonta, and two Avvogadori di Comun, Nicolò Falier withdrawing as a kinsman of the prisoner, met to sentence the Doge. The Court was therefore composed of thirty-six persons. A commission of four, Giovanni Mocenigo, Ducal Councillor, Giovanni Marcello, chief of the Ten, Luca da Lezze, Inquisitor of the Ten, and Orio Pasqualigo, Avogador, had already examined the Doge, whether with torture or not is uncertain, though a chronicle of the fifteenth century relates that when Falier was conducted to 'the place of 'torture' a paper fell from his person which revealed the whole plot ('li cazete zerta scrittura per la qual lettera intexe tutto'). Trevisan, however, who was of the Ten but not of the examining Commission, is silent on this point. We have no first-hand account of what took place at the examination, but Matteo Villani, who seems to have been in possession of trustworthy information—though his account varies from that of Trevisan—

* This loggia disappeared when the old palace was pulled down in 1424. (See Lazzarini, op. cit. p. 102, n. 2.)

makes use of the significant phrase, 'the Doge could not deny 'the charge' ('Il Doge nol seppe negare'). In any case the examining judges brought up their report, which was discussed by the full court of thirty-six. The formal question was then put: 'After what has been said and read shall we proceed against 'Marino Falier, Doge, for treason to the State and Commune 'of Venice?' The answer was in the affirmative. Then, about the hour of Vespers, sentence was moved in the following terms: that Marino Falier should be beheaded on the landing-place of the stone staircase where he had taken his coronation oath and received the Ducal bonnet. Confiscation of the Doge's property was implied in this sentence, but 'ob ducatus reverentiam' he was permitted to devise the large sum of two thousand lire de' grossi, equivalent to twenty thousand ducats, and by his will, drawn up for him by the notary, Piero de Compostelli, in the afternoon of April 17, Falier bequeathed the whole of that sum to his wife and named her sole executrix, a fact in itself sufficient to dissipate the legend of the Dogaressa's light living. The sentence was communicated to the Doge in the Sala del Maggior Consiglio, and the Ducal bonnet was removed; as the sun was setting he was led down the stairs amidst a hostile throng, and at the top of the marble stairs leading into the court-yard his head fell to the executioner's sword. Sanudo tells us that he remembers to have seen a white damask altar-cloth, used on Good Fridays, all stained with blood, said to have been placed under the Doge when his head was cut off, *cussi ozi intessi*. The doors of the palace had been closed and when the execution was over either the executioner or, according to another version, a chief of the Ten, went to the loggia overlooking the Piazza, and showing the bloody sword to the crowd cried: 'Look, all of you; great justice has been done on the 'traitor.' The Doge's body, with his head at his feet, was wrapped in a matting and lay for some time in the chamber of the Piovego for all to see. Then the corpse was placed in a common barchetta from the traghetto, with four torches, one priest and an acolyte, and conveyed to the family vault at San Giovanni e Paolo. The Falier tomb was a large oblong sarcophagus of Istrian stone; it had an inscription and the Falier coat of arms on it, and stood in an angle of the vestibule of the chapel dedicated to the Madonna della Pace. It was opened in 1812 and was found to be full of skeletons. These were removed one by one, and when nearly all had been taken out the searchers came on one which had its skull between its feet. It was instantly recognised as the skeleton of the luckless Doge. What became of these interesting remains we do not know. The great sarco-

phagus was, for a long time, used as a cistern in the dispensary of the Town Hospital; it is now in the outer loggia of the Museo Civico, though both inscription and arms have been obliterated. It was only after eleven years had elapsed, from the date of the conspiracy and execution of the Doge, that the Council of Ten, on December 10, 1366, decreed the removal of Falier's portrait from the series which formed the frieze to the Sala del Maggior Consiglio, and that the vacant space should be painted blue with the following inscription in white: 'Hic fuit locus Ser 'Marin Faletro decapitati pro crimine proditionis.' When, after the fire of 1577, the portraits of the Doges were renewed, in Falier's space a black curtain was painted bearing these words in white: 'Hic est locus Marin Faletri decapitati pro 'criminibus.'

After the execution of the Doge, other trials, executions, confiscations, and sentences of banishment followed in rapid succession, though it does not appear that the Ten were excessively harsh, for a large number of minor accomplices were pardoned. Vigorous measures secured the peace of the city, which does not seem to have been seriously menaced. Trustworthy men were brought up from Chioggia, and the nobles were required to attend armed day and night for the protection of the Piazza and the Palace. But these precautions lasted barely two months, and all extraordinary measures were revoked by an order of the Ten on June 10, 'cum per gratiam Dei terra 'nostra reducta sit in statu quietis et pacis, vadit pars quod 'custodie ordinate de novo cessent, nec amplius fiant.' The 10th of April, the feast of Sant' Isidoro, was appointed as a day of solemn thanksgiving, and a procession round the Piazza di San Marco, attended with the same ceremony as was observed on the feast of St. Vitus, which commemorated the failure of the Tiepolo conspiracy in 1310.

Such were the facts of Marino Falier's conspiracy, according to the earliest and most trustworthy authorities; but the causes of the conspiracy, and the real intention of the Doge, have always been and still remain a matter of conjecture. It is certain that Falier's action was a surprise and a puzzle to his friends, his contemporaries, and those nearest to his time. Petrarch, writing from Milan only seven days after Falier's execution, admits that the Doge's conduct convinced him that he had been mistaken as to Falier's character, that the Doge proved to have been possessed of more courage than prudence, and had falsely enjoyed, for many years, a reputation for the latter. Lorenzo de Monacis is even more outspoken in his amazement. 'Stupor est,' he says, 'quod vir plenus dierum, reputatus tantæ

'gravitatis, ita crudelis fuerit quod excogitaverit tantum scelus.' It is clear that both Petrarch and de Monacis, acute intelligences, trained politicians, felt a difficulty in explaining the event, and in defining the motive and aims of the Doge.

The official statements which immediately followed the execution positively assert the Doge's 'treason,' but do not state the nature of that treason. On April 17, that is the day of the Doge's death, the Government wrote to Lorenzo Celsi, Podestà of Treviso, that certain persons, 'diabolico spiritu insti-'gatos,' had planned the 'subvertionem status civitatis nostre,' but that it had 'pleased God to give into our hands "omnes '"principales et auctores proditionis predicte," and we have 'already beheaded Marino Faletro, lately Doge of Venice, "qui '"fuit auctor et caput proditionis predicte."' On April 19, two days after the Doge's execution, the Great Council, when deliberating on the election of a new Doge, declare that 'vacante ducatu 'per obitum domini Marini Faledro, olim ducis Venetiarum, 'decapitati propter proditionem per eum ordinatam in con-'sumptionem et destructionem civitatis Venetiarum et populi 'ejusdem.' Here the Doge is accused of treason not only against the State of Venice but against the people of Venice, though the nature of the plot is not revealed. Again, on January 13, 1355–56, the Council of Ten speak of the 'proditio 'attentata per Ser Marinum Faledro.' The contemporary chronicle of Trevisan is not more explicit as to the Doge's aims, 'voiando,' he says, 'tuti i prediti redur Veniexia a ruina e pessimo 'stato.' The anonymous chronicler of 1396 is the first to define the Doge's object: 'questo doxe insperado da spiriti 'diabolici con alcuni homeni suo seguaci provolari volse tradir 'Venexia a farse signor dessa'; and further on, 'e poi dovea 'levar el dito doxe signor a bacheta e mantegnir el rizimento 'de Veniexia a puovollo e robar tute le chaxe dei zentilomeni 'et alzider tuti quelli li fosse contrarii e vergognare tute le sue 'done.' Here we get the statement that the Doge, with the help of some of the populace, intended to make himself Lord of Venice, the bribe held out to his followers being the sacking of the nobles' houses, the ravishing of their women folk, and the usual promise put forward by all Italians aspiring to a despotism, that the government should be carried on on lines favourable to the people. Lorenzo de Monacis supports this view, though in more measured terms: 'Dux immemor ingentium patriae 'beneficiorum, et magnitudine honorum elatus . . . truci ambi-'tione vexatus, excogitavit auxilio aliquorum civium popularium 'subvertere statum civitatis et extincta nobilitate dignitatem 'antiqui et perpetui Ducatus nova et violenta permutare

'tyrannide.' Here the Doge's personal ambition is adduced as the main factor in the plot, and later on, when relating the insult to the Doge, Lorenzo declares that 'satis patet quod 'Dux non habuit causam sed quæsivit occasionem male agendi,' that Steno's insult in fact was not the cause but the pretext for the plot which was already ripening in the Doge's ambitious mind. Finally, Antonio Morosini says that the Doge 'manda 'per alguny povolany homeny de mar e de altra chativa chon-'dicion persone, atratando voler la citade de Veniexia in so 'dominio per muodo de tirania.' We must, however, bear in mind that, in spite of this consensus of opinion, we are listening to one party only, the aristocratic and official side of the case, the statement of those who condemned the Doge or were in the service of the Government that executed him; we have never heard the Doge's side of the case, the minutes of his examination before the Commission of the Ten being unfortunately lost. It is true, nevertheless, that his friend Petrarch has nothing to urge in Falier's defence. 'Nemo illum excusat; populum ab-'solvo'; but then failure is seldom excused.

Various conjectural explanations of the exact aim of the plot have been advanced; each of them, however, presents some difficulties. It has been suggested that the key to the conspiracy was a coalition between the Doge, smarting under Steno's insult, and the people, exasperated by the insolence of the governing caste, and that the object of the plot was to crush the nobility and to return to the earlier constitution of Venice, in which the Doge and people were in immediate contact. But the action of the populace during the crisis of the plot seems to negative such a conclusion. The people did not rise, the city remained remarkably quiet, the movement was confined to the quarter of Castello and to the arsenal hands, on whom the Doge chiefly relied; some of the conspirators were even arrested and brought to the palace by the people of Santa Croce.

Again the conspiracy has been represented as following the lines of the Tiepolo rising as a revolt against the operation of the *Serrata del Maggior Consiglio*, which disfranchised so many families. But there is no evidence in the documents to support this view, and we find no noble names among those of the conspirators. There remains the third and most plausible explanation that the Doge intended, with the help of the lower populace, to make himself Despot or Lord of Venice. This view has the nearly unanimous support of all who lived about the time of the conspiracy. The idea was in the air of Italy. The Doge had seen the Visconti, the Scalas, the Carraresi raising themselves to absolute power in their native cities. The idea

was also in the air of Venice. A proposal had been made to other nobles—Piero Badoer and Piero Giustinian, for example —that they should follow the spirit of the times, and by a bold stroke create a dynasty in place of the oligarchy. The danger from the dynastic idea was ever present to the minds of the governing caste, and led them to curtail the Ducal power with each successive coronation oath. But even this explanation is not free of difficulties. In the whole course of Falier's career there is not the smallest indication of such an idea having entered his head up to the date of his election as Doge. He did not seek election; he did not even know that the Ducal throne was vacant, and yet election to the Dogeship must have been essential to the success of such a scheme had he ever entertained the idea. On the other hand, the governing caste can have had no suspicion of Falier when they elected him Doge; they would never have filled the chief place in the State by a man suspected of intending to overthrow their domination. Furthermore, Falier was childless and with few relations, a fact which militates against the supposition that he contemplated founding a dynasty—though it is true he was deeply attached to his nephew Fantino and may have dreamt of him as a successor on the throne. In any case we may feel pretty sure that Falier, when he came to the throne, had no intention of upsetting the Venetian Constitution. How are we to explain the rapid growth of so rash a design in the brain of an old man, famed for prudence, with a past illustrious for brilliant and faithful service to the State? Steno's insult is altogether too trivial an episode to account satisfactorily for so violent a change of attitude. At the end of the matter we are forced to Petrarch's conclusion. 'I pity,' he says, 'and at the same time I am wrath with that 'unhappy man who, raised to the highest honour, sought Heaven 'knows what at the very close of his days. His misfortune 'is all the greater in that the judgement passed upon him would 'show him to have been not merely luckless but demented and 'insane.' 'Causas vero . . . si comperte loqui velim, nequeo, 'tam ambiguæ et variæ referuntur.'

Whatever the causes may have been, the result of Falier's conspiracy is clear. As the rising of Tiepolo created the Council of Ten, that powerful weapon of the governing caste, so the execution of the Doge demonstrated and confirmed the supremacy of the Ten and finally established the oligarchical character of the Venetian Constitution.

Art. XI. THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN ASIA.

1. *Western Culture in Eastern Lands.* By Arminius Vambéry. C.V.O. 1906.
2. *La Russie et L'Alliance Anglaise.* By Nicolas Notovitch. Paris: 1906.
3. *Les Anglais et L'Afghanistan.* 'Revue des deux Mondes.' 1er Mars, 1906.

In surveying the course of European affairs during the nineteenth century, the historian will observe that the revolutionary and Napoleonic wars, which embroiled all the States of Europe up to 1815, were followed by a suspension of direct hostilities, during nearly forty years, between the five great Powers of the West. It was indeed a period of insurrection and internal revolt; the peace of the Continent was constantly interrupted by the attempts of oppressed nationalities to throw off a foreign yoke, by vain revolts against autocratic and reactionary governments. Yet none of these wars were in a strict sense international; for after Waterloo no two first-class States ever met on the battlefield until, in 1854, Russia and England fought out in the Crimea a quarrel which mainly arose on our side out of our concern for British interests in Asia. Three more international wars succeeded each other at short intervals. Italy secured her independence, Austria lost her hegemony in Central Europe, and the complete defeat of France by Prussia led to the establishment of a new German Empire with a formidable military preponderance in the centre of Europe. Lastly, in 1877, the Russian armies marched, for the fourth time in the nineteenth century, against the Osmanli Empire, when a fresh redistribution of territories ensued, and from 1877 up to the present time international tranquillity, though frequently menaced, has never been broken in Europe.

It is a significant fact that for the last twenty years the arena of combat, the focus of burning questions which kindle war, have been transferred to Asia and Africa. The European armies have been engaged in fighting, not among themselves, but against Asiatic or African adversaries. The Turkish army opposed to Russia in 1877 was essentially Mahomedan; the English have had their second Afghan war and their Egyptian expeditions; the Italians have been defeated heavily in Abyssinia. An insurrection in China brought the combined forces of Europe to Pekin; and a fierce and exhausting contest between Russia and Japan has only just terminated. The war

in Manchuria had scarcely ended when an ominous diplomatic controversy, in which all the European Cabinets took part, began in Morocco; nor would it be difficult to trace a connexion between events in the Far East and the policy that stirred up these grave complications in the Far West. It would seem as if, to vary Canning's famous saying, the Eastern Continent had been called in to upset the balance of the West; as if the great military Powers of Europe were finding it convenient to stake out their warfields in Asia, where their quarrels can be fought out with less damage to themselves, and with less interruption from the international police, than in the rich, populous, well-defined territories of the West. Recent experiences of the havoc, the tremendous waste of life and money, caused by letting loose the vast armies that confront each other over every frontier of the European Continent, have made the governments very cautious about provoking hostilities at home.

But the main cause to which may be ascribed this remarkable shifting of scenes on the great world-theatre of military and political action is to be found in the rapid extension, during the nineteenth century, of European dominion in Asia and Africa. In a speech delivered before the Legislative Council of India (March 1903), Lord Curzon, than whom no living statesman is better qualified to speak authoritatively on Oriental politics, standing, as Governor-General of India, at the centre of the situation, described in broad outline the existing state and tendencies of affairs in Asia.

'Europe,' he said, 'has woken up, and is beginning to take a revived interest in Asia. Russia, with her vast territories, her great ambitions, and her unarrested advance, has been the pioneer in this movement, and with her or after her have come her competitors, rivals, and allies. Thus, as all these foreigners arrive upon the scene and push forward into the vacant spots, we are slowly having a European situation recreated in Asia with the same figures upon the stage. The great European Powers are becoming the great Asiatic Powers. Already we have Great Britain, Russia, France, Germany, and Turkey; and then, in place of all the smaller European kingdoms and principalities, we have the Empires and States of the East, Japan, China, Tibet, Siam, Afghanistan, Persia—only a few of them strong and robust, the majority containing the seeds of inevitable decay. There lie in these events and in this renewed contact or collision, as the case may be, between the East and the West, omens of the greatest significance to this country. Europe is so accurately parcelled out between the various States and Powers, the balance of power is suspended on so fine a thread, and the slightest disturbance would

imperil such wide interests, that short of some serious and unforeseen convulsion, which everyone would wish to avert, great changes are not to be anticipated there. Africa is rapidly being overrun by the few European Powers who have obtained a foothold upon that Continent; and before long its political destinies and territorial grouping will have taken something like definite shape.'

The result of this unsettled condition in Asia is that every incident that produces agitation in Asia reacts upon the relations of the governments in Europe. Any step taken in advance, any advantage gained in the outlying regions by one Power, excites the jealousy of the others; the efforts of diplomacy are employed in creating embarrassments for rival Cabinets, while a serious reverse in these distant countries affects the equilibrium of politics at the centre. It is worth while, moreover, to remember that of late years the general situation has undergone changes that are not without importance, being fraught with grave consequences affecting all foreign dominion over the countries lying outside the pale of Western civilisation. While the European governments have been quarrelling among themselves over partitions of territory, spheres of influence, and trade facilities in Asia and Africa, some of the stronger native States have been taking lessons from them in the art of war, and even the independent tribes are everywhere exchanging their matchlocks for rifles. In fighting qualities the men of the best Asiatic and African races are very little inferior to the European soldier; in numbers they have been always superior on the field; so that with equal arms they are becoming formidable enemies. For a notable example of this alteration in the relative military strength and the chances of war between civilised and uncivilised nations, we may compare the expedition led by Lord Napier of Magdala against the Abyssinian King Theodore in 1868 with the campaign of the Italians against King Meneleck in 1896. Upon the former occasion the English marched without opposition to the Abyssinian capital, they dispersed easily an ill-armed rabble, their loss was insignificant, and they returned in triumph. About thirty years afterwards a far stronger Italian army met the Abyssinians at Adowa and suffered what was perhaps the most complete and disastrous defeat that had befallen European troops in Asia or Africa for many centuries. And the culmination of this change in the relative military strength of Eastern and Western nations is illustrated by the recent reverses of Russia in Manchuria. In the art and practice of modern warfare the two combatants, Asiatic and European, were here at last found to be equal. The experiences of that war

mark an epoch in history, portending unforeseen, momentous, and far-reaching consequences. In the first year of the present century a competent observer of the tendency of affairs in Asia might have been justified in believing that Russia and England held the future destinies of the continent almost entirely in their own hands. He might have predicted that these two mighty nations would sooner or later come into violent conflict, which would determine the destiny of surrounding kingdoms, and that from West to the Far East the spread of European dominion would be thenceforward irresistible. No one can now venture on any such presumptuous forecast, since one of the strongest military Powers in the West has met its match in the farthest East, not only on land, but on the sea. The naval victories of Japan are unprecedented in the long annals of the interminable warfare between East and West. Land battles have been won and lost on either side, but from the days of Salamis to the days of Lepanto and Navarino the Asiatic has invariably gone down before the European in a great sea-fight. The sudden appearance of Japan as a formidable wielder of sea-power is therefore a strange and portentous phenomenon, and the watcher of the political horizon may well feel, to quote the metaphor of a famous poet, like an astronomer 'when some new planet swims into his ken,' and may stare at the Pacific like Cortez 'silent upon a peak in 'Darien.'

It was impossible that these events should not have roused China from her lethargy; she has herself been repeatedly at war with Japan, and her capital has recently been occupied by the forces of Europe. She has had ample warning that it is time to set her house in order. And she has now, apparently, taken up the work in earnest. M. Francis Mury (Membre du Conseil Supérieur des Colonies) has just contributed to a French review * an article entitled 'Le Réveil du Céleste Empire.' The author, whose official position invests his words with authority, has evidently spared no pains to collect precise information, and to study a subject which, he says, concerns very seriously the Asiatic possessions of France. He tells us that reforms are actively in progress throughout all the administrative departments of the Chinese Empire, and particularly that military reorganisation has been energetically taken up. The army, which has hitherto been under the control of the provincial governors severally, has now been concentrated in the hands of a war-minister at the capital; schools of military

* Le Correspondant, May 1906.

instruction have been instituted; the troops are drilled and disciplined scientifically; the whole force will soon be armed with rifles and artillery of the latest pattern. Large contracts have been made with European manufacturers for the construction of warships and all the modern apparatus of naval warfare. In three or four years the government, he anticipates, will be able to place in the field a well-equipped army of 500,000 men, with ample reserves to be called out in the contingency of hostilities. The financial system is under revision on a scale that will more than double, at least, the present amount of the imperial revenues; railway and telegraph lines are being laid for rapid communication with the outlying provinces. China, says the writer, is in fact on the way toward becoming a first-class military Power, and if her future policy is aggressive, if at any time she is minded to reclaim some of her lost dependencies, it is France that will have to bear the first shock. The Chinese might break into Tonquin across its northern frontier in such overwhelming numbers that the colony would be overrun, and the French would be easily swept out of Indo-China. On the other hand, however, M. Mury thinks it possible that China might turn her arms against her old enemy, Japan. This would respite France from immediate peril; though, we may observe, in the event of war between China and Japan the provisions of the Anglo-Japanese treaty (so long as it is in force) might entail awkward complications upon England.

M. Mury's conclusion is that a league of the white races (la ligue des Blancs) should be formed, while there is yet time, to prevent by international concert the danger which he foresees; he proposes a coalition of Europe and America for the purpose of imposing peace upon Asia. He is evidently impressed with the belief that disunion among the European Powers may imperil the security of their Asiatic possessions, and compromise the tranquillity of the world.

There can be little doubt, at any rate, that the superiority in the art and appliances of war, by which Europeans have won their dominion in Asia, is on the wane; the armies of Eastern and Western States will henceforward meet on even terms in this respect; the era of facile victories is closing. The English, who led the van of conquest in the eighteenth century, when the untrained soldiery of Indian chiefs could make no stand against a few disciplined regiments, have now been the first to turn this change to their own advantage. Just as they were the first to raise an Asiatic army from among their own subjects, so now they have enlisted on their own side this

new and powerful force, and have used it to strengthen their reserves for defending their Indian Empire. Henceforward any future attacks upon their North-Western frontier may bring up a Japanese army to their direct support, or, more probably, to make a formidable diversion elsewhere. It may be worth notice that one result of this military alliance will be to create an association of political interests between nations that have hitherto remained entirely apart and unconcerned with each other's affairs. The territories of Russia and England in Asia, including the protectorates, stretch continuously from South to North across the whole Asiatic continent, separating the yellow races in the Far East from the Mahomedan nations of the West. But Japan is now connected, by treaty, with the politics of Central Asia. She is pledged to co-operate in resisting unprovoked aggression upon our Indian Empire; she is drawn into a community of interests, possibly of sentiments, with the Indian people; and the effect of the position which she thus holds will undoubtedly be to extend her influence and reputation as the successful leader of an Asiatic Renaissance.

Our immediate concern, however, is with the effect produced by these changing circumstances and extraordinary events upon the relative position of England and Russia respectively on the Asiatic continent. The Anglo-Japanese treaty is undoubtedly a brilliant stroke of high diplomacy, which has turned the balance of military power very much in our favour. Above all, the alliance makes for peace in Asia; it has greatly reduced the probabilities of war, and peace is what England has always desired, while at this moment it is hard to believe that any other policy can possibly be contemplated by Russia. Her resources, financial and military, have been wasted in Manchuria; and she is disabled by mutinies and internal convulsions at home. She is beset by violent revolutionary outbreaks and demonstrations which she is attempting to check or conciliate by precipitate constitutional reforms. We may be permitted to assume that at the present critical conjuncture Russia has no intention of provoking another great war in the East. Her recent experience in a duel with Japan must, in any case, be a serious warning against hazarding any movement or provoking any dispute that might bring both Japan and Great Britain into joint opposition to resist her; for in such a contest success would be almost hopeless, while a second defeat upon Asiatic soil might be ruinous.

We may conclude, therefore, that we may reckon with confidence on these guarantees of tranquillity in Central Asia, at least for some years. At this moment the policy of both

Russia and England makes for peace. The question arises—it has in fact been mooted in several quarters, and if it has not yet taken any definite shape officially it has become a topic of public discussion—whether the opportunity cannot be used for endeavouring to find some practical solution of a problem which in one way or another affects the interests of every Asiatic kingdom, from Constantinople to Pekin, and has an indirect bearing upon international relations in Europe.

For no one can have failed to perceive that the recent depression of Russia has disturbed the equipoise of the great European Powers. The armed peace that has prevailed in Europe since the Treaty of Berlin has been more than once in jeopardy. It must be laid to the credit of Russia that on more than one occasion she has interposed effectively to control the spirit of restless militarism; and we have recently had good reason for believing that any displacement of the weights that have steadied European politics would not be to the advantage of England. To France the maintenance of this controlling power is of such vital importance that it has been the mainspring of the approximation and accord of the two nations which has been cordially welcomed on both sides of the Channel. Yet it must be remembered that Asiatic and European interests are now so interlaced and interdependent that any unsettlement of order in one continent must derange the adjustment of forces in the other. Russia and England cannot be perpetually manœuvring against each other in Asia if they desire to act together in Europe. And it is time to make a stand against the fixed idea, which has been too prevalent in the minds of those who speculate upon the outcome of the existing situation in the East, that the inevitable issue must be some decisive trial of strength between these two great empires in the region which lies between their Asiatic frontiers. Those who contemplate such an eventuality, and who authoritatively insist that we must deliberately prepare for it, have not taken into account the dislocation of all relations and interests in Europe which must surely be the result of such a collision, the perils which are inseparable from the chances of war, and the very doubtful gain that could accrue to the winner. They do not reflect that the reverberation of such a conflict would shake the whole Mahomedan world, would stir up subject races on both sides, and that the spectacle of fierce Mahomedan soldiery set against each other by Christian commanders could be neither edifying nor particularly salutary.

Thus the present ambiguous condition of relations between Russia and England is detrimental to peace in both continents,

while in Asia economical developement is paralysed, and political insecurity prevails throughout the countries which intervene between the two empires. The defensive system of the Anglo-Indian Government has always been to prevent another European Power from encroaching on the territory of any independent State on the borders of an actual possession.* We are pledged to protect Afghanistan, we allow no foreign interference in Tibet. In Persia, which marches on the east with our protectorates, and whose northern frontier line divides her territory from Russian possessions, we have to maintain an influence and to watch over important British interests; we are closely concerned to preserve the integrity of that ancient kingdom. This policy is sound and strategically necessary, yet one cannot deny that it multiplies the points of possible controversy, intensifies international susceptibility, and keeps the Asiatic governments in a condition of apprehension and suspense. These countries, adjacent to or intermediate between the two European empires, find themselves treated as the chessboard on which the game for ascendency is being played; they bear the cost and suffer the consequences of a system which permits no declaration of neutrality on their part; their rulers are distracted by the alternate cajolery and intimidation of rival diplomatists; they cannot conciliate one powerful neighbour without offending the other; they can make no treaties, fix no boundaries, lay on no customs duties, unless both neighbours agree to their action. The Lama Government of Tibet were alarmed by overtures made to them in good faith by India for opening out trade routes and effecting a reasonable adjustment of frontier disputes. They were much afraid that the British flag has a habit of following British commerce, and they were averse to the doctrine of pacific penetration; they were naturally ignorant and obstinate. When they inclined their ears to similar propositions from Russian agents on their northern border, a British expedition crossed the Himalayas and temporarily occupied their capital. But Tibet has perhaps the most barbarous and backward Government in Asia, upon which the motives and methods of European policy produce mere bewilderment. Persia is an ancient kingdom, famous in history, with a tradition of civilized manners and a literature that has placed her intellectually in the foremost rank among Asiatic nations. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when she was ruled by able

* Si l'on veut être maître chez soi, il faut balayer soi-même le devant de sa porte.

and energetic sovereigns, her armies were dreaded by the two empires, then at their zenith, which lay west and east of her, the Osmanli at Constantinople and the Moghul at Delhi. The invasion of Hungary by Suleiman the Great was checked by his wars with Persia, which drew off and divided the Turkish forces, and probably saved Eastern Europe from dire calamity; for at that time the Sultan's military power was stronger than that of the Austrian Emperor at Vienna. The position is now completely reversed. Persia has declined into a condition of stagnation and decay, her military strength is inconsiderable, and her administration inefficient; she depends for her territorial independence and integrity on the joint guarantee of Russia and England. The representatives of European Cabinets contend at the Shah's Court for preponderance in his counsels; and they are much more active in thwarting each other's projects than in promoting the interests of Persia.

It is her geographical position that invests Persia with the importance that provokes these diplomatic tournaments at Teheran. She holds all the wide lands between the Caspian Sea on the north-west and the Indian Ocean on the south; on the east she marches with the two countries that cover the flank of India and are under India's protection; and on the north her entire frontier is coterminous with the provinces of Russia. And on the south-west her territory reaches the eastern shores of the Persian Gulf, with seaports that have from the earliest times been valuable emporia and outlets for the inland commerce of South Asia. For many years, in recent times, the British Navy has kept open and protected the traffic of all nations on this waterway; piracy has been extirpated, and the predatory tribes on the Arabian Coast have been bound over by treaties to respect the maritime peace: treaties which are enforced by the authority of a British Resident at Bushire. The project of a railway line from the Mediterranean through Bagdad to some terminus at the head or northern point of the Gulf will, whenever it is executed, revive to an incalculable degree the economical and political importance of this ancient waterway, and any lines that in future may be carried down from Northern Persia to the ports on this inland sea would produce material changes. They would develope the resources not only of Persia, but also of that great Mesopotamian region, once rich and flourishing, which extends upward along the Tigris and Euphrates, and which is now landlocked and condemned to poverty and barbarism by centuries of ignorant misgovernment. No more effective remedy for these evils could be desired than the construction

of these railroads. On the great highways of the world order and security are indispensable; they let in the light upon dark corners, and promote the spread of civilization; the extension of communications, facility of intercourse stimulating commercial activity, are essential factors in the economical and social intercourse of all nations. A great country without railways, depending chiefly on caravans for the transport of its goods along rough tracks, is in these days afflicted with paralysis internally, while externally its condition interrupts and cuts across the lines of communication that might link together adjoining countries, and may thus obstruct the communications of two continents. Yet at this moment the advance of the Bagdad railway beyond Asia Minor is arrested by political stumbling-blocks. And in Persia all schemes for railways are at a standstill because the Shah is bound by an engagement to entertain none of them without the permission of Russia. It is not that the Czar's Government is definitely opposed to their construction. On the contrary, we have recently been told that there is to be seen in St. Petersburg a published map on which three main lines are projected for Persia, one from Baku on the Caspian to Teheran, another from Transcaspia to Meshed, and a third which is to traverse Persia from Teheran to Bushire on the Persian Gulf. How far this prospectus is to be regarded as an authentic expression of Russian policy, or at any rate as indicating ultimate possibilities, it is superfluous to inquire. That Russia has a primary interest in the development of her own trade with Persia is obvious; nor need we enlarge upon the vital importance to her of railways which would connect the Caspian Sea with the Indian Ocean, by traversing the broad tracts of foreign territory which everywhere in Asia encircle the Russian provinces and cut off access to the open sea. On the other hand it is quite certain that a plan which would leave in the hands of one powerful foreign government the monopoly of railways in Persia is fundamentally inadmissible, while it is almost certain that in the present financial and political condition of Russia its execution is in any case impracticable. Yet if, by a stretch of imagination, we could imagine that all the political and strategical obstacles, at present insuperable, were non-existent and had been removed or adjusted by international concert on the question of construction and management, no one could deny that these railways would renovate and civilize Persia, and would confer immeasurable benefits upon her people. For the present, however, we may set aside these chimerical projects, and lay stress on the immediate fact that Persia lies under a Russian

interdict that forbids, so long as it lasts, the making of a mile of railway within her extensive territories. It is understood that the convention which placed Persia under this interdict was for a term that is just expiring. And the point for consideration is how long this deadlock, caused by the mutual political distrust and commercial rivalry of Russia and England, is to continue; whether there is no possibility of overcoming it by a reasonable partition of claims and interests on the basis of some formal agreement. The primary and essential conditions would be that Persian railways, which would only be undertaken by foreign capital, would be under international control and administration; that they must not be used, directly or indirectly, for military purposes; and that the door should stand open, on equal terms, for all foreign commerce.

The present condition of Afghanistan exhibits a different and much more intense stage of the inveterate jealousy between Russia and England in Asia. It is here that the two empires have drawn nearest to each other; the contiguity of frontiers sharpens apprehension and accentuates distrust—their camps are separated by a measurable distance, and the arena of possible contact is marked out between them. Any questions of extending communications take the colour of strategical design; and projects of railway-making are avowedly plans of campaign. The Afghan ruler, surveying from his mountains the outposts on his frontiers of two European armies, is naturally determined to permit no facilities for their entry into his territory; so here also, as in Persia, we have a country laid under interdict. The Afghan Amir cannot find refuge in neutrality; the neutral zone is an expedient inapplicable to a barbarous State which is liable to fall foul of its neighbours through the ignorance or perversity of its Government. His position is strong because the independence of his country is of primal importance to the security of any empire in India. Every successful invader of India, since authentic history began, has established himself firmly in the Afghan highlands before descending upon the plains below. Under the Moghul empire, to go back no further than to our predecessors, this region was a frontier province, with garrisons at Kabul and Kandahar; and when this province was rent away from that dynasty the gates of India were thrown open to fresh irruptions from Central Asia, which began the dilapidation of the empire and accelerated its ruin. During the nineteenth century Afghanistan has been an independent kingdom which the English, who have no wish to possess it, are nevertheless compelled to protect; it must be

retained at all costs and risks within the orbit of British influence; the true frontier of our Empire in India still lies where it lay when the Moghul reigned, to the west and north-west of the Afghan mountains. In 1878 the Amir Sher Ali was inveigled into making a treaty with Russia. The British attacked him, drove him into exile, and made with his successor an arrangement which formally pledges us to defend his frontier from foreign aggression. That he undertook, on his part, to leave his foreign relations in our hands is a stipulation of no great intrinsic value, because whether the Amir keeps or breaks this engagement, we can in no sense permit foreign influence to predominate in Afghanistan. But since 1881, when this arrangement was concluded, the condition of that kingdom has steadily improved; it is no longer distracted and impoverished by chronic civil wars and tribal turbulence; its ruler is now undisputed master of the whole country, with a full treasury and a not inconsiderable army; the country has been comparatively quiet and prosperous for twenty-five years. This period, unprecedented in the annals of Afghan tumult and bloodshed, of internal order and external security, is due, first, to the protection and aid rendered to two successive Amirs by the British Government. But it may be ascribed, in a scarcely less degree, to the delimitation of their frontiers with the consent and co-operation of Russia, ratified by a public convention which the Russians have since observed in good faith, although the wild ways of Afghans on a rough borderland have occasionally tired their patience.

This convention, in fact, initiated a change in the character of the relations between Russia and England in Central Asia; they had hitherto been contentious, they now became for the first time conciliatory. Our earlier practice had been to object and remonstrate against each successive stride which brought the Russian conquests across the desert lands from the Caspian to the Oxus, to accept with incredulity reassuring explanations, and to protest when they were falsified by events. The usual excuse for diplomatic proceedings that could not always be defended, was that a policy was not a pledge, that it must vary with the exigencies of changing circumstances; nor was it difficult to show why a civilised government in contact with barbarous Khanates and Turcoman robber-tribes should have been forced on, gradually, to subdue and absorb them. The Russian road across the Steppes is paved with good intentions; and illusory assurances that were contradicted by deeds have bred misunderstanding and intelligible resentment.

At last the British Government resolved to try a change of

method in their policy. The Russians had persistently evaded any engagement that would have bound them to stop short in their advance, leaving a vacant interspace between their own annexations and the Afghan border; a kind of no-man's-land where no one could be responsible for disorders. So we offered to acquiesce in and recognise what we had previously been attempting to hinder, to agree that Russia's occupation might extend up to the Afghan line, on the condition that this line should be demarcated by a joint commission, and that Russia should sign a written convention to abide by it. The arrangement was made with the Amir's consent, though he was not one of the signatories. The parties to the contract were two civilised governments, answerable for any breach of it before the public opinion of Europe.

We have laid some stress upon this transaction, because we suggest that it may be taken as an example and indication of the only policy which, if it can be pursued, may relieve the strain and friction which have so long embarrassed our relations with Russia in Central Asia. We are by no means concerned to rely upon verbal asseverations, or to defend the diplomatic expedient, to which Prince Gortschakoff and Prince Bismarck have occasionally resorted. When the stakes are high, such players will not show their hands at a critical moment; the rules of their game permit them to mislead an adversary. But international engagements belong to another category, nor can it be alleged that Russia has not usually observed them, or that her behaviour towards England has been invariably unfriendly, or that she has habitually availed herself of opportunities for embarrassing us in Asia. In the course of the debate upon the first Afghan war Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister, made a speech,* from which we take the following extract:—

'It is right to bear testimony to the facilities we have enjoyed in consequence of the good faith observed by Russia, and to declare publicly in the face of Europe, that it is impossible that any Power could have acted with more strict good faith and more friendly feeling than has been evinced by Russia with regard to Persia and Afghanistan.'

It may be admitted that since 1842 much has happened, and that the approximation of the two empires in Asia has operated to increase the tension of our reciprocal relations. Russia has made no secret of her intention to use the position which she holds on the Afghan frontier as a means of counteracting any adverse pressure we might bring to bear upon her policy in

* June 23, 1842.

other directions; and we are forewarned against a manœuvre that would, in certain contingencies, not be altogether illegitimate. This is one symptom, perhaps the most acute, of the present anomalous complexion of affairs, which fosters a veiled hostility in Asia between two governments whose interests undoubtedly point toward amity and concordant views in Europe.

We may conclude, however, for the reasons stated at the beginning of this article, that for at least some years to come we may reckon upon the maintenance of tranquillity in Central Asia. The Russians are in no condition for engaging in fresh enterprises in the distant East; they have undertaken the perilous work of internal reorganisation; while the leaders of constitutional reform, if they succeed, are likely to advocate peace, and a not unfriendly attitude toward England. It would be premature and inopportune, until the present crisis in Russia has ended, to attempt more than an *exposé* of the general situation, or to carry discussion beyond a survey of the principal considerations which affect an important and complicated question. Yet it is significant that this question of the relations between Russia and England has very recently attracted the attention of continental writers at this particular conjuncture, and we venture to suggest that some illustration of the views and conclusions which we have put before our readers may be found in the publications mentioned at the head of this article.

The book issued this year by that veteran pioneer of travel in the central deserts of Asia, M. Vambéry, purports by its title to draw a comparison of the methods adopted by England and Russia in the middle East. No living author is better qualified, by personal experiences and observations, by familiarity with the languages and the character of the people, to review the history, or to describe the manners, the religion, and the general state of society, in the wide region stretching eastward from the Caspian Sea to the borders of Chinese Turkestan, in the cities of Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarcand. And few European writers are so well fitted to estimate the striking changes, economical and political, which the Russian administration has produced since those countries fell under its dominion.

'When,' he says, 'comfortably seated in our well-upholstered railway carriage we gaze upon the Hyrkanian Steppe, upon the terrible deserts of Karakum and Kisilkum, we can scarcely realize the terrors, the sufferings, and the privations to which travellers were formerly exposed.'

In tracts ranged over by the savage Turcoman tribes, in cities ruled by cruel and fanatic despots, where 'anarchy, robbery, and

'starvation' had reigned, the Russian *régime* has created order and security, has instilled in the people the elements of culture, and has at least raised the standard of civilisation far beyond the level that has been reached anywhere in Asia under Asiatic rule. Yet he finds grave defects and abuses underlying the system, he denounces the vices of Russian officialism, their arbitrary methods, their want of sympathy with the native subjects; he believes that 'the best intentions of the supreme 'government often fail through the unreliability, corruption, and 'arrogance of its organs.' After forty years of Russian administration, the intellectual and national developement of the people and the country is, in his opinion, very far below what ought to have been attained; and the reason why Russia's attempts to civilize her conquests have been so inadequate is, he considers, that in Russia herself the standard of culture and of political education is still so imperfect. The Russian himself, he asserts, is still half-Asiatic; and the popular idea that this is a qualification for success in governing Asiatic populations, that it facilitates mutual sympathy and understanding between the ruling and the subject races, making assimilation easier, and differences less abrupt, is positively rejected by M. Vambéry. On the contrary, he declares this to be a serious disqualification for the duties and responsibilities imposed upon European dominion in Asia, because while the process which he terms 'Russification' checks any developement on natural lines in those countries, the western civilization, being partial and inadequate, makes no strong impression upon them. In this respect he enlarges upon the superior advantage and effective results of the English system in India, of which he writes with gratifying admiration. He acknowledges, however, that in Turkestan the Russians are confronted by one serious difficulty which has not the same power of resistance in India. Whereas in India the Mahomedans form no more than a considerable and by no means negligible minority of the whole population, the subjects of Russia are altogether Mahomedan; and Islam has always opposed a stiff and unyielding obstacle to alien innovations; it stands firm as a rock against the assaults of new ideas and antagonistic beliefs; 'the influence of Islam has hampered all 'Russia's attempts at civilization.' Moreover, the inbred attachment of the Turcomans to tribal institutions hinders the work of reclaiming them to settled habits; the decomposition of nomadic society makes slow progress in Central Asia. He admits, in short, that if on the one hand the Russian *régime* in Turkestan is faulty and disfigured by unseemly blemishes, its work has been arduous and exceptionally difficult. And,

remembering that all Vambéry's political prepossessions have always been antipathetic to Russia, we may accept his concluding judgement on what has been accomplished in these outlying provinces as unexpectedly fair and favourable.

'Judging dispassionately and without prejudice, we must frankly acknowledge that the Russians have done much good work in Asia; that with their advent order, peace, and security have taken the place of anarchy and lawlessness, and that notwithstanding the strongly Oriental colouring of their political, social, and ecclesiastical institutions, as representatives of the western world, they have everywhere made a change for the better, and inaugurated an era more worthy of humanity.'

The section of M. Vambéry's book which treats of the rise, progress, and present state of the British dominion in India, traverses ground that is far more familiar to Englishmen. His main object, he says, is to throw light on the causes to which the beginning of our success was attributable, and the circumstances that facilitated rapid expansion; and to examine the methods that we have employed to consolidate our conquests by planting firmly the roots of high European civilization in Asiatic soil. In the humane and enlightened spirit of our administration he discovers the guarantees of our Empire's stability, and of the prosperity that reconciles three hundred million Hindus and Mahomedans to foreign rule. He discourses on the gradual transformation of an antique society by modern culture, by the influence of public instruction. He admits that the spread of knowledge and intellectual activity has stimulated criticism and a certain degree of political agitation among the leaders of native opinion, taking the form of aspirations that it is not easy to satisfy. He warns the leaders of native opinion, as represented by their journalists, against impatient demands that encourage disaffection; affirming strenuously what, we believe, the educated classes willingly admit, that their interests, and indeed their existence, are inseparable from the maintenance of the British *régime*. But on the subject of Indian administration we cannot follow M. Vambéry's observations to any length; the difficulties that he enumerates are but too well known to Englishmen; and though we thoroughly appreciate his eulogies of our success, it might seem like fatuous self-approval to dilate upon them. Our concern in this article is with his reflexions on the external aspect of England's position in Asia, with particular reference to the Power which M. Vambéry regards as 'her *one* formidable rival.' Upon this question his views display an almost excessive confidence in the stability

of a government which has identified itself with the moral and material interests of the people. Admitting that Russia threatens the Indian frontiers, he nevertheless believes that invasion is improbable, and that we should be strong enough to repel it; but he affirms that even if armed defences should fail to keep out an enemy 'the transformation in the interior of the land—'the mental change which has taken place in the Hindu people 'as regards the value they attach to the British administration—'forms a bulwark against which the heaviest guns of Russia 'will be powerless.'

We quite agree that the Russians would find no welcome in India; and it is most gratifying to be told, on high authority, that the Indian population may be relied on to stand by us *in rebus adversis*. And yet in these days of blood and iron our generals may prefer to do battle with more substantial reserves to fall back upon in emergencies. But we do not believe that the loyalty of our fellow citizens in India will ever be put to any such extreme test; or that Russia would be disposed to face the risks and consequences, the doubtful issues, of hostilities with Great Britain, unless the relations of the two Powers were violently ruptured in Europe; and at present she needs above all things rest, having every reason for desiring to live quietly with her neighbours. She can have no wish to increase her vast territories, or to aggravate the difficulties of her internal organisation by adding to the complications engendered by the diversity of race and creeds in a population for whom she is now endeavouring to frame liberal institutions on some uniform model. The English, for their part, have similar and no less cogent motives for abstaining from territorial extension. The two empires have both undertaken quite as much as they can manage in Asia; their respective dominions require settlement and security, and relief from the heavy burden on their revenues imposed by alarms and rumours of impending war. M. Vambéry agrees that there is but one

'remedy for the present state of things. It can only be changed,' he perceives, 'if the two great Powers work together in peace and unity. Both England and Russia have already created for themselves a sufficiently large and independent sphere wherein to follow their own political and economical ends, without interfering with each other, without any feeling of animosity, but rather assisting and enriching one another, faithfully performing the task entrusted to each separately.'

The changes and cross currents in the tide of human affairs may at any time retard and divert such a con-

summation. Yet there have been periods in the world's history when great States, after absorbing the minor principalities, after making partition of debateable lands and fixing their boundaries, have settled down within the natural and permanent limits of territorial sovereignty: and it may be that some such period is not far off in Central Asia. The petty chiefships, the loose tribal formations, seem to be melting into the moulds of organised governments; the general movement appears to be toward the grouping of the population under the authoritative control of rulers responsible in some degree to international law, which has never yet existed in Asia.

We must touch, though briefly, upon M. Vambéry's final chapters, which discuss the future of Islam, because the subject has an undeniable bearing upon the conditions of European dominion in countries where politics and religion are so intimately connected. M. Vambéry estimates that of the total number of living Mahomedans, two-thirds at least are now under non-Moslem dominion, and their Faith constitutes a bond of sympathy, a community of ideas, traditions, and prejudices from Morocco in the West to Afghanistan and India in the East. The opening of the great highways by sea and land, commercial intercourse, speed and ease of travel, have multiplied facilities for inter-communication and correspondence throughout the Mahomedan world. The real strength of the Sultan, the acknowledged head of orthodox Islam, lies entirely in his command over the chords of religious enthusiasm, the sentiment of spiritual unity, which vibrate across two continents. And the only first-class State in Europe which has few, if any, Mahomedan subjects, has been latterly suspected of attempting to play on this instrument for its own private ends. No purely Mahomedan country has ever yet willingly accepted modern civilization, while the inveterate antipathy between Islam and Christianity has by no means softened down, for in all Mahomedan countries religion and politics are so indissolubly connected that both forces combine against rulers of foreign race and alien faith. M. Vambéry believes that a strong desire for social improvement and reforms, an awakening to the necessity of political regeneration, are perceptible throughout the independent Mahomedan countries, especially in Turkey. And he discusses the question whether

'the Moslem world, in the second half of the nineteenth century, has made such progress on the road of modern culture as to show a possibility of assimilation with Europe, and whether such eventual renovation will take place under foreign protectorate or in national independence.'

He replies without hesitation that an intellectual evolution is making progress in Mahomedan countries, that the influence of Western culture and the example of Western administration has been broad and deep, that bigotry and superstition are everywhere yielding to a demand for liberal institutions, and that the reactionary opposition of the orthodox priesthood is growing weaker. But he finds that the chief adversaries of the reform movement are, naturally enough, the Mahomedan governments, who are convinced that these ideas and innovations must imperil their autocratic power; and M. Vambéry's conclusion undoubtedly justifies these fears: for he declares that 'the still independent Moslem countries will sooner or 'later have to buy their moral and material union with modern 'culture at the price of their political independence.' If this view is correct, which we doubt, it is not hard to understand why the rulers of these kingdoms are resorting to spiritual weapons for the preservation of their temporal dominion, and are said to be encouraging the combination of Mahomedans everywhere on the basis of religious fellowship. M. Vambéry notices a simultaneous movement toward the rallying of all the progressive forces of independent Mahomedan natives under the standard of Pan-Islamism. He remarks, casually, that the building of the Hedgaz line, which is to facilitate communication with the Islamitic centres, and which, as we have since discovered, was intended to include a branch line across the Sinaitic peninsula to Cairo, 'was undertaken with a view to the 'promotion of Pan-Islamism.' Yet M. Vambéry has but a moderate belief in the success of this movement, though he apprehends that if it gains strength 'it may upset many plans 'of the foreign Powers in Moslem Asia'; and although religion in Asia is still a powerful instrument of political association, we are not inclined to treat such a project very seriously. However this may be, M. Vambéry despairs of the regeneration of Mahomedan Asia through the Mahomedan rulers. He takes it to be 'an irrefutable fact, that only under the protection 'and direct administration of the Western Powers can the 'Moslem East hope for a better future.' The conclusion is disheartening, for it imposes upon Europe the formidable task of civilizing Asia; and the problem of reconciling their own Mahomedan subjects to European ascendency is already found sufficiently arduous by the three governments, England, Russia, and France, which are chiefly concerned in solving it. In any case, there can be no question as to the great and manifest expediency of concord and a better understanding among the Powers on whom this civilizing mission devolves,

since it must be inevitably frustrated by disunion, mistrust, and mutual obstructiveness.

M. Vambéry's final words, with which he brings his work to an end, are:—

'Whatever may be the future of the European representatives of European culture in modern Asia, and however long and far their authority may extend over the several portions of the Old World now subject to them, in the interests of humanity, of culture, and of universal peace, everyone must entertain the hope that their harmonious intercourse may remain undisturbed, that each one of them may work for the good of the ancient world, ruined by mismanagement, ignorance, and tyranny, in order that the miserable condition of mankind in Asia may come to an end.'

But to M. Vambéry only the faint dawn of brighter days for the kingdoms of Islam is yet visible in the eastern sky; while the long-suffering Mahomedan is exhorted to patient meditation on a text in his own Koran: 'To hurry is the devil's 'work, to linger is well-pleasing to God.' How long his patience may endure is yet to be seen, for M. Vambéry's book contains evidence that already the new wine of liberal ideas and aspirations is flowing into the old bottles, and that the spirit of resistance to abusive tyranny and misrule is abroad. M. Vambéry believes that the future destiny of Asia depends mainly upon the joint co-operation of the two European Powers, Russia and England, for superintending political and social developement in these backward countries. We agree with him that the first condition of progress in Asia is peace, and that for the maintenance of peace the two civilized governments are mainly responsible; while their attitude of antagonism is the chief obstacle to the realization of his hopes for the better state of things. Yet we are inclined to think that M. Vambéry expects too much from the influence of European governments in Asia, and overlooks the disadvantages that are inseparable from foreign dominion. Political tutelage depresses the national vigour of subject populations by exempting them from the rough training of necessity; it forces them into grooves not always adapted to their distinctive types; it has a tendency toward the impoverishment of national character. M. Vambéry tells us 'that the political and economical decline of the 'Moslems has assumed alarming dimensions; that there is no 'sign of their pulling themselves together as a nation, and that 'already two-thirds of the Mahomedans have lost their indi-'viduality under foreign supremacy.' It does not seem to have occurred to him that this decadence may be the effect of foreign supremacy. The history of Asia shows that in past

times she has produced men of commanding genius, able rulers, leaders of great armies, and, above all, the founders of the religions that have conquered the world spiritually. In their later days these great men have had no successors; the predomination of European ascendency seems to have stifled the growth of eminent ability; the atmosphere is obviously uncongenial to the expansion of extraordinary personalities. In the sixteenth century the empires of India, Persia, and Turkey were equal in wealth and military power to the contemporary kingdoms of the first class in Europe, though inferior in civilization; there is now no ruler in Western Asia who could venture to disregard the dictates of the European Cabinets. Only in the Far East, where Japan and even China have held out against European domination and have preserved their national independence, has indigenous talent found free scope. We have all seen what Japan has achieved; we have still to see what China may accomplish whenever her forces are organized and her administration shall have been reformed.

This is, however, a digression. We entirely agree with M. Vambéry's conclusion that the existing state of the relations between Russia and England in Asia is detrimental not only to the interests of the two governments but also to the welfare of the Asiatic countries under their influence. So long as the two European empires stand watching each other in arms, their attitude holds in suspense half the Eastern continent, and this condition of disquietude reacts upon Western politics. It is therefore intelligible that from various quarters the desire to promote some *modus vivendi*, some arrangement that may terminate the prevailing uncertainty, should have found expression. A book has just been published, with the title of 'La Russie et l'Alliance Anglaise,' by a Russian publicist, who reviews the whole series of transactions and incidents that have alternately brought about amity or estrangement between the two nations since the sixteenth century. When at last he arrives at the present juncture of affairs, he argues earnestly that an alliance with Russia is imposed upon England by considerations not only of expediency, but of necessity. No other combination, he declares, can guarantee to England the prime object of her policy, the preservation of the *status quo* in Asia. It is needless to observe that although an interchange of views, and the free discussion of controversial questions between the two governments, as a preliminary to some amicable settlement of terms, appears to us desirable, the proposal for an alliance stands quite apart; nor would any

good purpose be served by examining it. The writer's suggestions for a basis of mutual accommodation are necessarily indefinite; though we gather that he advocates the neutralization of Afghanistan, and the reconstitution of Persia under the joint guardianship of the two Powers especially concerned; while he would place the integrity of the Chinese Empire under a similar guarantee. It may perhaps be allowable to regard this book as a *ballon d'essai*, sent up to ascertain how far the currents of public opinion in Europe are moving in the direction of a *rapprochement*; and while we willingly recognize the very friendly disposition toward England exhibited by a Russian writer, we may abstain from criticizing his proposals.

In the 'Revue des deux Mondes' for March 1906, a French writer, M. Rouire, takes up the same subject, though from a different historical standpoint, in an article headed 'Les 'Anglais et l'Afghanistan.' We have here, condensed into the compass of about thirty pages, a narrative of the whole course of our Afghan campaigns and negotiations during the nineteenth century, of our varying fortunes and manifold adventures in war and diplomacy beyond the north-west frontier of India, from the time when rumours of Russia's advance from the Caspian first drew us into the labyrinth of Central Asian politics, up to the date of the treaty signed in 1905 with the present Amir. The story is probably new to the majority of French readers, though to Englishmen it is an oft-told tale. Some immaterial errors might be noticed; but on the whole the writer's summary of the facts is correct, and our general policy is appreciated with intelligence and impartiality. M. Rouire recognizes the importance of the delimitation of the Russo-Afghan frontier under a convention with England, which he praises as *un des plus beaux triomphes de la politique coloniale de Gladstone*. Nevertheless, he observes, the armies posted on either side of Afghanistan have ever since been preparing, even more actively than before, for the eventuality of war; the Russians are doubling their strategic lines of railway, and have been strengthening their frontier garrisons, while Lord Kitchener is bringing up his troops closer to the Indian frontier, perfecting his arrangements for rapid mobilization, and working out his plans for marching upon Kabul and Kandahar, as if hostilities might break out at very short notice. Between the outposts of the two European armies the Amir of Afghanistan is stocking his arsenal and drilling his tribesmen, awaiting the signal for leading them against the invader of his country, whoever he may be.

It is always well, M. Rouire admits, that a general should

be on his guard against surprises, since the logic of war finds no excuse for being caught unprepared; and vigilance is commendable though no enemy be in sight. Yet he remarks that while the British Commander-in-Chief is intent upon preparations for war, the Russian peril (if it ever existed) is at this moment remote; since recent events have thrown it into the background and have completely altered the situation. The defensive position of the English on the north-western frontier of India is, he says, now strong and complete along the whole line. From Quetta to Chitral they hold all the passes, with strong garrisons at the outposts; while their command of the communications with India by sea is unassailable. He finds it hard to imagine that Russia, with her resources exhausted by the Japanese war, and beset by the almost insuperable difficulties of internal reconstruction, would provoke a fresh explosion of hostilities in Asia. On the contrary, he believes that she most urgently desires peace, and that she would welcome overtures for an understanding with England of the kind that has lately been negotiated with France. Hitherto, he observes, the mere suggestion of such a possibility has been met with stormy opposition; but at the present time the proposal would find many supporters not only in Russia and England, but also in France. The strain upon the relations between the two former countries is now, he thinks, visibly relaxed; *la détente peut aboutir à une entente.*

The citations that we have made, in the foregoing pages, from writers of three different nationalities, may serve to illustrate the importance that Asiatic affairs are acquiring as a disturbing element in European politics. It is significant, at any rate, that the opinions of these writers, who have studied the situation from diverse standpoints, converge at the present moment toward similar conclusions; they all agree that Russia and England have before them an opportunity which may be used to their mutual advantage, and for the benefit of the Asiatic countries that are either subject to their rule or under their influence. For ourselves, we are disposed to welcome a discussion which will bring into prominence the striking consequences that have ensued from the rapid expansion of European dominion into Asia and Africa, because we doubt whether they have yet been generally realised. The result has been to complicate and entangle the politics of both continents, so that the Western Powers are closely concerned with the fortunes of the Far East; and in Central Asia Kabul has to be protected from London. The European nations who have acquired

great possessions in distant lands are under the necessity of maintaining great armies to guard their frontiers against each other, as well as to uphold their empires among alien races by an exhibition of superior strength. They are incessantly occupied in foiling the attempts of their rivals to encroach upon their commercial preserves or to tamper with their protectorates. All these interests and responsibilities engender irritation and disputes which react upon international relations at home. On the other hand, the prediction of Charles Pearson, given in his book on 'National Life and Character' (1893), that the populous kingdoms of the Far East would take their military lessons from Europe, and would mobilise their multitudes for self-defence, if not for aggression, appears likely to be fulfilled; while in the Nearer East the ancient rulerships are depressed by their subordination to the conflicting claims and policies of European cabinets. We are quite aware that no immediate solution of these far-reaching problems is to be expected; that sanguine anticipation may defeat their objects, and that the views and suggestions which we have ventured to indicate must not be pressed prematurely. Nevertheless, since we believe it to be for the public advantage that these questions should be ventilated, in order that the conditions and surrounding circumstances should be understood, and the difficulties appreciated, we have endeavoured to lay before our readers, however inadequately, the outlines and salient points of a situation which is affecting the peace and prosperity of at least half the world.

Art. XII.—THE NEW PARLIAMENT AND THE EDUCATIONAL CONTROVERSY.

Speech of the Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell, M.P., in the House of Commons, introducing the Education Bill, on April 9, 1906. 'Times.'

These are still early days for judging the capacity of the new Government and of the new House of Commons for fulfilling the expectations of reasonable and liberal-minded men. The country had become heartily tired of Mr. Balfour and his colleagues—the surviving remnant of that strong administration handed over to the late Prime Minister by Lord Salisbury in 1902; and the decisive verdict of the General Election was in truth a vote of want of confidence in the Unionist Government, which had already fallen, rather than a declaration of confidence in their successors. An incoming Liberal Government would necessarily consist largely of untried men, and it would have to make its reputation by its success. In the new Ministry would be found no statesman already renowned as an administrator, and amongst the new Ministers no one man towered above the rest. There was no one towards whom the nation had shown any vehement enthusiasm as popular leader, in whose individual personality as a statesman it appeared to place much trust.

Seven months ago Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman accepted the King's command to form a Ministry. Six months ago the country placed the new Prime Minister at the head of the largest majority of the House of Commons that the present generation has seen; and though the time has been too short to enable the people to gauge the merits of the new Ministry and the capacity of the new House of Commons, the interval has at least been long enough to falsify those dire anticipations of national disaster which the late Ministers asserted must follow upon their own fall. For months and years before the General Election Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain had never ceased to warn the country that its welfare, indeed its safety, was dependent upon the maintenance in power of the Conservative party; and Mr. Chamberlain, in the true spirit of partizanship, had even seemed to gloat in advance over the confusion and disasters which a Liberal majority and the incapable and unpatriotic men who led it would inevitably and quickly bring about. It would not be long before these miserable performers were 'hissed off the stage' by an indignant people. Then

Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, who it was anticipated would spend the interval in trampling under foot in the House of Commons the cowering Ministers of the Crown, would be recalled to power by the general voice of the public, and then at last the patriotic hearts of Englishmen might be at rest; for then, and not till then, the country and the Empire would be safe!

Things have not turned out after this fashion. The General Election showed how little weight the nation attached to the language of self-glorification in which the late Ministers had indulged. It did not take seriously the suggestion that the Empire must totter if Mr. Balfour ceased to be in charge of it. On the great controversy of the day, Mr. Balfour had in truth abdicated the position of leader long before he had retired from office. It was Mr. Chamberlain, not he, who led in the policy of Tariff Reform. With halting steps the late Prime Minister had followed Mr. Chamberlain along the downward path that led to the abyss of Protectionism. The country would have none of it. The Unionist party was divided against itself. A Free Trade majority was assured. But as yet there has been no sign that the country is longing to recall to power a Conservative party which Mr. Chamberlain has endeavoured, not without some success, to reconstruct, under the half-averted eyes of Mr. Balfour, on the basis of Protection.

The condition to which the so-called policy of Tariff Reform had reduced the Unionist party was by itself amply sufficient to account for the electoral victory of its opponents. Other causes operated in the same direction. Amongst them the Education Act of 1902 had roused the animosity of Dissenters; and many who were not Dissenters had come to the conclusion that the time had arrived when the nation itself should take into its own control the whole of that public elementary education which had more and more come to be provided at the public expense. It was perfectly clear that the Education Act of 1902 could not be left unamended; and it was equally clear what direction the electors intended that amendment should take.

The new House of Commons we are told, probably with truth, is the most Radical assembly that has ever met at Westminster. Certainly it would be difficult to find a time when the follies and weakness of Conservative leadership, by diminishing the natural power and due influence of Conservatism in the State, so completely played into the hands of their opponents. Matters have not gone so well under Conservative administration in recent years that it is safe for the party to excommunicate moderate men who repudiate Mr. Chamberlain's

proposal to establish a general tariff against foreign imports, and who will never allow the erection of a fiscal toll-bar to hamper the admission into British ports of foreign corn. If Conservatism is to regain its position, if it is to bring its full strength into the field to resist the advances of Radicalism, it will have to free itself from the burden which Mr. Chamberlain has placed on its shoulders. Home Rule cost the Liberal party nearly twenty years exclusion from power. Protection is as unsuited to the actual condition of the British people in this twentieth century of ours as is Home Rule itself; and the mischief which it would cause is not less clearly understood by the mass of the electorate. Mr. Chamberlain's tariff policy, from the point of view of the Unionist party, has been a gruesome failure; and its abandonment is a necessary condition of that party regaining the popular confidence.

Whatever may be its composition, the House of Commons as a body has not yet shown any strong predilection towards revolutionary courses. The return to Westminster of an overwhelming Liberal majority has assuredly never been followed by a more prosaic or less exciting Session. In principle the House of Commons and the public agree in approving the conduct of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Ministry both in Foreign and Colonial affairs; and it was as to these departments that the country had been solemnly warned of the dangers of Liberal administration. In the House of Commons it very soon became apparent that Opposition statesmen possessed no superiority in debate over Ministers of the Crown. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Asquith, and Sir Edward Grey are quite able to protect themselves against Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour. The pleasurable anticipation of a front Opposition Bench triumphing at every sitting over trembling and humiliated Ministers has turned out to be a mere dream. In the division lobbies it is a matter of course that the power of the Government should be overwhelming; but it is now fully recognised that in debate itself the Opposition leaders have shown themselves quite as unable to score a victory.

We cannot say that the proposals made on the subject of Education by the Government, or the discussion of these proposals in the House of Commons, support the theory that we are living in revolutionary times. Indeed, the main intention and principles of the Education Bill have much to recommend them, and it is already felt that the wholesale denunciation of Mr. Birrell's measure, with which the Opposition and the majority of the clergy of the Church of England received it, has been greatly overdone. Early in April Mr. Birrell brought forward

the project of the Government in a very able speech, liberal in thought, lucid in manner, conciliatory in tone, a speech in every way worthy of a Minister of Education. What was it that people expected the new Government to do? Mr. Birrell and his colleagues were fresh from the constituencies, upon whom they had been persistently urging the necessity of amending the Education Act of 1902. The very first clause of their Bill accordingly gave effect to their view that henceforth all public elementary schools which received support from the taxes or the rates should be considered 'provided schools,' and be subject to the Local Educational Authority.

'Unless,' said Mr. Birrell, 'electoral promises and pledges are 'fustian and fudge; unless they are "sound and fury signifying '"nothing,"' no other clause than this was possible. It does 'not fall short of our pledge, it does not go beyond our pledge, 'it is our pledge.' He had, indeed, every right to consider that the great majority of the representatives of the people fresh from the constituencies, with this very question prominently before the eyes of the electors, approved the principle which the clause laid down. At the same time, Mr. Birrell's speech and his proposals showed that he was no mere doctrinaire striving to carry into effect, with absolute logic, an abstract principle. It was clear that he understood whilst he did not share the views of powerful sections of the community which have prevented the frank adoption of a national or State system of control for all public elementary schools. His object was to establish on a sound basis a national system which would work; and this could only be done by taking account of the very difficult conditions which actually exist. It was plain from the first that neither extreme—the Denominationalists on the one side, the Secularists on the other—would get its way. The common sense of the public would insist upon a settlement, though it might be an illogical one, and the best thing the extremists could do in their own interest was to do that which only dire necessity can ever force extremists to do—to make the best compromise they could with their adversaries.

The clerical world—Church and Dissent—has been greatly stirred. The Opposition has, like every Opposition, done its best to exaggerate the wickedness and the danger of the Government proposals. We hear much of the 'abolition of religion' in the national schools. We hear much of 'confiscation,' but this word is a very old friend, and always plays the same stereotyped part in opposition to reforms which affect private interests, as all changes must do. Yet throughout, the great body of the laity—the *real* laity, not the laymen who make

most show at Church conferences or Dissenting demonstrations—remain quite calm; and indeed there is every reason why they should. Details there are which require considerable modification and alteration in the Bill, in order to make it a good working measure; but the appeal which is made by Conservative leaders to reject it altogether is a singularly unwise one. Its main principle has come to stay, and the country will not retreat from it. The defeat of the Government measure, if it were considered a victory for the Opposition, would assuredly be no victory for the cause of Education or for the cause of Religion in the schools.

Mr. Balfour, at the Church House on June 22 last, the Archbishop of Canterbury presiding, moved a resolution that 'the Education Bill is a violation of the principles of justice, 'liberty, and true religious education, and on these grounds 'this meeting calls upon all Churchmen, irrespective of political 'party, to offer it a strenuous opposition.' If the question is to be decided merely by 'Churchmen,' in response to this most unwise appeal, we presume, in the opinion of Mr. Balfour and the Bishops, it will become the duty of the House of Lords, in which 'Churchmen' predominate, to reject a measure which is unjust, tyrannical, and irreligious. Fortunately Churchmen, even on the Episcopal Bench, are not unanimously of Mr. Balfour's opinion. And the country looks to statesmen in the House of Lords, and especially to the Duke of Devonshire, to appeal to that assembly in language very different and much more responsible than that which finds favour with militant Churchmen in the Church House or elsewhere.

In this Radical and dangerous House of Commons an absolutely overwhelming majority has declared in favour of religious teaching as against secularism in the schools. In the old Board schools or 'provided schools' the normal religious teaching will be as heretofore, Christian teaching under the Cowper-Temple clause; that is to say, religious teaching will continue to be based on the Bible, and there will be no attempt to train the children in the schools of the nation to adhere to the special tenets of any particular denomination. Mr. Birrell had no difficulty in showing how well this system has answered in the past. 'This system had been our happy 'experience for thirty-six years, during which millions and 'millions of English children have received their whole educa-'tion without question and without demur on the part of the 'parents of the children.' It had been absurdly stated, he went on to say, that the so-called 'school-board religion' was a Nonconformist invention: a statement which he completely

disposed of by referring to the syllabuses which had been framed by education committees representing various denominations, and approved by the County Councils. 'These syllabuses have 'not been the work of Nonconformists. They are the work of 'good and pious men of every creed, who have done their best, 'and have done it successfully, to secure, as in Hampshire, 'harmonious relations throughout the whole country.'

It is proposed by the Bill that non-provided, *i.e.* voluntary, schools should be transferred by agreement to the local education authority, which should henceforth be responsible for the maintenance and repair of the school buildings. In these schools, where the owners of the school have made it a condition of the arrangement for transfer, 'ordinary facilities for 'special religious instruction' will be given; that is to say, in transferred schools, for two days out of the five of which the school work consists, denominational instruction may be given if the parents require it as freely as at present in the voluntary schools at the expense of the denomination, unchecked by Cowper-Temple, but subject of course to the conscience clause. Every care should be taken to render this clause effectual for its purpose. If this is done its probable effect will be that in an immense proportion of the now 'voluntary' or 'non-'provided' schools the religious teaching will be continued precisely as it is at present, whilst in schools at present known as 'provided' there will, under the proposals of the Government, be no change at all as regards religious teaching. We are dealing with what appears to be the main intention and scope of the measure. There are doubtless details of importance open to much question; but it is absurd to contend that the main lines of the measure are hostile to religion.

With regard to the famous fourth clause, the Government has found itself between two fires. Secularists are of course opposed to it. So are a large number of Protestant Dissenters; whilst the general hostility to the measure of high Anglicans is increased by the refusal to the Church of England of so-called privileges which are freely granted to Roman Catholics. Now what is the object and intention of the clause? Nothing is said in it, it is true, as to Roman Catholic or Church of England schools; but it is clear that its framers had in view the supposed necessity of schools pervaded by what is known as a 'denominational 'atmosphere.' Probably the majority of the Ministry, as certainly the majority of English Protestants, regret the existence of that strong denominational sentiment which would separate little children during their school lives, *i.e.* between the ages of five and fourteen, according to the religious per-

suasion of their parents. English non-Catholic parents, whether Churchmen or Dissenters, wish their children to be brought up primarily as young Christians and Englishmen, not primarily as young Anglicans, or young Wesleyans, or young Presbyterians. But, whether we like it or not, a very powerful body amongst us—the Roman Catholic Church—holds a very different view; and when Roman Catholics are collected together in large numbers, they quite naturally endeavour to give effect to their views. Local government in educational or other matters can hardly be worked without paying regard to local feeling. In the eyes of Roman Catholics, the whole educational lives of the children must be permeated with the Catholic atmosphere, and religion can only be authoritatively taught by the priesthood. The National Church has naturally on this subject for the most part shared the views of English parents, though there is probably a section of the English clergy who would like the education of English children to be completely 'permeated' with their own Anglicanism, and who demand a denominational 'atmosphere' for the children of orthodox Churchmen. These men say that it is very hard to deny to the Church of England the 'extended facilities' which the Roman Catholics are to enjoy. Because Dissenters have so largely been received into the Church schools, Churchmen are to be now 'penalized' by coming within the scope of Clause 2. Little weight need be attached to this supposed grievance. It has been an advantage to the national education from the point of view of the public, and of the great majority of parents, that the Church schools have been so largely used by Dissenters; and it would be a great misfortune were inducements or facilities given for increasing the denominational character of our schools. We believe the grant of extended facilities to ordinary voluntary schools would be of no advantage to the Church, whilst it would be so unpalatable to the general public that it has practically no chance whatever of being adopted. Special arrangements have become necessary in certain districts for Roman Catholics because of the views as to education universally held by Roman Catholics. Fortunately, these views are not shared by the generality of the English laity, whether Church or Dissent; and a far better and wider system of education can therefore in general be adopted.

We have already seen that provision has been made with regard to the transferred schools which as a matter of fact will very generally secure the perpetuation of the denominational training now in practice in those schools, for all children whose parents desire it. For our part we agree with Mr. Birrell in

thinking that, in the teaching of religion to small children, there should be an avoidance of that kind of particularism which regards Christianity as of little account unless it is closely tied to the *distinctive* tenets of some special community of Christians. We can only deplore the language that has been occasionally held, even by educated men, on this subject, language which at least suggests that the teaching of what is common ground to all Christian denominations, founded on the Bible, is almost worthless unless it is accompanied with the teaching of *distinctive* formularies. We can understand, though we do not share their views, the claim made by Roman Catholics to insist on a Roman Catholic atmosphere in the schools which their children attend. But amongst non-Catholics, the claim to a distinctive atmosphere for Churchmen, for Wesleyans, for Presbyterians between the ages of five and fourteen in the public elementary schools is almost grotesque. As a matter of fact, the teaching of distinctive formulary has not been generally considered an inseparable part of the religious upbringing of any class of English children, though Bible teaching has. But the deduction from the Bible of (let us say) Anglicanism as against Presbyterianism, or *vice versa*, is surely an intellectual exercise which may well be left to such as are of riper years!

Supposing Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain came into office to-morrow, would they venture to appeal to the country against Clause 1 of the Bill? For our part we greatly doubt it. The very important memorial of laymen of the Church of England, lately presented by Mr. George Macmillan to the two Archbishops, rightly begins by 'accepting, as being in accordance 'with the plain will of the people, the fundamental principle 'embodied in Clause 1.' But if this is so, what main lines are there, other than those adopted by the Government, on which the education difficulty *can* be dealt with? The country is quite determined that religion shall be part of school education; and in England religious teaching means of course the Christian religion, taught from the Bible. In this the country shows its usual good sense. Parents wish to have their children taught the distinction between right and wrong, and good and evil, as not the least valuable part of education, and they simply cannot grasp the possibility of this being done without the Bible. Our divisions, as we grow up, into churches and sects are no doubt lamentable enough; but surely the right way to proceed as regards the children is to endeavour, as in the past so many County Councils and School Boards have done, to find common ground which satisfies the requirements of most religious-minded parents, whilst giving facilities to those who wish at the expense

of the several denominations to inculcate their own special tenets. Religion is to be taught. But in England religions—it would be fairer to say religious differences—are many. Let us seek then where we can to find common ground for the normal religious teaching; and where parents do not consider that sufficient, let us grant 'facilities,' ordinary or extended, as the case may be, for such teaching as the denominations desire, and at their own expense. Those are the clear principles of the Bill.

As is always the case in politico-religious controversy, there has been much exaggeration by the disputants on both sides. The statement that the Bill is aimed *against religion* is contrary to the fact. On the other hand, Mr. Lloyd-George's view that the Government is engaged in a great fight for our liberties against the tyranny of 'clericalism' is hardly less so. There is much rivalry, we may almost say hostility, between the heated partizans of different denominations. But the arrogance and narrowness of 'clericalism' are not confined to the clergy of the National Church. In England in the twentieth century the 'clericalism' of all the Churches put together, however irritating, is not, we think, really dangerous to freedom of thought or to any other freedom which we enjoy. If 'clericalism' had its way, it might possibly become a danger, as it has been in the past, and as it is in some countries to-day; but here and now it does not appear very formidable, and the present controversy must be judged by practical men on less exalted considerations. Mr. Lloyd-George pitches the whole controversy too high.

The main principle of the Education Bill being in itself sound, and being clearly approved by the people, it behoves Parliament to make the measure effective for carrying out its object. And in doing this every effort should be made to prevent any hardship and injustice arising under it.

But when everything has been said about the principle of the Bill, there are, it must be admitted, provisions in it which it is difficult to account for, except on the unworthy supposition that the Government is afraid of the extreme and violent section of the Nonconformists amongst its supporters. There may, indeed, be matters of detail, not essential to carrying out the principle of the Bill; but they have given colour to the charge of the Opposition, that a leading motive of the Government has been a desire to humiliate the National Church. There are other provisions, the strong objections to which the Government has not succeeded in removing.

The refusal to allow teachers in the transferred schools to continue the denominational teaching, when they are willing to do so, on the appointed days, will cause irritation in every trans-

ferred school. It will create a local grievance, and cause the greatest inconvenience in almost every part of the country. And we are quite unable to see what counterbalancing good will be effected. Again, it is greatly to be regretted that the House of Commons has decided, though by a very small majority, that education shall only be compulsory when secular; and that attendance, when only religious instruction is given, shall not be required. In establishing compulsory education, the State stepped in to take the place of the parents. We know that, as regards a very large proportion of the children, if they get no religious teaching at school, they will grow up entirely without it. We know also the great temptation to many parents to keep the children away from school in the selfish interests of the parents themselves. On every ground we hope that the House of Lords will take, what we believe to be, a truer view of the needs of the children and the general desire of the people.

A third and very peculiar provision in the Bill, is that which introduces a *plébiscite* by ballot amongst parents to decide the question of 'extended facilities.' We cannot conceive a provision less calculated to work well, or more open to objection in principle. The parents of children compulsorily sent to a public school maintained for them at the public expense are not in the position of shareholders managing their own business. What in point of fact does such a *plébiscite* mean, but the rivalry and canvassing of the priests and clergy of the district? The question should be answered by some public authority or responsible individual. Individual responsibility for executive acts lies at the basis of our whole system of Government national or local, to which the principle of a *plébiscite* stands in flagrant contradiction.

The Education Bill is a measure which the nation looks to Parliament to amend, with a view to a settlement of difficulties that have lasted far too long. It is unfortunate that so many speeches of leading Conservatives seem to have committed the party to the futile policy of rejection. It should never be forgotten that the Government Bill is in principle no new departure. It is the last step in a direction that the country has been steadily following for many years—the complete nationalisation of our public elementary education. It is difficult to understand how any one can have supported the Bill of 1902 with his eyes open, and not have seen that still further developements in that direction lay before us. Whatever extremists may feel, the public is weary of sectarian controversy, and is not prepared to see it indefinitely prolonged.

No. CCCCXVIII. will be published in October.

THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OCTOBER, 1906.[1]

No. CCCCXVIII.

ART. I.—SOCIALISM IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

1. *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, Session* 1906.

WHEN the present House of Commons was completed in January last, and it was discovered that fifty Labour members had been elected, a cry of wonder went up from press and public. People wrote and spoke as if these fifty members were the forerunners of a political and social revolution; as if the old party divisions were completely worn out and as if power were about to pass to a new political party that would represent the masses as opposed to the classes. These fears or hopes were reflected in the House of Commons itself. During the early months of the Session the Labour party received from all quarters of the House an amount of deference that would have been described as sycophantic if it had been directed towards an aristocratic instead of towards a democratic group. Tories vied with Liberals in exaggerated courtesies to the little group below the gangway that Mr. Keir Hardie leads, forgetting to notice, in their zeal to be on good terms with the new power, that already signs of disruption were patent in the Labour ranks. At the very beginning of the Session more than a third of the men returned to Parliament as Labour members refused to accept Mr. Keir Hardie's lead, and grouped themselves under the Liberal banner. The significance of this movement was enhanced by the personality of the men who composed the Liberal-Labour group. They were nearly all men of considerable political experience, of high standing among their fellow trade-unionists throughout the country, and of strong personal character. Yet so great was the glamour surrounding the Labour party that this significant revolt against its chosen leader, and against the very principle of its being, scarcely attracted any attention.

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How long this glamour might have lasted if the Labour members had kept silent or had spoken only at long intervals it would be rash to try to guess. In actual fact it only lasted three or four months. Like most of the other new members of the House, the Labour members were burning with zeal to speak on any and every subject, but as they formed a separate party their opportunities for speech-making were far greater than those enjoyed by the rank and file of the Liberals opposite. The traditions of the House of Commons require the Speaker and the Chairman of Committees to give each separate party in the House a fair opportunity of expressing its views, however small numerically the party may be. As there are only thirty members in the Keir Hardie group and more than four hundred Liberals, it follows that each member of the Labour party had about ten times as good a chance of being allowed to speak as a non-official Liberal. This accidental advantage has in effect proved the undoing of the party. The Labour members have talked so much that the House has grown weary of them. They are no longer a mystery. They have laid bare all that is in them, and stand revealed as mere clay after all, neither better nor worse than other men. Some of them have shown great ability, and can always command attention, but they command it as men, not as Labourites. Others have proved themselves bores, and are treated as the House of Commons treats all bores.

A few have disgusted the House with a display of sheer bad manners, but in that again they have not been singular. The bad manners occasionally displayed during the Session both by Liberals and Tories have quite equalled the offences against good breeding committed by members of the Labour party. Nor has this party produced any separate programme by which to justify its separate existence. The reforms, or supposed reforms, for which it clamours are most of them part of the stock-in-trade of the average Radical politician, and even find some support on the Unionist benches.

In view of these considerations it has slowly dawned upon the House of Commons as the Session proceeded that the appearance of the Labour party must be looked upon not as a portent but as an accident.* A few men realised this from the outset. Mr.

* In this connexion it is interesting to note the speech of the Master of Elibank, one of the junior whips of the Liberal party on August 26 :

'In the House of Commons they had the Independent Labour party, which he would prefer to call . . . the Socialist party. . . . The Liberal party had just completed one crusade against Protection, and he was not sure that the circumstances would not force

John Burns, who has a far deeper insight into realities than the average politician, is reported to have described the Labour party at the very beginning of the Session as 'drift wood on the 'wave of free trade.' This happy phrase exactly expresses what occurred in many constituencies returning Labour members to Parliament. The wire-pullers of the Labour party have a keen appreciation of the value of bluff in politics, and in many places where the pure Labour vote represented only a small minority of the electorate they started Labour candidates in the confident hope that the Liberals would not dare to risk the seat by opposing them. At an ordinary election these tactics would have produced such intense irritation as to defeat their own purpose; but the last election involved the question of free trade *versus* protection. To thousands of electors this question was so absolutely vital that they were willing to sink every other consideration rather than risk the loss of the commercial freedom on which the prosperity of their business depended. Hence was seen the strange spectacle of great employers of Labour supporting with voice and with purse Labour candidates with whom they probably disagreed on every single question except the question of free trade. That spectacle is not likely to be again repeated. Even if the free-trade issue should again be raised in an acute form, the two traditional parties representing the majority of the electorate will probably take care not to allow themselves to be again bluffed out of their rights by an enterprising minority. An effective safeguard against this danger is ready to hand. The introduction of the system of a second ballot, long since adopted by all Continental countries, would make it impossible for the Labour party to repeat the manœuvres of the last election. A fair electoral test, such as the second ballot provides, would certainly show that, in all except a few constituencies, the vast majority of electors are either Liberals or Conservatives, and regard with suspicion the attempt to create a third party on purely class lines.

The whole idea of a separate Labour party is in fact based on a false conception of human nature. It is true that many people are dissatisfied with both the traditional parties; it

them to embark on a crusade against Socialism. . . . Liberalism had never thrived upon Socialism. Liberals did not believe in the public ownership of the means of production, nor that capital and labour were necessarily antagonistic. They did not believe that it was the right of every man to obtain labour from the State, or that it was the duty of the State to give labour when there was not a demand for it.'—Extract from speech by the Master of Elibank, August 26, 1906.

is true that more people are indifferent to disputes which are hardly distinguishable from the differences between Tweedledum and Tweedledee ; but when a new party appears on the scene it has not merely to demonstrate the weakness of the parties that exist, but also to show that it will be essentially superior to them. This the Labour party cannot do, for—unlike the Irish party—it has no special characteristic that separates it fundamentally from the older political parties. The very name is an absurdity. In a healthy community all able-bodied adults ought to be engaged in labour of one kind or another, and in no community is it conceivable that the workers should all be ranged on one side and the drones on the other. One could as easily imagine a hospital being governed on the principle that the doctors and nurses, together with the wardmaids and porters, formed one political party and the patients the other.

The truth is that no one can define the word 'labour' when employed for the purpose of political nomenclature. In popular usage the word appears to signify manual work paid for by means of a weekly or daily wage, but this restricted meaning would certainly be repudiated by the leaders of the Labour party, most of whom are dependent rather on their brains than on their muscles for a living. Yet if the meaning be extended to include all workers, it at once becomes evident that there is no common interest to form the basis of a party bond. A barrister has nothing so exclusively in common with a bank clerk, or a bank clerk with a bricklayer, that they should combine together against the rest of the community. The only bond between them is their common humanity and their common obligation to labour for their living. Even if we follow the popular error, and confine the use of the word 'labour' to manual work, it quickly becomes apparent that the supposed community of interest does not exist. Not long ago a London firm of shipbuilders had to endure the inconvenience of a prolonged strike because the boilermakers and the engineers quarrelled as to who should do a certain class of work. Similar disputes between different trades are by no means uncommon ; but it is unnecessary to rest the argument on these overt differences. A little thought will show that the interests of different groups of manual workers are fundamentally at variance. For example, the men engaged in the building trade have been able during the past twenty years or so very greatly to improve their position, and can now command a comparatively high rate of pay. This is very satisfactory for them, but it is disastrous for poorer workers, such as agricultural labourers, who are compelled to put up with inadequate house accommodation because of the increase in the

cost of building. On the other hand, large numbers of artisans and labourers, with their families, are enjoying the advantage of cheap clothes, partly because of the sweating that still goes on in the tailoring trade.

These underlying differences of interest between different bodies of manual workers are constantly obscured from the popular view by the interposition of the personality of the employer. He presents himself to the popular imagination as a person who tries to get work done at a minimum rate of wage for his own private gain. Undoubtedly private gain is the mainspring of his action, but he is rarely able to retain for himself more than a small fraction of the saving he effects in the cost of production. The bulk of the saving goes to his customers, the vast majority of whom are themselves manual workers. The so-called employer, or master, is in fact merely an intermediary to enable one set of wage workers to sell their labour to another set of wage workers. The true employers of the working classes are the working classes themselves, or, in more general and at the same time more accurate terms, we are all employers of one another.

These economic considerations suffice to show that a Labour party, as such, cannot be a permanent factor in the political organisation of any country. Labour forms no basis for a political division, first because labour is the common lot of nearly all humanity; and secondly because the interests of different groups of labourers are strongly opposed. On the other hand, where the phrase 'Labour party' is merely employed as a euphemism for 'Socialist party' there is no reason why a party so named should not endure until Socialism has won her victories, or until people have ceased to believe that Socialist victories are desirable or possible. This is hardly the case with the Labour party in the present House of Commons. Some members of that party are admittedly Socialists; but others are much less socialistic than many Liberals on the benches opposite. Indeed it would be altogether a mistake to identify the prospects of Socialism in Parliament with the Labour party. If socialistic legislation were dependent on the little group that Mr. Keir Hardie leads there would be small ground for the hopes and fears that Socialism excites.

As a matter of fact there is no definite Socialist party or group in the present House of Commons, and yet what may be called the spirit of Socialism pervades the whole House to a greater extent than in any previous Parliament. For proof of this statement it is sufficient to point to one or two incidents.

Early in the Session a Bill was introduced by members of

the Keir Hardie group authorising local education authorities to supply free meals to any and every child attending an elementary school, and providing that parents who accepted this public charity should not be disfranchised. When this Bill came up for second reading, only one member of the House ventured to oppose it, and as he failed to find a supporter, the second reading was carried without a division. The Bill was subsequently referred to a Select Committee, and about its further progress more will be said presently. As another example of the Socialist spirit pervading the House, take the question of old-age pensions. This is a problem of extreme complexity, and the only certain thing that can be said about it is that even an approach to a solution will involve an enormous new burden upon the taxpayer. Yet the House of Commons unanimously passed a resolution in favour of the prompt establishment of old-age pensions. Lastly, take the question of the unemployed. In the last Parliament a Unionist ministry was compelled by protests from its own supporters to abandon a proposal for subsidising the unemployed at the expense of the rates. In the present Parliament demands for such subsidies have constantly been put forward both by the Labour party and by Radical supporters of the Government. The difficulties of parliamentary procedure prevented the question from coming before the House till late in the Session, and in the meantime the scandals at Poplar had somewhat diminished the public faith in the unemployed and in their parliamentary friends. Owing to this accident the Socialists and semi-Socialists in the House were in a somewhat chastened mood, and listened with patience to the strongly individualist speech of the President of the Local Government Board. Yet Mr. Burns, even while arguing against the policy of subsidising the unemployed, had been compelled by the Cabinet to ask the House for a grant of 200,000*l.*, to be used for the purposes of the Unemployed Act of 1905. In the debate that followed, only one, or at most two, speakers ventured to throw a doubt upon the wisdom of this proposal, and no division was taken against it.

Thus on three questions of first-class importance the present House of Commons has placed on record a unanimous decision on Socialist lines. When all allowance has been made for the light-hearted manner in which Members of Parliament will vote for anything that is popular, the fact here noted remains full of significance.

What, then, is its true meaning? Does it mean that the House of Commons and the country are converted to the principles of Socialism, or does it merely mean that on these particular points the proposals of the Socialists happen to coincide with the

aspirations of Liberal politicians and of social reformers who know little and care less about Socialism? The latter explanation is certainly the nearer to the truth, but it is important to add that many members who supported the three proposals above enumerated did so with the distinct idea that as a matter of general policy it was desirable to employ the revenues of the State to improve the economic condition of the poorer classes. This may fairly be described as the primary postulate on which the whole superstructure of modern socialistic legislation is reared, and its tacit acceptance by the House of Commons undoubtedly marks a significant developement in English politics.

So important is this new departure that it is worth while to examine with some care the causes that have given rise to it and the assumptions upon which it rests. The idea of using the revenues of the State to improve the position of the poor is undoubtedly the direct outcome of the increasingly democratic character of the House of Commons. It is an attempt to employ for the benefit of the democracy a practice that was found very profitable when employed by aristocracies for their own benefit. When the House of Commons represented little more of the country than was covered by the influence of a few aristocratic families, it rarely showed any reluctance to legislate in the interests of the limited classes whose instrument it was. That lesson has not been forgotten. There is a popular and widespread feeling that the 'classes' have had the full benefit of the power of the State long enough, and that now the turn of the 'masses' has come. To a certain extent this feeling is entirely legitimate. The natural inequalities of fortune have beyond question been aggravated in the past by cruelly unjust class legislation, and if this injustice can now be undone it is highly desirable to undo it. The mistake that so many people make is in assuming that a past injustice can be undone by present legislation or indeed by any present action.

> 'The moving finger writes, and having writ
> Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
> Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
> Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.'

Let us suppose that some great aristocrat in the eighteenth century unjustly increased his fortune at the expense of the nation by the aid of his friends in Parliament. How is that injustice now to be set right? How can we now trace that unjustly acquired fortune? If it was land he acquired, it may have changed hands two or three times in the interval, and be now in the possession of persons who gave hard-earned cash to obtain

it. Can they justly be deprived of what they honestly acquired because one of their predecessors in title a hundred years ago was dishonest? In the same way, if it was money that the dishonest eighteenth-century nobleman acquired by the unfair use of the power of Parliament, or by any fraudulent means, we cannot now trace the theft and restore the money to its rightful owners. They are dead and he is dead, and the money, for all we know, may now be employed in helping to maintain a valuable public institution, or more probably has been frittered away through a thousand hands, leaving no trace of its passage.

These considerations seem fairly obvious, and yet they are constantly overlooked. A certain type of reformer is always striving to undo the wrongs of the past. It cannot be done. Let the dead bury their dead. It is enough for us who live to undo if we can the wrongs of the present. Above all, let us be careful not to do fresh wrongs, not to rob Peter in order to pamper Paul, not to create some new privileged class at the expense of the general community.

For this, in effect, is all that can be done when the revenues of the State are employed to subsidise individuals. The idea that it is possible by a free use of Parliament's powers of taxation to raise the general level of the wealth of the community arises from what can best be described as an optical delusion. Just as the towers and steeples of a great city strike the eye of the beholder while the myriads of humbler structures remain unnoticed, so the rich, with their motors and carriages, their expensive entertainments and powdered flunkies, and their private doings paraded in public journals, strike the imagination of all of us, and tempt us to forget that they, the rich, are but a handful, and that the great bulk of the nation consists of fairly well-to-do persons with a painful fringe of poverty hanging to their skirts.

To take by taxation the property of the rich alone is impossible, but even were it possible the result to the mass of the community would be almost inappreciable. A million pounds divided among ten people gives a large fortune to each; divided among a million people it is only 1*l.* per head. That is why an oligarchy can profitably use the power of the State for its own private benefit, because it is taxing the many to add to the incomes of the few. A democracy has no such resource. To tax the few for the benefit of the many gives no result worth the trouble of getting, and to tax all for the benefit of all is like attempting to feed a dog off his own tail. If a community is to flourish, or even to keep itself alive, the vast majority of its members must support themselves upon their own industry, not upon the taxes of their

neighbours. That is axiomatic. It is equally certain that if we make it easy for people to dip their hands into the taxpayer's pocket we shall create a vast class of idlers, who will be none the less dangerous to the community because created in the name of democracy.

This is the danger which so many social reformers are apt to ignore. They are so keenly conscious of the misery that is festering in the midst of wealth that they jump at any suggestion for relieving it. They cannot be wholly blamed. Only those who are born callous can shut their eyes with indifference to the vast mass of suffering which surrounds them, and turn aside to enjoy by themselves all the good that they can get out of life. Men and women with ordinary human hearts are pained by the pain of others, and are eager to bring relief to those who suffer. But it requires a good deal of training, or at least a good deal of thought, before heartfelt sympathy can be converted into useful action. More mischief is done by the ignorant action of well-intentioned sympathisers than by the inaction of the callous. By way of example it may be mentioned that in every London hospital nurses and doctors are compelled to be constantly on their guard against the patients' sympathetic friends. Among the poorer classes thousands of people seem to be incapable of understanding that a patient in a high fever requires very little food, and that of a most delicate character. Such people when visiting the hospital see their friends, as they think, being starved by the doctors, and they smuggle in bits of beef steak or kippered herring, and lumps of pickle.

Their conduct is no more foolish, and far less serious in its consequences to the community, than that of the social reformer, who, in his eagerness to relieve the suffering beneath his eyes, ignores the fact that diseases of the body politic, like diseases of the body human, require intelligent and patient treatment. Even more frequently does he forget that there are some diseases from which there is no escape except by death. We all forget it at times, and especially when the hideous fact comes nearest to us. We none of as are willing to admit that one whom we love dearly cannot be cured. We refuse to accept the verdict of the skilled physician, and we try every quack remedy that the ingenious advertiser brings under our notice. Fortunately for our suffering friends these quack remedies for human diseases are mostly harmless—coloured water or bread pills—and their use is in a sense beneficial by postponing despair. But the quack remedies for diseases of the body politic are not harmless. There is scarcely one of them that will not intensify the very

disease it is intended to cure and convert a dull pain into a raging fever.

It is this terrible fact that ought to make social reformers proceed with the utmost caution and even timidity. They do not know what untold misery they may be creating by their well-intentioned zeal. And for this reason it would be well if social reformers, for a generation or two to come, would fix their attention rather on the future than on the present, and would ask themselves not how the suffering of to-day can be relieved but how the suffering of to-morrow can be prevented.

Let us apply these general considerations to the examination of the particular proposals that have received the approval of the House of Commons during the present Session. The first of these is the question of feeding school children at the expense of the ratepayer instead of at the expense of their parents. This proposal is a typical illustration of the methods of that class of reformer who may, without intended offence, be described as the sentimental Socialist. He sees that in the poorer and more crowded districts of our great towns many children come to school in the morning with the signs of hunger written on their faces. He assumes that the children are actually suffering from want of food, and he further assumes that this want is due to the inability of their parents to provide food. In any business other than the business of politics a man would be deemed fit only for a lunatic asylum or for the Bankruptcy Court, if he acted upon such assumptions without first taking care to verify them. But the politician who is a sentimental Socialist never troubles himself to ask whether the underlying realities correspond with the appearances on the surface. He makes his assumptions on hopelessly insufficient data, and he jumps at the first remedy that any fellow-sentimentalist suggests. In this particular matter, the assumption that because a child looks hungry he necessarily is hungry is quite unwarrantable. There are many children of rich parents in London who are pale and sickly by nature, and who, if they were sent to school in dirty and ill-fitting clothes, with half-washed faces and badly brushed hair, would be certain to excite sympathy as the victims of starvation. As a matter of fact, even in the poorest districts of the largest towns, lack of food is now happily very rare. Children, and adults too, suffer from lack of fresh air, and from the presence of bad smells; they suffer from boots that let in the water, and from clothes that fail to keep out the cold, but they very rarely suffer from sheer want of food. These facts are familiar to every visitor among the poor in our great towns; they were clearly brought out in evidence before the Select

Committee of the House of Commons above referred to, and they are acknowledged in the Report of that Committee. The first assumption of the advocates of free meals for school children thus goes by the board.

The second assumption, that the child is hungry because the parent is unable to provide food, is equally without solid foundation. A parent who is suffering from honest poverty and who fails to feed his or her children is an almost unknown species. The very last thing that the honest poor will endure is the suffering of their children. They will sacrifice clothing, furniture, and even the wedding ring, rather than see their children suffer the pangs of hunger. If even these sacrifices are insufficient there is the resource of the Poor Law. It is inconceivable that a parent who really loved his child would prefer to see that child starve rather than himself face the loss of pride involved in asking for relief from the Guardians, even though the receipt of relief rightly involves disfranchisement. A man who thus placed his personal pride, and his privileges as an elector, above his duties as a parent would certainly not be fit to exercise that power of control over his fellow-men which the possession of the franchise implies.

Happily the law on this point is perfectly clear. If a parent has no means of procuring subsistence for his children, it is his duty to apply for relief to the Poor Law Guardians, and if he fails to discharge that duty he is guilty of a criminal offence. Therefore, if it were the fact that children are sent hungry to school because of the sheer poverty of their parents, that fact by itself would be proof that the parents deserved punishment rather than pity—punishment not for their poverty but for failing to avail themselves of the means provided by the law for the relief of that poverty, and for inflicting pain upon their children in preference to unpleasantness upon themselves.

As a matter of fact, however, the children who are sent to school hungry are so sent, not by honest and poor parents, but by the lazy, the drunken, the dissolute, and also by those who without deserving these strong terms of condemnation have an imperfectly developed sense of parental responsibility, and are willing to shuffle out of the duty of providing for their children if they think anybody else will undertake it for them. It is this last class that constitutes the numerical majority of the parents who avail themselves of the free meals provided in many schools by private charity. They are not in need of assistance; they are perfectly well able to feed their own children, but if free meals can be had for the asking, they are not too proud to tell the child to ask. It saves the mother the trouble of preparing

a meal for the child, and the money saved can be used for some more attractive form of personal expenditure.

The evidence on this point is overwhelming. Take for example the case of the Johanna Street School in Lambeth, which was made the subject of a sensational visit from Sir John Gorst, the Countess of Warwick, and Dr. Macnamara early in the year 1905. This school was selected because it lies in an exceptionally poverty-stricken district. Free meals had been provided by charitable persons for some time past, and the apparent object of the three visitors was to demonstrate that the evil of underfeeding was so serious that private charity was quite incapable of coping with it. All they did demonstrate was that where free meals are supplied a demand for more free meals is quickly created. As a result of this sensational visit, the Lambeth Guardians ordered an enquiry into all the circumstances of the case. (See 'Westminster Gazette,' March 23, 1905.) The headmaster of the school was asked to furnish a list of boys who had been sent to school without breakfast, and succeeded in supplying the names of fifteen to twenty boys. The headmistress supplied the names and addresses of seventy girls. The homes of all the children residing in the district, about sixty altogether, were visited, and in all instances the parents were told to apply to the Relieving Officer for food if they wanted it. In only one case was such application made, and in that case food was supplied. 'In some cases the heads of the families 'were in work, and in others the combined earnings of the family 'ranged from 20*s.* to 73*s.* weekly. Some of the parents said that 'they did not give their children food before going to school as 'they knew that if they did not do so they would receive it at 'the school, as the children of other people got food there, and 'they did not see why theirs should not too.'

The above quotation concisely describes the rapid mischief that is wrought when people are relieved of their natural obligations. Charitable people begin by offering free meals to the few children whose parents are believed to be necessitous, and instantly the number of necessitous parents is doubled, trebled, quadrupled, to be eventually increased a hundredfold. The detailed example afforded by Lambeth is confirmed on a gigantic scale by the experience of Paris. In the year 1881 in the 15th Arrondissement the number of free meals given was 2,688; in the year 1902 that number had risen to 517,232 (see 'West-'minster Gazette,' July 10, 1906). Yet in this, as in other arrondissements, free meals are supposed only to be given to necessitous cases after enquiry into the circumstances of the family. The figures show that the enquiry is a farce, as all similar enquiries

tend to become. Even the so-called paid meals involve a heavy burden upon charitable funds and upon the taxpayer's pocket, for they are supplied below cost. The Paris municipality, taking alarm at the growing expenditure that this system of subsidising private individuals involved, has recently limited its contribution to a fixed annual payment, and this restriction has had some effect in checking the rapid increase in the total number of meals supplied, but the number of free meals still tends to increase at a greater ratio than the number of paid meals. In some arrondissements, indeed, the paid meals are actually declining in number, while the free meals are rapidly increasing. As there is absolutely no ground for believing that the people of Paris are poorer than they were, these facts can only mean that the supply of free meals has created the demand for them.

The out-and-out Socialist is of course not alarmed at such a result as this. He welcomes it. In his ideal society all the children born into the world are to be the care of the State. They will be brought up in State nurseries, fed in State refectories, taught in State schools, put to sleep in State dormitories. Whether the work of procreation is also to be entrusted to some State department the Socialist hesitates to explain. The consistency of his ideals is, however, a matter of little present importance, for the number of out-and-out Socialists is extremely small. The persons who count are the multitude of loose thinkers who are drifting towards Socialism without knowing it. They have no desire at all to see the State taking over for every child in the nation the duties that properly belong to the two individuals who brought that child into existence. Their only object is to relieve immediate suffering in what they imagine to be the most efficient manner, and they have given so little thought to the subject that they do not see that when relief is given unconditionally, it breeds the demand for more relief. The necessary consequence is, that the number of self-supporting units is reduced, and an ever-increasing burden is thrown on those individuals, or on those families, who do support themselves and support the State as well. The ultimate effect on the community must be disastrous. The strength of every community must ultimately depend on the character of the individuals who compose it. If they are self-reliant, energetic and dutiful, the community will be strong; if, on the contrary, they have been taught to rely upon others rather than on themselves, to take life easily and to avoid unpleasant duties, then the community will be weak.

This consideration applies to many of the schemes proposed by Socialists and semi-Socialists, but it has a special bearing

on the proposal to relieve parents of the duty of feeding their children. It is hardly too much to say that this duty is the only permanent bond of family life. The children gather round the father's table to eat the meal that the mother has prepared, and to share alike in time of plenty and in time of poverty. The little community thus constituted, thus bound together, is the germ cell of great nations. Patriotism as a living force would cease to exist without family life. The very words we use to express the feeling we call patriotism point to the essential connexion between love of home and love of the home land, between affection for the parent and devotion to the *patrie*, to the fatherland. Socialists may reply that patriotism is an exploded superstition, and that in the new era to come humanitarianism or cosmopolitanism will reign in its stead. They are wrong. Undoubtedly many crimes have been committed in the name of patriotism, as many wrongs have been done, and are daily done, upon the plea of family affection; but we have to ask ourselves whether any moral sanction can be found to replace those which the family and the fatherland now provide. The conception of humanity is far too wide, far too abstract, to form any effective check upon individual selfishness. Teach men that they owe no duty to their families, no duty to their country, and that their only responsibility is to humanity at large, and they will quickly begin to think and act as if they had no responsibility to anyone but themselves, and the great family of the human race will be dissolved into a chaos of isolated warring atoms. In a word, the destruction of the family, the germ cell of humanity, means the destruction of humanity itself.

That is why the proposal to provide free meals for school children is the most pernicious of all the proposals that the Socialists and semi-Socialists have put forward. Yet so little is the thought given by politicians to the ultimate effect of proposals that happen to have a temporary vogue on political platforms, that the Select Committee of the House of Commons, while placing on record its opinion that the evil of underfeeding has been exaggerated, and that children suffer from many other evils than want of food, actually proposes to create throughout the country a general machinery for supplying meals to children at or in the neighbourhood of the school. This machinery, which would necessarily include the building of kitchens and dining rooms and the hiring of persons to cook and to serve the meals is to be paid for out of the rates. The cost of the actual food is to be generally defrayed either by the parents or by charitable persons, but in exceptional cases a rate not exceeding a halfpenny

in the pound may be levied to provide absolutely free meals. In view of the experience of Paris it is certain that directly this machinery is created the number of claimants for free meals will rapidly increase, till presently some powerful and clever politician will come forward to offer, as a bribe to the electorate, free meals to all children.

Can, then, nothing be done? Is it impossible in any way to relieve the sufferings of little children who are sent to school unfed? By no means! Much can be done, but not on the lines suggested either by the Labour party in the House of Commons or by the Select Committee. Indeed, the proposals of the Select Committee in no way touch the evil which bulks so largely in the popular imagination, and is the main prop of the agitation for State meals. That evil is the cruelty of compelling young children to sit still for several hours attempting to absorb knowledge when it is food that they need for their empty stomachs. Yet the Select Committee, ignoring this evil, only proposes that a mid-day meal should be given. Till 12 o'clock strikes the cruelty is to continue. The reason for this absurd proposal is probably to be found in the composition of the Committee. Evidently a section of the Committee thoroughly understood the problem, and wished to deal with it on sound lines; on the other hand, there were members who wished to get as far as possible towards the Socialist ideal of State maintenance for school children. Between these two sections a compromise was struck, and it was agreed to recommend just one mid-day meal to be organised, prepared, and served at the cost of the ratepayers, and the food to be paid for, if possible, by the parents. This compromise, while it prepares the way for State maintenance of children, fails altogether to relieve the child who is suffering from hunger all through morning school.

What, then, is to be done? Obviously the first thing to do is to find out what is wrong. When a child appears at school looking ill, it should at once be sent home, and enquiries should be made at the earliest possible moment as to the cause of its sickly appearance. The child may want medical attendance, it may want fresher air and cleanlier surroundings, it may want more sleep; it may want food. All these things it is the duty of the parents to secure for the child and it should be the duty of the school authorities to enquire which of them is missing, and why it is not supplied. The enquiry should be immediate, and as soon as the facts are known, action, if necessary, should follow without delay.

In the majority of cases the mere fact of the enquiry being made at the child's home would stimulate the parents to do their

duty. The mass of British parents are not wilfully neglectful of their children; they are only careless through ignorance or inertia. To remind them of their duties is as beneficial to them as to their children, for it will brace their energies, and prevent them from sinking through idleness or lack of moral purpose into squalor and crime. Such salvation of the parents is the greatest boon that the State can confer upon the children, for a home that is only moderately good is better for a child than the best equipped barrack institution.

There are, however, cases where the parents are hopeless, and where the only chance for the child is to find it another home, even if that home have to be a barrack. The present law suffices to deal with such cases, but they can only be discovered by enquiries made at the home. In the same way the present law is quite capable of dealing with cases where sheer poverty is depriving parents as well as children of the necessities of life; but here again it is only by enquiry at the home that the facts can be known. Neither in the case of the bad parent nor in the case of the poor parent does the giving of a meal at the school even touch the fringe of the evil. In the one case the child would still have to suffer at home the misery that bad parents can inflict; in the other case the sufferings of the whole family would still continue while one child alone was receiving the partial alleviation of one meal a day. To sum up—when a child is sent to school hungry, or looking hungry, it is at the home that the evil arises, and it is through the home that the evil must be cured.

Let us now pass to the question of Old-Age Pensions. The *prima facie* case for old-age pensions is a very strong one. In many classes of the community wages are still so low that it is almost impossible for a parent who does his duty by his children to make adequate provision for his own old age. When at last old age comes, he finds that the few savings that he has been able to make avail him nothing. The Guardians, if they understand their duty, and have the courage to discharge it, will rightly refuse to spend the money of the ratepayers in relieving mere poverty, for to do so involves taxing one poor man for the benefit of another who may be no worse off. The duty of the Guardians is to husband the resources of the ratepayers for the adequate relief of actual destitution. If then they find that a man has saved the equivalent of an income of two shillings a week, it is their duty to take that fact into account in considering what allowance they shall make him for his maintenance. Consequently, the man who has saved a little money, but not enough to keep him, is no better off materially in his old age than the

man who has idled through his life, and drunk himself into destitution.

It is hard facts such as these that lend strength to the political cry for old-age pensions, but a little consideration will show that the establishment of old-age pensions would not remove the hardship. On the contrary, every scheme of old-age pensions that has yet been suggested would create new hardships very similar in character and more extended in operation.

Most schemes hitherto put forward are based on the assumption that pensions are only to be given to persons who are both necessitous and deserving. It is generally considered absurd to offer a pension of 7*s.* a week to an aged millionaire, and unjust to give such a pension to a drunken and dissolute scamp. The first principle involves the precise definition of the word necessitous. Where is the line to be drawn that is to exclude the millionaire, and to include all who are 'necessitous'? Many framers of pension schemes have suggested that it should be drawn at an income of 10*s.* a week. For the sake of argument let us accept that figure, but observe what immediately follows! The man who has worked hard and saved hard in order to provide for his old age, and has succeeded in putting by the equivalent of 10*s.* 6*d.* a week, will not only receive no pension at all, but will have to pay taxes in order to provide a pension for his neighbour who, with equal or greater opportunities, has only saved the equivalent of 9*s.* 6*d.* a week. Moreover, the proposed pension, say 7*s.* a week, is to be added to the existing income, provided that income is under 10*s.*, so we shall have this monstrous injustice that a man with 10*s.* 6*d.* a week will be taxed in order to contribute to the income of a man with 16*s.* 6*d.* a week. There is nothing in the present Poor Law so grotesquely unjust as this.

Yet even this is not the worst. The injustice would be bad enough in the case supposed where each man actually possessed the income attributed to him and that only, but in practice, as the experience in New Zealand shows, the temptation to conceal income in order to obtain a pension is to many persons irresistible, and the methods of concealment are so subtle that they frequently escape detection. Consequently the man who honestly declares his income above the pension limit of 10*s.* will be taxed to provide a pension for some crafty cadger who may be in the comfortable enjoyment of an income of 2*l.* or 3*l.* a week.

These difficulties do not depend on the particular figure that is taken as the test of necessity. They are inherent to the attempt to draw a legal line between poverty and non-poverty

Wherever the line is drawn grave injustice will be done to those immediately above it, and grave temptation will be offered to them to conceal their real income in order to bring themselves below that line.

Equally serious are the difficulties created by any attempt to draw a line between the deserving and the undeserving.

'Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping?'

Various criteria have been suggested. A favourite proposal among pension scheme devisers is that no one should be eligible for a pension who had suffered imprisonment during the previous ten years. Yet surely this is a most arbitrary test of merit. A man may have been an utter blackguard all his life and yet have succeeded in escaping imprisonment. Or he may have spent what may be called his active life in gaol or in qualifying for gaol, but may easily have contrived to keep out of gaol during the ten years necessary to qualify for a pension. Yet it is proposed that such pests of society should receive comfortable pensions at the expense of the community.

Another favourite test is the receipt of poor law relief. This would be even more cruel in its operation. There are hundreds of respectable men and women who have honestly supported themselves and their families during the greater part of their lives, but who have been driven by some unforeseen and unpreventable calamity to apply for temporary relief to the Guardians. Is it just that, in addition to the humiliation involved in the mere fact of applying for poor law relief, they should have to bear the further terrible penalty of losing all claim to a pension, while others less deserving than themselves are allowed to receive it?

In answer to these objections it may be argued that a hard and fast line is not necessary; that the pension committee, or whatever body had the duty of administering pensions, would make careful enquiries, and decide on broad general grounds who were deserving. Such a proposal only postpones the difficulty. The pension committee must have some definite principles to guide it, or its decisions will be so arbitrary as to excite universal indignation. One day a soft-hearted majority will be in possession of the Board, and pensions will be granted to practically every applicant; the next day, owing to an accidental change of members in attendance, the spirit of economy will rule supreme, and reasonable claims will be dismissed with stern severity. The only people who would come well out of such a system as this would be the wheedling hypocrites who are always able to assume a virtue, even if they have it not.

Conscious that these administrative difficulties would prove in practice insuperable, many advocates of old-age pensions have attempted to cut the Gordian knot by proposing that pensions should be given to everybody over a certain age, without any questions asked as to character or as to means. This proposal has at any rate the virtue of simplicity. It would of course cost an immense amount of money, probably not less than 25,000,000*l.* a year, but that objection cannot by itself be accepted as conclusive. Somebody has to support the old people of the country, and it is arguable that the fairest way of supporting them is to raise the necessary amount of money by means of a tax levied on the whole community in such a manner that every able-bodied individual would contribute in proportion to his means. There is nothing *prima facie* unjust in such a scheme, and if we all grew old exactly at the same age, and if some other rather serious difficulties could be disposed of, the scheme would have much to commend it.

The fatal objection to this proposal is that, while some people are old, or at any rate incapable, at fifty, others are hearty and vigorous at seventy, and some at eighty are capable of earning their living. If, then, the age at which pensions are to begin be fixed high, many people who are eminently entitled to assistance will be excluded. It does not need much imagination to picture the miserable condition of a man, worn out at fifty-five by hard work and poor living and bad air, struggling pitifully and hoping against hope to keep himself going until he reaches sixty-five, when pensions begin. On the other hand, if the age is fixed low, not only will the cost to the taxpayer be enormously increased, but the nation will lose the wealth now created by the labour of those people who now keep at work till seventy or over, and who, willingly or on compulsion, might cease work the moment they began to draw a pension.

This last point raises a question of very great practical importance. If pensions are to be universal at a given age, without questions asked as to means or character, surely the pensioner has a right to go on working if he has a mind to. If a man with 1,000*l.* a year from Consols is to be entitled to receive a pension of 7*s.* a week in addition to his income, it is obviously unjust to deny to another man the right to add a few modest shillings by his own industry to the scanty pension given him. If that right is denied we should then have the spectacle of labouring men continuing to toil on beyond the pension age for 15*s.* a week, and continuing to pay taxes in order that pensions may be paid to men younger and ten times as wealthy as themselves. On the other hand, if pensioners are allowed to go on working, at

once an outcry would be raised by the persons who were subject to their competition in the labour market.

Between these difficulties it is impossible to see daylight. No scheme of old-age pensions has yet been brought forward which would stand the test of serious criticism. The idea is attractive as long as it remains an idea, but as soon as an attempt is made to prepare a definite scheme which could be embodied in an Act of Parliament, unsuspected rocks reveal themselves, and if a change of course is tried to avoid one rock, straightway the ship runs upon another.

This experience—which is the experience of every royal commission and parliamentary committee that has examined the question—suggests that it is in a different direction altogether that we must look for a solution of the problem. The fatal objection to State action is that it must proceed upon fixed rules based upon a limited number of circumstances, whereas in actual life the variety of circumstance is almost infinite, and a rule which is satisfactory under one set of circumstances proves to be grossly unjust under another set. Nothing can remove this difficulty, for the simple reason that State action is by its nature uniform, and individual life by its nature varied. It is wiser, therefore, to turn our eyes away from the will-o'-the-wisp of State pensions, and instead to look to each individual to make provision for his own old age in the manner that suits him best.

If it is argued that this cannot be done because many individuals are too poor to provide for the necessities of the present, let alone the needs of the future, then the answer is that they must earn more.

To relieve people of the duty of providing for their own old age because they are poor is in effect to tell them to be content to remain poor. In this country the vast majority of wage-earners only work on six days of the week, yet they all have to live for seven days. No social reformer has yet been mad enough to propose that the State should pay a stipend to every man for the one day of the week on which he earns no wages; yet such a proposal only differs in degree and not in character from the proposal that the State should provide for those weeks and years at the end of each man's life when wages cease. If it is assumed that every man must earn enough during six days to keep him and his family for seven, so also ought it to be assumed that he will earn enough during his working life to provide for the whole of his life. Where he fails to do this there is something wrong, either with him or with the industrial organisation of the community. Either he has not worked as steadily as he

ought to have done, in which case he has been robbing the community; or he has not received adequate remuneration for his work, in which case the community has been robbing him.

Once we can put these wrongs right, the question of old-age pensions settles itself. If, on the other hand, instead of trying to remove these root defects of individual character and of social organisation, we waste our time in hopelessly groping after State pensions, not only shall we fail to attain a settlement of the problem of old age, but we shall also leave unsolved a score of other problems that all spring from these twin roots.

Lastly, let us turn to the problem of the unemployed. This has attracted the special attention of the Labour party in the House of Commons, while both the older political parties have feebly repeated one after the other that 'something must be 'done for the unemployed.' When people say that 'something 'must be done,' it is nearly always the prelude to doing something foolish. In the sphere of medicine no one would trust for a moment a doctor who said that 'something must be done.' A doctor who is worth his fee never ventures to say anything at all until he has diagnosed the disease to the best of his ability, and then he either says precisely what he thinks ought to be done, or else he says that nothing can be done. The mere use of the phrase 'something must be done' is itself a confession that the speaker does not know what to do, and therefore little reliance can be placed on his opinion when he suddenly comes forward as the ardent advocate of some well-advertised quack remedy.

The remedy advocated by the Socialists for the disease of unemployment is simple enough—on paper. All that they ask is that the State shall 'find work for the unemployed which 'shall not carry with it the taint of pauperism or the penalty of 'disfranchisement.' These words are taken from a resolution passed at a Socialist demonstration in Hyde Park in the summer of 1905 in support of Mr. Gerald Balfour's Unemployed Bill. They concisely express an ideal which at different periods of the world's history has had a temporary vogue in many countries.

The best known example of an attempt to give reality to this ideal on a large scale is the case of the *ateliers nationaux* started in Paris in connexion with the Revolution of 1848. In these national workshops every man who wanted work was to be given work at good wages. A large number of trades were represented, so that as far as possible each man might be employed at his own trade. Within a few weeks of the opening of these workshops the units who applied in the first instance were multiplied into tens, and the tens into hundreds. Workmen in Paris, and

all round Paris, threw up their jobs and presented themselves at the *ateliers nationaux*, where they were sure of obtaining better wages under less strict supervision. The things made in the workshops were practically unsaleable, for the attempt to sell them provoked complaints from the tradesmen of Paris of unfair competition. Great warehouses were soon filled to overflowing with the products of the workshops, but still the workshops went on producing more, for the State had undertaken 'to find work for the unemployed which did not carry 'with it the taint of pauperism or the penalty of disfranchise-'ment.' After a few months of this madness it became clear, even to revolutionary politicians, that either the experiment must cease or France must face bankruptcy. So the experiment did cease, and the doors of the workshops were summarily closed. The workmen who had been enticed to throw up their jobs, aided by the scamps and loafers who had been fattening on public charity, rose in revolt and were pitilessly shot down in the streets.

We in England have never had quite such a dramatic lesson as this, because our national habit of proceeding tentatively has always enabled us to draw back before a cataclysm occurs. Yet in the years that preceded 1834 we were drawing perilously near to such a cataclysm as occurred in Paris in 1848. The principles then acted upon by Boards of Guardians in hundreds of parishes were the very principles that the modern Socialist now puts forward with the easy confidence that springs from ignorance of history. The most common practice was to pay out-door relief to an amount sufficient to make up the labourer's wage to what was considered a necessary minimum for subsistence. The result of course was to save the employer of labour from the expense of paying an adequate wage to his employees. Large employers naturally approved of the system. One witness examined by the Royal Commission on the working of the Poor Law showed his appreciation of the system by asking 'why farmers should keep their labourers all the year round in 'order to save the gentlemen and the householders from poor 'rates.' Another farmer argued that, if the system of supplementing wages by means of poor relief were abolished, single men, and men with small families, would receive 'more than is 'necessary for a maintenance.'

In other parishes the Guardians undertook to supply work themselves, and their experience, though less dramatic than that of the organisers of the *ateliers nationaux*, is equally instructive. The work was given under conditions analogous to those demanded by Socialists to-day, which made it attractive instead of

repellent. On both sides it was assumed that the work would be easier than work for an ordinary employer, and that the supervision would be less strict. Occasionally some energetic superintendent of pauper labour bestirred himself to try to get the men to give value for the wages they were receiving. Rarely were his efforts successful. At Great Farringdon, in Berkshire, the paupers actually appealed to the magistrates against a superintendent who wanted to get more work out of them, and based their appeal on the ground that 'it was a thing 'unknown before in this parish, or in any other, that parish 'labourers should work as long or as hard as other classes of 'labourers.' In another parish the paupers quieted a troublesome superintendent in a more summary way, by threatening to drown him. Needless to say, this parish work was not profitable. It involved a heavy loss which had to be made good out of the earnings of the rest of the community.

How the system affected the labourers, who tried to support themselves by their own efforts, is graphically shown in the following conversation between the members of the Royal Commission and one Thomas Pearce, 'a labourer in husbandry.'

'*Q.* Are there many able-bodied men upon the parish?

A. There are a great many men in our parish who like it better than being at work.

Q. Why do they like it better?

A. They get the same money, and don't do half so much work. They don't work like me; they be'ant at it so many hours, and they don't do so much work when they be at it. They're doing no good, and only waiting for dinner time and night; they be'ant working, it's only waiting.

Q. How have you managed to live without parish relief?

A. By working hard.

Q. What do the paupers say to you?

A. They blame me for what I do. They say to me, "What are you working for?" I say, "For myself." They say, "You are only doing it to save the parish, and if you didn't do it you would get the same as another man has, and would get the money for smoking your pipe and doing nothing." 'Tis a hard thing for a man like me.'

Here we have, though in another form, the very evil which the Socialists rightly denounce whenever they see it existing in our present social and economic system. That the rich should be idle while the poor are working is an injustice which appeals to the imagination of everyone who is not blinded by class prejudice. But the Socialist remedy does not destroy that injustice; it merely changes its shape, while increasing the evil consequences to the nation. The idleness of one rich man means the loss to

the community of one brain, or of one pair of arms. As for the wealth which the idle rich man commands only a comparatively small portion can be consumed by his own worthless self. The bulk of it must be shared by a large number of people, retainers, employees, tradesmen, and professional men, who are all—even including the flunkeys—members of the human family. On the other hand, the idleness of a thousand poor men means the loss of a thousand pair of hands, and of all the wealth they might have created. And while those two thousand arms are idle, a thousand stomachs have to be filled, a thousand backs to be clothed at the expense of the working community. The existence of the idle rich is indeed an evil thing, but we should do wisely to resign ourselves to that evil rather than to attempt to get rid of it by adopting a device which would only multiply the idle poor.

Yet this must be the effect of the Socialist scheme for providing State employment on pleasant terms for anyone who chooses to apply for it. The State cannot make work, if by work is meant the doing of something that somebody wants done. The State does indeed itself require certain things to be done. It requires battleships to be built and manned, roads to be made, letters to be carried, government offices to be furnished ; but the doing of these things only gives employment to a limited number of men, and if the work is to be properly done the men employed must be trained and skilled men. Even the Socialists do not propose that the men now employed should be thrown out of work in order that their places may be given to the ' unemployed.' It is of course true that the State can take on new functions, and do more of the work that is now left to private enterprise. But that would not make additional employment ; it would only transfer employment from one set of men to another.

Some of the Socialists reply that the State might undertake work that private enterprise has not touched, such as the reafforestation of waste lands. This indeed is one of the favourite proposals of the people who urge that the unemployed should be comfortably provided for at the expense of the taxpayer. But here again, if the work is to be done at all, it must be done by trained and skilled workmen. Forestry is a very special craft, of which few people in this country have any inkling. The men who are going to serve in the Forestry Department of the Indian Government have to be trained in France or Germany. They of course serve as the directors and superintendents of other workers, but until a skilled body of such directors and superintendents has been trained up for use in this

country it is impossible to start the work of afforestation. Even then skilled manual labour is essential. The idea of taking hold of a London plumber or painter who happens to be out of work and setting him to plant trees on Scotch mountains is absolutely laughable to persons who know anything about the subject.

When we press home our analysis, it will be seen that the only thing that the State can do to help the unemployed is to pay them wages for doing things that nobody wants done, or for doing badly things that other men were previously doing well. This payment of wages can be continued indefinitely—until the taxpayer revolts—but it obviously will not solve the problem of the unemployed.

The money used to pay the wages must come from somewhere. Let us accept for the sake of argument the ordinary Socialist assumption that it is to come exclusively out of the pockets of the rich. But what would have happened to that money if it had not been taken away from its owners and given to the unemployed? It would either have been spent by its owners or it would have been saved by them. There is no third alternative. In either event it would have given employment to somebody. The money that a lady spends in a draper's shop gives employment to the shop assistants who handle the goods, the railwaymen and carriers who have brought them from the place of manufacture to the place of consumption, the weavers and spinners who made the goods, the engineers who made the machinery with which the goods were manufactured, and the colliers who dug the coal that drove the machinery. There is an almost endless chain of employment all hanging by its last link, and that link is the purchasing power of the public that goes out shopping. If on the other hand the money is saved by its owner, that only means that he has transferred the power of spending it to somebody else who will pay interest for that privilege. Instead of being used to buy frippery from the linendrapers, it will be used to pay the wages of workmen who are constructing railways or excavating docks.

Whether saved or spent, the money that every private individual possesses gives employment to somebody. Take that money away by taxation, and the somebody is thrown out of employment. If the State really wants the money for national objects this evil must be faced. The fact that the State spends so many millions a year on battleships and soldiers, on judges and postmen, means that there are fewer linendrapers, fewer tailors, fewer millhands, fewer engineers, and fewer employees in all the trades that minister to the private comfort and luxury of the 42,000,000 individuals who compose the British nation.

We cannot have our cake and eat it. One sovereign will not pay two sets of wages.

This solid, but often forgotten, fact need not distress us as long as we take care that the State spends wisely the money it takes from us with the aid of the tax-gatherer and the law courts. But the matter presents a very different aspect when it is proposed that the State should spend our money in paying the unemployed to do something that nobody wants done, or to do badly what somebody else was doing well. However foolish our own private expenditure was, it was not quite so foolish as this. At least it gave us pleasure or we should not have made the expenditure, and the men we employed by that expenditure at any rate had the consciousness that they were earning their own living. Yet these men will be thrown out of work in order that artificial jobs may be created for the unemployed, who will be perfectly conscious that these jobs are artificial, and in their hearts will know that they are only asked to do the work as an excuse for paying them wages.

Thus the independent and self-respecting workman who had made himself a niche in our social system will be arbitrarily deprived of his job, not for the sake of some great national object, but solely for the purpose of finding a comfortable billet for some other man who through accident or weakness or idleness had been unable to find a billet for himself. It cannot be too often repeated that the so-called 'right to work' on which Socialists are fond of insisting means in practice the right to deprive another man of his job.

The reason is very simple. It is impossible to increase the sum total of employment unless we also increase the wealth of the community, for it is out of wealth that wages are paid. State employment, even under the best of conditions, rarely increases national wealth as much as private employment, for the State almost of necessity works on less economical lines. Therefore, even at the best the substitution of State employment for private employment means some loss of national wealth, and therefore some reduction in the total amount of employment. But when the State or the municipality, instead of seeking to do the thing that is wanted in the most economical and most efficient manner, deliberately picks out the least competent workmen and sets them to work on things that are not wanted, no new wealth is created, and the previous creation of wealth is diminished, because the taxpayer has been deprived of the means of employing as many persons as he would have employed. Thus not only does the 'right to work' mean the right to deprive another man of his job, but as generally applied the doctrine means that

for every ten incompetents provided with artificial jobs eleven or twelve competent men are to be deprived of the opportunity of doing useful work.

If any reader considers this estimate of the results that follow from State provision for the unemployed excessive, let him examine the records of the relief works provided for the unemployed in the metropolitan boroughs during the winter of 1904–5. Take for example the borough of Camberwell, where no less than 26,674*l.* was spent last winter in wages upon relief works of various kinds. The men employed were of two classes, namely ordinary capable workmen engaged by the Borough engineer in the usual way, and men supplied through the local unemployed committee. All were paid at trade-union rates, with the exception of labourers who were actually paid a halfpenny per hour more than the trade-union rate. Yet the Borough engineer reports that the work done by the unemployed cost the ratepayers from 50 per cent. to 75 per cent. more than it would have done if it had been left to ordinary workmen. The two sets of men worked side by side, so that it was easy to observe their different degrees of efficiency. In addition to this waste in wages, through the employment of inefficient instead of efficient workmen, there was a serious waste of material. In Westminster, where road-laying was entrusted to the unemployed, the City Engineer reports that while the ordinary employees of the Council made a ton of granite cover thirty-five yards, the unemployed covered with the same material only twenty-four yards. In Marylebone the wastage of material that occurred on different works is estimated at 10 per cent., in Finsbury at 15 per cent., and so on. All this waste is a dead loss to the community, and must ultimately mean harder times for the poorest classes. Analogous to this waste of material was the waste of machinery. Some Borough Councils, in order to make work for the unemployed, laid up their road-sweeping machines and used hand labour instead. In Stepney, as a result of these municipal economics, work that should have cost 486*l.* actually cost 3,569*l.*

One word about the type of man on whose behalf all this expense is incurred, and in whose interest other workmen are thrown out of work. Although many respectable men often lose employment through no fault of their own, and become for a time unemployed, there is unfortunately no doubt that the majority of men who pose as unemployed are loafers on the look out for a 'soft job.' If the work offered them by the municipal or Poor Law authorities is at all hard they will not take it. Thus we find that in Westminster, according to the

statement of the Town Clerk (see 'Daily Graphic,' January 9, 1905), out of 201 men who were offered road cleaning 151 responded; out of 145 who were offered road picking, which is a harder job, only 33 responded. Take as another example the following case: The Corporation of Preston offered to find employment for the unemployed on some municipal works in progress in the neighbourhood, and the master of the workhouse was asked to pick out some likely men. He picked out eight who all said they were willing to work, and that the pay would suit them. The eight men were discharged from the workhouse after they had all been supplied with suitable clothing and a good meal at the expense of the ratepayers. Arrived at the works, two out of the eight refused to start work at all; the remaining six worked for four and a half hours and then stopped. They returned the next day for their pay, but declined to do any more work. (See 'Preston Guardian,' November 11, 1905.)

An equally instructive illustration is furnished by the Hollesley Bay Colony, one of the special institutions recently created for the benefit of the unemployed. In January, the month when employment is usually most difficult to find, 77 men left the Colony because they were asked to wash their own towels once a week. (See 'Times,' January 20, 1906.)

Sympathy is wasted on such men as these, yet they are the men who march in the 'unemployed' demonstrations, and send round the hat for the good of the cause. During the enquiry recently conducted into the administration of the Poor Law in Poplar it was brought out in evidence that men who had been sent to a farm colony, at the expense of the ratepayers were brought up from the farm colony to London, again at the expense of the ratepayers, in order that they might march in a procession of the unemployed. It is by skilfully parading these stage armies that the Socialists try to create the impression that the unemployed problem is so tremendous in magnitude that a complete upheaval of our social system is necessary to solve it. Nor do some of the participants in this agitation even shrink from direct falsehood in order to give a fillip to the movement.

On November 6, 1905, a deputation of women from the East of London waited upon Mr. Balfour, who was then Prime Minister, to urge him to provide for the unemployed at the expense of the State. The demonstration was organised by the London Trades Council, and by the Poplar Trades and Labour Representation Committee, and was accompanied by Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., Councillor Lansbury, and other male Socialists. Among the women who spoke was a Mrs. Carey, who said:

'I have come on behalf of myself and the unemployed women. 'My husband is a dock labourer. We have six little children 'and a widowed mother seventy-five years old, and his work is 'only one day a week, sometimes two. If something is not done, 'we shall have to be eating one another.' (See official report of the proceedings published by the Twentieth Century Press.) During the Poplar enquiry, above referred to, the case of Mrs. Carey was incidentally investigated, and it was brought out in evidence that in the week preceding the deputation to Mr. Balfour her husband drew 2*l.* 15*s.* 3*d.* in wages, and that his average wage for the years 1904 and 1905 was 1*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.* a week. It is not suggested for a moment that Mr. Crooks and Mr. Lansbury, and the other Socialist leaders who organised or accompanied the deputation were parties to this fraud, but little value can be attached to their judgement when they allow themselves to be made the tools of such a woman.

Let it not be supposed, however, that because the unemployed agitation of recent years is largely dishonest, no real unemployed problem remains. Apart from the problem of the unemployable, which sooner or later must be dealt with by penal measures, there is a very real and a very serious unemployed problem; but it is not on Socialist lines that it can be solved. On the contrary, the solution proposed by the Socialists would only make the disease worse.

The social disease which we have to cure, if it be possible, is irregularity of employment. Except in the sphere of politics nobody would attempt to deal with such a grave problem as this without first asking, Why is employment irregular? But the authors of the Unemployed Act of 1905 never troubled to ask themselves or to ask anybody else this root question. They complacently assumed that employment always must be irregular, and that they had no concern with the cause of irregularity. Yet it ought to have been obvious that any remedy based on this assumption must increase the disease. For every such remedy will aim at making irregularity of employment less painful, and therefore less to be dreaded. As a necessary consequence men who now exert themselves to secure regular work will diminish those exertions, because their dread of unemployment has been diminished. In the same way employers who now find it necessary to pay regular wages in order to secure good men will save themselves from this expense by referring their employees to the new system of public charity devised by Mr. Walter Long and Mr. Gerald Balfour, and bolstered up by the present Government with a parliamentary grant of 200,000*l.* The forces thus set in motion lead directly

towards an increase in irregularity of employment, and a progressive degradation of labour.

As a particular example of these general principles take the case of dock labour. Some improvement has been made in the organisation of labour in the London Docks during recent years, but a considerable percentage of the men employed are still irregular workers. Surely here the right thing to do is not to worry about charitable schemes for bringing irregular relief to irregular workers, but to give our brains to devising some scheme by which regularity of employment can be substituted for irregularity. It may be that the nature of the work in the docks is such that a fluctuating margin of labourers is necessary for economical working. If that be so, it becomes the duty of the dock directors to see how far they can co-operate with other employers of labour so that the men on the margin may be certain of other employment when not wanted in the docks. No large employer of labour can be held blameless if he habitually employs men on conditions which create uncertainty of employment, with all the moral and social evils that follow from that uncertainty.

Doubtless there are difficulties in the way of such co-operation between employers as is here suggested, and it is conceivable that the intervention of some neutral body like the Board of Trade might assist in the solution of the problem, but this is certain, that the difficulties will never be surmounted until we concentrate on the problem of organisation the efforts that are now wasted on mischievous charity. Indeed if all well-to-do persons gave more thought to the present and future welfare of their own employees, and less money to fashionable charities, a good many social problems would solve themselves automatically.

As a more general example take next the case of work that fluctuates according to the season of the year. There are only two satisfactory ways of dealing with this problem. Either the worker in a seasonal trade must earn enough in his busy time to enable him to enjoy, at his own expense, a holiday in his slack time, or he must have two or more trades, so that he can change from one to the other as the demand for work shifts with the seasons. On either of these plans the difficulty of unemployment through seasonal irregularity disappears. If, however, the State undertakes to give relief on attractive lines to those who are out of employment through seasonal changes, the evil will never be cured. On the contrary it will be intensified. Those men who now ask for high wages in the summer in order to tide themselves over the winter will be content with lower wages ; those who

have discovered two occupations will throw up one of them, or more probably both.

In the same way the irregularity caused by changes of fashion would only be increased by State relief works. New fashions do not spring out of the void ; they are planned by persons who wish to make a profit out of them. It is the business of these persons to guard against the necessary risks of their industry. If a man engages in a risky trade it is his duty to insist on higher profits because of the risk ; and it is the duty of his workpeople for the same reason to insist upon higher wages. It is equally the duty of the people who want the luxury of a new fashion to pay for it themselves. They have no right to demand that the price of the fashionable articles which they wear should be artificially lowered at the expense of the taxpayer. Yet this result would ensue if the State, by making attractive provision for the unemployed, were to relieve the manufacturer and his workpeople of the risks incident to their trade. The ultimate effect would be that men working at regular trades would be deprived of part of their earnings, in order to facilitate the establishment of irregular trades, for the sole benefit of the leaders and followers of fashion.

The ideal we ought to hold before us is so to increase the earnings of labour as to enable the individual workman himself to provide against irregularity of employment. When barristers and doctors are thrown out of work by changes in the practice of the law courts, or by improvement in the public health, nobody has yet suggested that the State should 'make work' for these unfortunates by initiating law suits or by disseminating disease. It is rightly assumed that any man who embarks in one of these professions will take the uncertainties into account and make his plans accordingly. On the other hand, it is argued that the earnings of unskilled labour are so low that the unskilled or poorly skilled labourer cannot make any provision for the uncertainties of the future. The argument is not quite conclusive, for the money that is wasted in excessive drinking and in constant betting would provide for the future of a good many thousand people who now plead that they cannot afford to provide for themselves. But we have to look beyond this point, and to ask whether it is possible that the earnings of manual workers can be so increased that they may become as self-reliant as the professional classes, and if so how this can be done.

In the first place it is important to note that already many classes of manual workers are earning higher incomes than many professional men, or than men in business on their own account. It is no uncommon thing for a skilled mechanic to draw regularly

over 3*l.* a week, which is an income that would be regarded with envy by many a curate and schoolmaster, and by many a small farmer or shopkeeper. There is absolutely no reason why mechanics in such a position should come upon their fellow-citizens for help, and many of them are happily too proud to do it. There are others who eat and drink and gamble away their wages as soon as earned, and if bad times come, or if illness imposes some extra strain on the domestic budget, cry out at once for assistance. The important need in these cases is not a higher income, but a higher sense of responsibility.

In addition, unfortunately, there are large classes of manual labourers whose incomes are still below the figure necessary for the maintenance throughout life of a decent standard of living. No great improvement in the condition of these classes can be secured without, first, an increased production of wealth, and, secondly, an increased determination on the part of the individual workman to obtain a larger share of the wealth he so largely helps to produce. The first condition is essential, for as already pointed out the mere redistribution of the existing total of wealth would make but little difference to the mass of the population. It is the increase in the world's wealth through the developement of trade and the extended use of machinery, that has made the working classes in almost every country relatively rich as compared with their fathers, and the same causes will automatically continue to improve the position of the working classes both by raising wages and by cheapening commodities.

That the incomes of the rich have also been increased by the progress of machinery and by the expansion of trade is indisputable, but it is important to remember that those incomes no longer command, pound for pound, the same comforts and luxuries as in former days. The rich are very largely dependent for their comforts and luxuries on the number of servants they employ in house, in stable, in garden and in covert, and there is no class in the community whose wages have risen so rapidly as those of the servant class. A man with 2,000*l.* a year to-day probably cannot afford to employ as many servants as a man with 1,000*l.* a year employed a hundred years ago. In addition the rich man of to-day has to pay higher fees to his doctor and dentist, higher fees for the education of his children, and bigger prices to tailor and to dressmaker. The only things that he buys more cheaply than his father bought them, are things that are made by machinery, and these things, or things like them, the poor also buy.

The economic events of the last century, instead of widening

the gulf between rich and poor, as platform demagogues are so fond of declaring, have brought classes closer together. Village lads, whose grandfathers probably dressed in rags and frequently fed on turnips, live to-day on good bread and meat, are warmly dressed on week days and well dressed on Sundays, and often possess cricketing flannels and a bicycle of their own. Equally striking as an indication of the way in which the pleasures of the rich have been brought within reach of the poor is the multiplication in all our large towns of cheap theatres and music halls, which are thronged night after night by working class audiences. Another striking fact is the developement of the seaside holiday among the millhands of the North. Operatives whose grandfathers had a stern struggle with life all the year round, are able to go off with their families to the seaside for a week or a fortnight.

These facts show that under our present social system the condition of the manual workers has enormously improved, and there is every reason to believe that it is still rapidly improving. The cause of the improvement is primarily the great increase in national wealth, giving a larger total to be divided among the different members of the community. The secondary cause is the work done by trade unions. Manual workers by combining together in unions, as many professional workers learned to do long ago, have been able to improve their position by substituting collective for individual bargaining. This is a great step towards the better organisation of industry, and it is not too much to say that the developement of the trade union movement on sound lines is a matter of supreme national importance.

Unfortunately some trade unionists in recent years have been bitten with Socialist theories, and have imagined that they could find a short cut to prosperity for their class by the invocation of the power of the State. They will find instead that State Socialism is the mortal foe of trade unionism. It is not by the easy process of shouting at election meetings, and dropping pieces of paper into a ballot box, that great victories are won for any class. The trade union organisation depends for success on the willingness of its members to make sacrifices for a common cause—to pay their subscriptions regularly, to meet levies cheerfully and in the last resort to face courageously the cruel hardship of a strike. But if men are to be taught that the State will provide for them in every difficulty, why should they trouble to join trade unions? These are the baits that Socialists hold out, but if they are taken they will not merely destroy trade unionism but they will also destroy the character of the English people.

Art. II.—BORDER BALLADS.

1. *Sir Walter Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.* Edited by T. F. Henderson. Four Volumes. London and Edinburgh : W. Blackwood and Sons. 1902.
2. *Scottish Vernacular Literature : a Succinct History.* By T. F. Henderson. London : David Nutt. 1898.
3. *The History and Poetry of the Scottish Border : their Main Features and Relation.* By the late John Veitch, LL.D. Two Volumes. London and Edinburgh : W. Blackwood and Sons. 1893.
4. *The Balladists.* By John Geddie. Famous Scots Series. London and Edinburgh : Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier. 1896.
5. *The Trustworthiness of Border Ballads as exemplified by 'Jamie Telfer i' the Fair Dodhead' and other Ballads.* By Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Fitzwilliam Elliot. London and Edinburgh : W. Blackwood and Sons. 1906.

And other works.

Twice only, in all probability, during the five centuries which divided the poetry of Thomas the Rhymer from that of Thomas Campbell, did the Scottish Muse produce a body of verse of admittedly world-wide and enduring interest. For to the verse of Burns, no competent critic—though constitutionally as little in sympathy with his subject as an Arnold or a Shairp—will any longer deny a foremost place in the lyric poetry of the ages. And as little, we conceive, should he deny their proper though lesser rank to the anonymous poems which, after centuries of homelessness, are to-day best represented in the Border Ministrelsy of Sir Walter Scott. It can scarcely be an accident that the two said bodies of verse, diverse in character though they are—for while Burns is generally personal or didactic, the ballads are uniformly narrative and dramatic—should yet show marked similarity : that the poetry in either case should be direct and elemental, should owe a maximum to nature and a minimum to art. This, however, is incidental. Our point is that it is upon these bodies of verse, and on these only, that Scotland rests her claim to rank as a poetic nation among the poetic nations of the world, the remainder of her poetic literature belonging to a different category.

It is true that in the verse of 'The Brus' and 'The Kingis Quair,' in that of Dunbar and Lindsay, of Drummond and

of Ramsay, there is much that is of local and of literary value. Moreover it is indisputable that, of Scotland's secondary poets, there are several who, from one cause or another, are scarcely estimated at their due worth. Barbour, for example, has generally been studied as historian rather than as poet. Again, linguistic difficulties requiring nothing short of scholarship to overcome them obscure the vernacular of the charming love-idyll attributed to James I.; while the rank grossness mingled with its rich humour puts Dunbar's most original and most human work, as regards general reading, out of court. Once more, accidents of patronage and of political history made of Thomson what Drummond had, in fact, been before him—essentially and virtually an Englishman rather than a Scot. For all accidents and circumstances such as these, an impartial critic will no doubt make due allowance. Yet, in spite of accident and circumstance, the fact remains that it is in right of Burns and of the ballad-makers that Scotland takes her place in the world of poetry. It is with the ballad-makers only that the present article is concerned.

To begin with, then, it has been generally admitted that, in the process of verbal transmission through the centuries, the ballads have suffered grievously. The crassitude of successive reciters, their defective memories, alike with the wanton tampering of editors of later date, have wrought their will on them. This is a fact which we can but deplore, even as we may deplore the corruption of the text of an idyll of Theocritus. Yet, while deploring this, let us hasten to acknowledge at least one compensating advantage inherent in the process of oral tradition—namely, the elimination by successive reciters of all harsh and puzzling archaisms encountered in their text—to which we owe the result that the ballads remain to-day as clearly intelligible to all the world as on the day when they were composed; whereas, had they been handed down in books instead of by the living voice, they must have run great risk of becoming as obsolete, so far as the general reader is concerned, as the writings of Dunbar or James I. That they still have in them the capacity of a universal appeal—for this, at least, we must be thankful. But, since apart from exact scholarship there can be little solid or enduring satisfaction in literature, the question of establishing an authoritative text becomes one of first importance. It is, likewise, one of endless perplexity.

Excepting Joseph Ritson, Professor Child was perhaps the first to approach the old ballads in the spirit of a scholar; and certainly Professor Child has done much to obtain for the subject of his study the literary recognition which is its due. His

diligence in collecting and collating various readings has made his book the standard ballad-repository and work of reference, while it has also once and for all placed the ballads upon the footing to which their literary merit entitles them. But, while warmly acknowledging our debt to Professor Child, we still venture to say that his edition of the ballads is not the edition to which lovers of poetry would turn when wishing to read for enjoyment rather than for study. And, since the world at large is not composed of students, while the aim of most readers of poetry is refined enjoyment, this is an important drawback. The Professor's edition is, in fact, less an end in itself than a means to that end—where the reader desires a definitive text, it supplies a magazine of materials. But if we turn thence to the editions or collections of Aytoun, Buchan, Jamieson, Motherwell, or others of their day, we shall go backward rather than advance. For, though each of these in his own kind served the interest of the ballad, there was not one of them who brought to bear upon it the method of the scientific scholar. In varying degrees, they are each and all amateurish, arbitrary as to the treatment of their texts—to say which is, of course, no more than to say that they were the creatures of their age. But, since this is so, what remains to be done? We have but one suggestion to offer, and that, no doubt, is open to the charge of empiricism. It is that, so far as the Border ballads are concerned, the text of Sir Walter Scott's Border Minstrelsy be accepted as the standard and authoritative text.

But, it will be objected, Scott was himself the most arbitrary, the least scholastic of men in his treatment of the ballads. For example, was he not used to construct from various versions of a ballad a version which should please himself? Was he not given to emending even as seemed good to him? Did he succeed in discriminating between the false article and the true when confronted with, for example, 'Auld Maitland,' or 'Lord Ewrie,' or 'Barthram's Dirge'? Worse than this, did he not add to the ballad of 'Kinmont Willie'?* Did he not interpolate a noted passage, which imposed upon the late Professor Veitch, in the Scots version of 'The Battle of Otter-'bourne,' and a scarcely less striking passage in 'Jamie Telfer'? Nay, as regards the ballad last named, was he content to confine the liberties he took to mere addition? This particular question is one to which we shall return. In the meantime we can but admit that, from the scholastic point of view, Sir Walter's treatment of the old ballads was loose and licentious in the

* See Henderson's edition of the Border Minstrelsy, vol. ii. p. 57.

extreme. And yet we think it may be justified. On what ground? On that of collaboration. For we maintain that Scott and, possibly, in a slighter degree, the Ettrick Shepherd stand apart from all other editors of old ballads—even from Motherwell, even from Jamieson, who like them were poets. It is true that neither in pathos nor in power of direct narrative—the distinctive qualities of the best of the old ballads—was either Scott or Hogg the equal of the best of the old ballad-makers. Yet, though not equal to them in such high imaginative flights as the ballads of 'The Wife of Usher's Well,' or 'The Bonnie Hynde,' or 'The Twa Corbies,' it would be difficult to deny that they were akin to them, one with them in spirit. If this be admitted, and if we allow ourselves to adopt for our own purposes Mr. Lang's theory of a collective authorship for the ballads—a theory, be it said, from which as understood by him we wholly dissent—what, then, is to prevent our regarding the process by which the ballads were produced as a growth—a growth which, beginning with the unknown minstrels of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, or even earlier, was completed or consummated with Scott? To do this is at best, we acknowledge, to have recourse to a literary fiction. But it is a fiction, we submit, which may be accepted without violence to the critical sense. And, by accepting it, we gain at least the desideratum of a definitive and authoritative text of the Border Ballads. The labours of critics, such as Mr. T. F. Henderson and Colonel Fitzwilliam Elliot, whose books lie before us, may in time succeed in setting it aside—indeed, they have already subjected it to certain not unimportant modifications and deductions. At least for the purposes of the present article, however, it may serve. And the main purpose of that article is to enquire in what particulars that text may justifiably be assailed and even set aside, in what particulars it behoves us to regard it as an inheritance sacred and inviolable.

Sir Walter Scott divided the old ballads which he edited into the two classes, Historical and Romantic—it is naturally with the former class that criticism has occupied itself to best result. The publication of State Papers since Scott's death—most notably of the Calendar of Letters and Papers relating to the affairs of the Borders (1560–1603)—while throwing a flood of light on the period to which the best of the 'riding' ballads refer, has made it possible, not only to check many of Scott's statements, but also to apply to the ballads themselves the methods of modern historical research—a task which has been undertaken by Mr. Henderson, in his critical edition of the Border Minstrelsy, published in 1902. So long as he confines himself

to his own field, Mr. Henderson is a well-trained and conscientious workman, whose terse, lucid and well-authorised statements are as firm ground, good to tread, after the bogs of unsupported assertion and vain theory in which, till not so long ago, commentators often called on us to flounder. The light let in on the ballads by his investigations is at times surprising, and, unless we are mistaken, the result of the said investigations will be on the whole to raise the credit as historical evidence of these rude contemporary documents. For it has been for poetic, rather than historic, truth that we have hitherto been accustomed to value them—for truth, that is, in the expression of emotion, or the rendering of the spirit of a scene, rather than for accuracy in respect to names, dates, or places, or the details of incidents narrated. On the other hand, their value as history may of course be easily overstated. So, for the present, let it suffice to say on this head that Mr. Henderson has not seldom succeeded in finding documentary or official evidence which bears out the narratives of the riding ballads, and that he has even contrived to identify not a few of the various 'Laird's 'Jocks,' Syms, Martines and Johnies, or other Elliots and Armstrongs, concerned in particular raids. Occasionally, indeed, in matters of nomenclature, he has been able to correct the information of the ballad-maker. Another point in his favour is that his theory of the genesis of the older ballads is sound—in other words, that he rejects the scholastic ingenuity of Mr. Lang's theory of a 'communal' origin in favour of a commonsense view of the matter. For there can be no doubt that, from the time when the creative temperament first began to manifest itself in any community no matter how constituted, that temperament must always have been the exceptional temperament, and the non-creative temperament the normal. Yet, in spite of these and other proofs of good judgement, Mr. Henderson does not always escape those pitfalls of misapplied learning and perverse ingenuity which from time immemorial have beset the footsteps of the antiquarian investigator. For example, we have no clue to the identity of the hero of the 'grand old 'ballad of Sir Patrick Spens,' nor to the occasion of his fatal voyage. But to acknowledge ignorance is not the commentator's way. So, having bethought him of the existence of a certain Sir Patrick Vans, a sea-captain, who once undertook a voyage to Norway at the King's bidding, Mr. Henderson proposes, on the strength of a resemblance of names, to transfer the ballad, hitherto considered ancient, to the seventeenth century. For, he argues, in the mouths of successive reciters the name Vans might well pass into Spens. But, if Vans into Spens,

then why not any one thing into any other somewhat similar thing? It is true that the suggestion is not pressed; but, none the less, it is at once superfluous and illustrative of the pet weakness of the typical commentator who cannot leave anything alone. The true course in this case is to leave the ballad praised by Coleridge still shrouded in that tantalising mystery which betrayed Scott into anachronism. Again, we must further demur to the sweeping assertion (vol. ii. p. 156) that the beautiful 'neck-verse' known as 'Armstrong's Goodnight' is 'clearly beyond the art of any of the reiver Armstrongs.' Had we possessed any information as to the authorship of any of these ballads, Mr. Henderson might perhaps have been able to justify this assertion. But, since we possess no such information, and since it is well known to be the nature of poetry to appear in unexpected places, such an assertion is entirely unwarranted. Indeed, the probability is that, not only these verses, but the whole of the Border ballad poetry may have sprung from the midst of a life as rude as that of the lawless Armstrongs. But it is the bane of the scientific method that it is too apt to generate scepticism in matters which are beyond its province. We shall have more to say upon this head when we come to speak of the Romantic Ballads. For the present, let it suffice to repeat that the general tendency of Mr. Henderson's critical labours is to raise our idea of the respect due to the Historical Ballads, when considered from the strictly historical point of view.

It was, no doubt, only in the natural order of things that the next writer to take up the subject should adopt in the main the destructive line. So it has proved. In a soldier courage is to be expected, and Colonel Fitzwilliam Elliot shows us from the first—we believe that the interesting book before us is his maiden literary effort—that he is not, at any rate, troubled with scruples as to speaking out his mind. For example, in referring to Flodden, he writes (p. 134), 'I may remark here 'that no one account [of the battle] that I have read is consistent 'with possibility, nor intelligible to any one who has gone 'seriously into the work.' From the general thoroughness of his book, and from the last clause of the sentence quoted, we may assume that the writer has himself read all the best-known accounts of the battle. So, here, with one flourish of his pen, he puts out of court Tytler and Burton, Lang and Hume Brown, not to speak of Sir Walter Scott and countless lesser men. Indeed, it cannot fail to be a solace to some of those who fall under his criticism to find themselves thus falling in such good fellowship. Seriously, had the author been a less close reasoner,

less exact in language, or a less sure-footed guide through mazes of conflicting statement, we should have inclined to treat this stricture cavalierly. As it is, we prefer to await the 'new 'lights' on tactics at Flodden which it must surely herald or preface.

Again, the author is by no means afraid to fly in the face of long-established beliefs. He writes throughout as a Border man; yet there can be no doubt that, to his Border readers, certain of his views will appear startling, not to say revolutionary. And yet, in criticising those views, we have to bear in mind that, from his military training, he enjoys a special advantage for judging of many of the matters with which he deals, and that this is an advantage which cannot be claimed by any of their best-known previous historians.

Turning now to what is more immediately the subject of his book—the trustworthiness of the Border Ballads—we are at once taken by surprise to find him contending that the traditional verses which formed the foundation of the immortal 'Flowers 'of the Forest' have, in all probability, no connexion whatever with Flodden, or with the state of the Border just after that battle. They are much more likely, he thinks, to refer to the period which followed the Earl of Hertford's punitive expedition. Why so? Because there is no doubt whatever of the drastic treatment meted out by Hertford to the Borders, nor that this treatment had the effect of reducing them to a state, not indeed of entire demoralisation—that is proved by their capture of Fernihirst Castle—but, at least, of intense misery and exasperation. In a word, those days indeed afforded occasion for heartbroken lament. But, after Flodden, argues Colonel Elliot, the evidence before us points to nothing nearly so bad as this. By 'expert' calculation, he claims to establish that the losses sustained by the Borderers in the battle had been, if not positively trifling, at all events far from crushing. Nor, he adds, is there any ground for doubting that this was generally understood. For, had it been otherwise, the English would scarcely have shown the supineness they did, but would undoubtedly have made some more vigorous or more sustained effort to follow up their victory. But, in the existing circumstances, the result of the fray at Horn's Hole seems to show that their self-control was due less to moderation than to discretion. Now, at first sight, all this may look somewhat like an indulgence in the fashionable amusement of playing tricks with history. But, after careful examination, we cannot deny that Colonel Elliot makes out at least a good *prima facie* case in support of his new view. For the calculations and the docu-

mentary evidence upon which that view is based, we prefer to refer readers to the book itself, merely repeating that in our opinion these will be found well worthy of consideration. Nor shall we be surprised to find that it comes to be accepted that the effect of Flodden upon the Borderers was a moral rather than a physical effect, though for the degree of that moral effect we think that the latest writer on the subject has hardly made sufficient allowance. Of that, however, more anon. That the splendour of the battle-piece in 'Marmion,' the pathos of the Lament now under discussion, and the writings of those who, like Veitch, take sentiment rather than documentary evidence for their guide—that these things may have tended in their turn to exaggerate that effect, this also seems not improbable. So, then, here already is shown ground for questioning the trustworthiness, if not, indeed, of one of the old ballads, at least of our own long-cherished and deep-rooted belief in regard to it.

From attacking our belief in regard to one of the ballads, Colonel Elliot passes on to assailing one of the ballads themselves, and in this case there can be little doubt that he triumphantly makes his point. The question at issue lies between the rival claims of two versions of the ballad of 'Jamie Telfer 'i' the Fair Dodhead'—versions which differ chiefly in the respective *rôles* which they assign to members of the clans of Scott and Elliot. For, in the Minstrelsy version, the Scotts are represented as lending instant aid to the injured Jamie Telfer, as active in pursuit of, and valiant in worsting the English raiders—the Elliots the while remaining selfishly supine; while, in the alternative version, given to the world by Kirkpatrick Sharpe, these *rôles* are simply reversed. Which of the two versions, then, has the better claim to authenticity? The Calendar of Border Papers, to which we naturally look for an answer to this question, unfortunately does not help us; and, on the strength of this omission, an ingenious critic in the 'Times 'Literary Supplement' has presumed to deny that the facts recorded in either version of the ballad ever occurred. But, unless we altogether misconceive him, fabrication such as this would imply was wholly foreign to the spirit of the balladist, who, though he might err in historical detail, would draw the line at manufacturing history. And why, indeed, should he trouble to forge materials, when these lay in superabundance ready to his hand? For at this time—that is, after the deforcement of Carlisle Castle by Buccleuch in April 1596—the Borderers, as we are told by Spottiswoode, 'making daily incursions one

'upon another, filled all those parts with trouble, the English 'being continually put to the worse.' *

Well, if this were so, is it not more probable that certain facts may have escaped record than that a perfectly pointless fabrication should have been perpetrated and preserved? For, except in so far as it is a record, the ballad in either version (abating interpolations) is wholly destitute of interest.†

Assuming, then, that one or other version is authentic, the facts as between them are these. The version which gives credit to the Scotts and casts aspersion on the Elliots is that, as has been said, which was selected by the greatest of the Scotts for incorporation in his Border Minstrelsy; the version favourable to the Elliots and unfavourable to the Scotts is that for which Colonel Elliot claims that it is in accordance with fact—a claim, it may be mentioned, which had already been put forward more tentatively by the Honorable George Elliot in his 'History of the Border Elliots,' 1897. From this it might at first be suspected that family feeling had as much part in the controversy as the desire for historical accuracy. But Colonel Elliot guards against this suspicion by informing us in a footnote (p. 50), that it is from the Scott, and not from the Elliot, of the ballad that his own family is descended. Then, by means of a laborious—almost too laborious—establishing of the identity of persons and places, by an accurate computation of distances and rates of travel, he proceeds to prove—and prove, as we think, beyond risk of future challenge—that the Elliot version of the ballad is the true one—a lucid relation of logical sequences—while the Scott version is little better than a tissue of inconsistencies. And here again his military training has served him, for he is able to write, 'In my estimates of the rates [of travel of the raiders and their pursuers], I have been guided by some 'personal experience of my own in driving large herds of cattle 'through an enemy's country, and also by experience in riding 'by night over country unknown to me and my companions, 'and I know well what terribly slow work it is.' None the less, the one loop-hole for objection which to us he seems to leave is in his estimate of the rate of travel of the retreating raiders (p. 24), where he takes no account of accident, and

* History of the Church of Scotland, vol. iii. pp. 4, 5.

† Another example of historical fact recorded only in a ballad may perhaps be found in the 'Sang of the Outlaw Murray,' of which Mr. Henderson says that 'the presumption is strong that it is 'largely founded on fact' (vol. i. p. 307). Yet the cardinal fact of Murray's outlawry is unrecorded in contemporary history.

fails to allow for the fact that the English horses were already jaded, whereas those of their pursuers were fresh.

Having satisfied us as to which of the two 'Jamie Telfers' is the true one, it remains to account for the existence of the other. The author's chivalry has, indeed, withheld him from pressing his remarks on this point home. The inference from them is, nevertheless, irresistible and not to be mistaken. Mr. Henderson had already informed us that the authority for the Minstrelsy version of the ballad was unknown (vol. ii. p. 2), which of itself was ominous. For Scott's delight in all that tended to the greater glory of his house is too well known to need to be insisted on. It appears, for example, in the ballad of 'Kinmont Willie,' which he practically admitted having partly rewritten, interpolating in particular one high-sounding stanza.* But, more than this, the one purple patch which redeems from literary poverty the ballad now under consideration is recognized as his handiwork. What remains, then, but to conclude that the so-called 'Scott version' of 'Jamie Telfer' is, in truth, a mere *rifacimento*, or botching, originating with its *soi-disant* editor? Indeed, the one point which might seem to tell against this conclusion is the unskilled use of place-names revealed in Scott's narrative, when studied by the light of Colonel Elliot's map—a confusion remarkable in one who must have possessed, at least, a fair general knowledge of the country he was writing of. But a carelessness for the minutiæ of topography is not uncharacteristic of the man. As to the ethics involved in his conduct, there is no need to insist too strongly upon these, for no one is now likely to follow his example. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* In Scott's day, literary men had not yet begun to realise the sacredness of history, and it was perhaps only in the case of a plebeian like Chatterton, or an adventurer such as Ireland, that literary forgery was severely discountenanced. Among gentlemen, it passed as a pleasant *tour de force* in antiquarian attainment. Surtees of Mainsforth practised it freely on both Scott and Raine, and if, of these, only the latter had the sharpness to detect it, why so much the worse for Scott! And, incidentally, though nobody has poked better fun at antiquarianism run wild than Scott himself, yet it is undeniable—as is shown by Hogg's well-known anecdote of the bronze helmet—that his noble love of the Past at times exposed him to a charge of gullibility. An expert's *catalogue raisonné* of the curios at Abbotsford might perhaps throw further light upon this point. But, to revert to the ballads, these were looked upon as specially

* Henderson, vol. ii. p. 57.

fair game for the exercise of ingenuity; while, from tampering with a literary text to tampering with history, *facilis descensus*. It must be confessed that our view of Scott as a collaborator in the ballads would hardly avail to clear him in this case. Better is it to urge that his great services to the ballads have more than earned him a pardon for this indiscretion in regard to them. But, in future editions, 'Jamie Telfer,' we think, will be followed by an editorial note based on Colonel Elliot's researches.

Among the remaining poems on which Colonel Elliot's book comments, are the well-known Border song of 'Little Jock Elliot' and the ballad of the 'Battle of Philiphaugh.' The song is not included in the Border Minstrelsy, and this, notwithstanding the fact that Scott there relates the historical events on which it is believed to have been founded.* Colonel Elliot also cites evidence to prove that the song, or at least a part of it, was familiar to Scott, but he neglects to notice that it was actually quoted by him—in a verse already referred to in this article as having been interpolated in the ballad of 'Kinmont Willie':

> '"Now sound our trumpets!" quo' Buccleuch;
> "Let's waken Lord Scroope right merrilie!"
> Then loud the warden's trumpet blew—
> "O whae dare meddle wi' me?"'

From Scott's failure to include this song in the Minstrelsy, Colonel Elliot argues that he cannot have believed in its antiquity. But he himself sees no reason for doubting this, and he accordingly prints a version of it, which is, however, avowedly a *cento*, or piecing together of fragments derived from various sources. The version now current on the Borders, we may remark, is from the pen of the late Mr. James Smail, of Edinburgh, a famous Border bard of modern times. And, in this connexion, since Colonel Elliot has queried his own supposition (p. 80) that the schoolmaster of Saughtree, to whom is due the preservation of one verse of the old song, was himself a writer of ballads, let us assure him that Telfer's 'Border Ballads and 'Other Miscellaneous Pieces' (Jedburgh, 1824) is worth acquiring, should a copy come in his way.

The late and matter-of-fact ballad which records the battle of Philiphaugh affords Colonel Elliot occasion for collating some six or seven accounts of a fight as to which he tells us that there are perhaps only two points connected with it upon which historians are agreed—these being the date and the result. In

* Vol. i. p. 89, Henderson's edition.

exposing the inconsistencies and incongruities of the rival accounts, his searching method of criticism finds congenial occupation—the impression left upon the reader's mind being that, if we except two glaring anachronisms, the narrative supplied by the ballad is at least as trustworthy as any of the others. The critic concludes that Montrose was inevitably doomed to defeat, though the immediate cause of his downfall was probably treachery. We quote the summing up :

'The battle of Philiphaugh was in a military sense—I am not referring to its important military and political results—a very insignificant combat, and the contemporary writers to whom we are indebted for the few details we know regarding it do not attempt to make it appear in any other light. . . . But our modern historians have given free rein to their imagination, and have allowed themselves to be run away with by the desire to add to the glory of their chosen hero by painting a brilliant picture of a paltry fight. The brilliant picture required a great battle—the great battle necessitated an extensive position—the flanks of this extensive position were confounded with the flanks, only a few hundred yards apart, of the actual fighting men—this false idea demanded a great flanking movement, the great flanking movement, so easily manufactured by misunderstanding the few words in the ballad relating to a small tactical manœuvre on the field of battle,* required a fog to screen it—and Wishart's words supplied the fog. Of a truth, the fog has thickened greatly since the day of battle, and has proved far more efficacious in magnifying the view of modern historians than ever it was in obscuring that of the combatants.'

The above passage serves, we think, to illustrate both the critic's strength and what may possibly yet prove to be his weakness. He is nothing if not sure of himself, and, so far as material facts brought directly before him are concerned, his confidence is well placed. For, in addition to patience in research, he possesses both a very clear head and a very sound judgment But, besides these, there is another attribute which is no less essential to the writer of history than it is to the poet—the attribute of imagination. For in every given historical situation there are factors of a more intangible kind, which are none the less necessary to correct representation because they are apt to elude the chronicler. Sentiment, personality—these have their places even in the record of a battle. It is a fact which is apt to be lost sight of in the present matter-of-fact age, and we do not

* '"; . . . But halve your men in equal parts
Your purpose to fulfil ;
Let ae half keep the water side,
The rest gae round the hill."'

feel assured that Colonel Elliot has a sufficient, apprehension of it. We are prepared to accept his statement, as that of an expert, that, at Flodden, the Borderers' 'butcher's bill' was not an exceptionally heavy one. But, at least where military heroism is involved, the Scotch are as a nation apt for sentiment—our own day has seen Scotland mourn over a single gallant soldier slain in battle. And at Flodden there were circumstances which might well account for an impression being made on the popular imagination which was not strictly in proportion to material losses sustained: the overthrow of overweening hopes, the king's infatuation and the portents which had preceded it, his death and that of the flower of his nobility. And similarly at Philiphaugh. The impression produced by the fight must be estimated less by the intrinsic importance of that fight than by the dramatic event of which it was the occasion—the downfall, that is, at the height of his success, of a singularly brilliant and commanding personality. Montrose was, of course, no faultless character—if he was not a self-seeker, the purity of his motives was at least open to suspicion. But he had birth, breeding, fascination, genius—qualities which, by the way, he shared with that later Graham whom Hogg styles the 'despot's champion.' And, though he failed to win the people's hearts, he impressed their imagination as few others have done. In his laudable desire to redress exaggeration, Colonel Elliot allows too little weight to considerations such as these. Otherwise we should scarcely find him speaking of Philiphaugh as a 'paltry fight.' But, this notwithstanding, he has done excellent and valuable work, and if not actually the first in a new field of criticism, he is at least the first who has devoted a book to testing by modern methods the trustworthiness of the historical ballads of the Border. The results of his experiment lead us to hope for a further application of his method; and, in expressing this hope, we are actuated not only by the primary and obvious motive, but also by a secondary one of even greater cogency. This secondary motive is a desire to see a revival of interest in the ballads. For, though the statement may come as a surprise to our readers, we have not the slightest hesitation in declaring that the ballads are neglected—nay, that, for a long time past, the cold shade of neglect has been growing ever deeper about them.

Such a statement as this requires, of course, substantiation; and, for such substantiation—since the subject has not, to his knowledge, been discussed in print before—the writer must necessarily to a great extent rely on his own individual experience. For obtaining such experience, however, he has had good oppor-

tunities. For example: either of two districts of the Border Counties might be equally well described as the Country of the Ballads—namely, Liddesdale, the scene of most of the riding ballads, and Ettrick Forest, especially the Yarrow district—where, within a few miles, are grouped together Philiphaugh, alluded to not only in the ballad on the battle, but also in the 'Sang of the Outlaw Murray'; Carterhaugh, the scene of 'The 'Young Tamlane'; Deucharswyre, the scene of the 'Dowie Dens 'of Yarrow'; Blackhouse, the scene of 'The Douglas Tragedy'; Henderland, the scene of 'The Border Widow's Lament.' With both of these districts the writer has been familiar for many years, in both of them he has had the advantage of associating with those who are most thoroughly representative of the country-side, and in his intercourse with them he has consistently kept his ears open for all that related to ballad-poetry. From any attempt to collect ballads he was, indeed, from the outset discouraged—first, by a conviction that the field had been already gleaned; and, secondly, by the poor and obviously spurious character of treasure-trove in this kind which had been from time to time submitted to him. Unhappily this disappointment was by no means the worst he was called on to encounter. Perhaps three or four times during his long experience in the land of ballads has he heard an old ballad sung; not much oftener has he heard one quoted, and when this occurred the quotation was a trite or obvious one. Seldom or never, save on his own initiative, has he known the conversation turn to ballads; nor, when it did so, did it elicit anything of special interest. And this, it must be understood, was among men and women of a good standard of intelligence, who were often well versed in such subjects as the antiquarian lore and natural history of the district they lived in, and occasionally readers and lovers of the poetry of Burns, Scott and Hogg. In neighbouring districts—such as the vicinage of the Eildon Hills, the scene of 'Thomas the Rhymer,' or of Redesdale, the scene of 'The Raid of the Reidswyre' and 'The Battle of 'Otterbourne—his experience was precisely similar. Is he not justified, then, in declaring that, in their own home—in the very heart of the Ballad Country—so far as the life of the people is concerned, the ballads are become, or are fast becoming. a dead-letter? That they still form the subject of toasts at convivial meetings, and of an occasional winter evening's lecture, he does not dispute. But he has never observed, on such occasions, that any noticeable degree of interest was excited; nor has he the slightest hesitation in expressing his opinion that, in the great majority of every audience, the names of such

ballads as 'Clerk Saunders,' 'Erlinton,' 'Young Benjie,' 'Rose the Red'—to take a few examples at random—evoked no idea whatever. Certainly, as a source whether of patriotic inspiration or imaginative recreation, the Border Ballads in the Border Counties have fallen into complete desuetude. And, if this be the case among Borderers—to whom by a hundred local, genealogical and historical associations these ballads ought to appeal—how much more must it be the case throughout the country at large! Should Colonel Elliot's book prove the means of awakening fresh interest in these grand old poems, and directing fresh study to them, it will have served a noble purpose.

As to whether Scott's action in collecting and publishing ballads hitherto preserved by oral tradition was in any degree responsible for the decline of popular interest in those ballads, it is fruitless to speculate. As a general rule, the action of literature upon tradition is to kill it and embalm its body. On the other hand, it is obvious that, but for Scott, many of the Border ballads must in all probability have been lost. Briefly to enquire as to the cause of the decline of interest in ballads among the wider public may, perhaps, be not unprofitable. For, as Mr. Lang lightly observes in a recent literary article, ballads are at present 'out of fashion.' But, a century ago and more, they were the height of the fashion, contributing more than did aught else to the Romantic Revival in our literature. Indeed, it is seldom that a formative literary influence is so distinctly seen at work as in that charming scene from Scott's autobiographical fragment, where he describes himself, as a boy, devouring 'Percy's Reliques' in an arbour at Kelso, and becoming so absorbed in his reading as to let the dinner-hour pass unnoticed. To that reading we may distinctly trace back, not only the Border Minstrelsy, but the poems and most of the novels too. Well, the taste of the poetry-reading public of that day—a larger proportion of the total public than now—was inclining to the Poetry of Action, and it was by appealing to this taste that Scott attained his great success with 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.' The story might be ill-constructed and incoherent, the verse might often sink into the monotonous and mechanical—these things did not signify. He had provided action, adventure, narrated with simplicity and spirit, and the change from the didactic poems of the Eighteenth Century was too refreshing not to be appreciated. His poetry in general possessed that characteristic of the ballad-poetry which is the more easily imitated—a story told with clearness and rapidity. But, of the higher ballad qualities—truth to nature, absolute

and direct; and, within the limits proper to the class, an unequalled power in rendering emotion: of these qualities his work showed in the one case no conspicuous amount, and in the other nothing. But, for the time, the public was satisfied without them. 'Marmion' was a more finished poem than 'The Lay,' and success followed success. But perhaps Scott drove his success too hard. Be that as it may, Byron made his appearance, and in the novelist's own frank phrase, Byron 'bet' him, so he turned —a king in either kingdom—from poetry to prose. It is, of course, a fact that, besides Scott and Byron, among the poets writing at this time were some of the greatest names in English literature—a Shelley, for example, a Keats, a Wordsworth. But it is no less a fact that, for the wider public, these great names did not count. For the hour, Byron carried everything before him. Now, as Scott had done, Byron also supplied a variety of the Poetry of Action; but it was a distinct variety. It depended for its interest, not, as Scott's had done, upon the action itself, but rather upon the human passion involved in that action. And, as Byron's talent developed—as he advanced from the poetry of the earlier 'Eastern Tales' to that of the later cantos of 'Childe Harold'—so passion assumed in it a more and more important part until it overshadowed action. So we have the Poetry of Passion supplanting that of Action, or of Action combined with Passion, and consequently the tide of popular favour already beginning to turn away from ballad poetry.

As poet of the wider public, it was Tennyson who succeeded Byron, and under Tennyson the alienation which had already begun was continued. Having captured the public by the charm of his poetic style, Tennyson proceeded to lead his willing captive into paths of introspection, philosophy, and poetic art, which were as far removed from ballad primitiveness as anything well could be. It is true that, in 'The Revenge,' Tennyson has proved that he had it in him to write a stirring ballad; while his early poem of 'The Sisters' proves no less that he had early undergone the influence of the old ballads. These things, however, were apparently but accidents in his poetic career, or, at any rate, lay aside from the main current of his genius. And it must be remembered that Tennyson's literary predominance lasted for fifty years—quite long enough to lead the wider poetry-reading public of his day far away indeed from the ballads. To these influences, then, we ascribe the falling 'out of fashion' of the ballads. For, in an age when the Poetry of Passion, Introspection, and elaborative Art predominates, it is only in the nature of things that poems which rely for their appeal upon Action and Simplicity should be

relegated to a very secondary place. It is true that, as long as Rossetti lived, the influence of the old ballads, as handed on by Coleridge, was still active in our literature, while it is also seen in the work of a follower of Rossetti, the late Mr. William Sharp. But the abrupt breaking off of this vein of literary ore is but further evidence in support of our contention. For Mr. Swinburne's imitations of the old ballads are singularly barren imitations; and, indeed, than the diffuseness and over-emphasis of his style, there could scarcely be anything more unlike the admirable terseness and avoidance of excess which characterise those old poems. A revival of interest in the ballads, coupled with a renewal of their influence upon writers, would certainly be for the advantage of our literature. Nor are signs wanting that such may be at hand. Of these signs the success of Mr. Newbolt's poems is not the least; while it is indisputable that Mr. Kipling is now the one poet whose work, like that of Tennyson before him, is read alike by classes and masses—to employ those terms for once from an educational point of view. Mr. Kipling has proved that he can write a ballad; and should he see fit to devote himself to that line of activity, rather than to the production of what we may call poetical pamphlets, or rhymed Tracts for the Times, there will be some at least among the public who will applaud his choice.

If criticism of the ballads can aid in initiating or stimulating this revival, it will be doing good work. But at the same time there is ground for apprehension that such criticism may be carried too far, or may be conducted upon wrong lines. We have already described the Historical ballads as the proper field for the labours of the scientific critic. As for the Romantic ballads, which form the second division of the Border Minstrelsy, we are convinced that the said critic will do well to limit his work in regard to them to the sphere of bibliography. Elucidation they do not require; while the superfluous opinions and vain learning of industrious commentators are more likely to injure than to benefit them. What, for example, is to be gained from such a note as the following, appended by Mr. Henderson to the ballad of 'The Douglas Tragedy'? Scott has already told us that the traditional scene of the tragedy is the farm of Blackhouse, in Yarrow, where stones supposed to have been set up to commemorate the death of the eloping lady's brothers are to this day to be seen. Says Scott's editor (vol. iii. p. 3):

'The ascription of "complete locality" to this ballad is of little account, so long as the personages have not been identified. But the introduction of a Douglas into the ballad is probably merely the freak of some reciter, or hack-balladist, for the version is very

corrupt, incidents and phraseology being borrowed from the "William and Margaret" and "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor" ballads, etc. . . . The seven hostile brothers are, of course, common to several ballads, and were probably buried neither at Blackhouse, nor any other where. In this instance they are perhaps borrowed from "Fair Margaret's Misfortune" (black-letter in the Roxburghe and Douce Collections, reprinted in "Roxburghe Ballads," ed. Ebsworth, vi. 641). . . . The story of the intertwining plants is, in substance, common to many other ballads, but St. Mary's Kirk is, of course, Scottish. . . . It [the ballad] is the most fatefully tragic of all the lover tales. The lover having killed the lady's father as well as her brethren, the best that could befall him was to be mortally wounded. But in the Douglas version the eternal triumph of love is symbolised by the introduction from other ballads of the story of the intertwining shrubs.'

To this effect the editor discourses throughout a couple of pages, and it is against the overlaying of the ballads with comment such as this that we desire to enter a vigorous protest. We have already given Mr. Henderson credit for industry and accuracy in research; but, apart from bibliographical references, how much do we learn from the passage quoted above? That the seven brothers of the ballad are *perhaps* borrowed from a certain other ballad; that they are *probably* buried neither at Blackhouse nor elsewhere—in other words, that they probably never existed; that the introduction of a Douglas into the ballad is *probably* the freak of a reciter. Avowedly all this is mere conjecture; and, surely, if there is one thing in the world which a reader can do for himself it is his own conjecturing! These remarks of Mr. Henderson's, then, are entirely superfluous. And equally so, to quote other examples, are his remark on the ballad of 'Rose the Red' that 'its merit is very slight,' or on 'The Wife of Usher's Well' that 'there is nothing 'remarkable in the story,' or on 'Brown Adam' that the 'ballad is not of much account.' As to his suggesting that the immemorial use of a certain name in a noble old ballad is due to freakish importation, or that the ballad itself is a mere hotch-potch of chance odds and ends—as to this we say nothing. But criticism such as the above, which might be in place were a reviewer giving his opinion on the work of a minor poet, is altogether inappropriate to the ballads. It is as unconvincing as is, in another vein, Mr. Geddie's remark on one of the Yarrow fragments, that 'Gamrie, in Buchan, contends with the "Dowie 'Howms" as the scene of this fragment; *but surely its senti-* '*ment is pure Yarrow.*' In one case it is the criticism of science which speaks, in the other that of sentiment; and both are equally astray. But, of the two, Mr. Henderson's is the more

injurious, both because a reader may easily fail to see where his authority ends, and because his remarks, unlike those of the sympathetic Mr. Geddie, tend to destroy without object the illusion which is so important to poetry and to vulgarize the poem. Contrast Mr. Henderson's notes with those of Sir Walter Scott, and the difference between a sympathetic and an unsympathetic editor will be at once apparent. So long, then, as Mr. Henderson confines himself to such work as indicating sources, or to correcting slips or errors of his predecessor, he performs a useful service; but the moment he attempts to go further, he simply shows that he does not know his own limitations. Accuracy is his strength, and scepticism his foible. But so far as the poetical value of the ballads is concerned, he gives us ample cause to suspect that he has but a very insufficient appreciation of it.

Nor is it, save perhaps for an unsophisticated mind, a value easy to estimate justly. For one thing, there are so many attributes of poetry to which we are now accustomed which the Border ballads wholly lack. Of literary finish, for instance, or psychological elaboration, we must look for nothing in them. Nor have they anything whatever of the didactic or reflective vein—the following rude verses from 'Rookhope Ryde' being the only exception we remember. The allusion is to Border thieves:

> 'But yet we will not slander them all,
> For there is of them good enow;
> It is a sore consumèd tree
> That on it bears not one fresh bough.'

With

> 'And such a storm amongst them fell
> As I think you never heard the like;
> For he that bears his head so high,
> He oft-times falls into the dyke.'

And these, in Mr. Henderson's phrase, are not of much account. Much more to be wondered at, however, than this defect—and especially in the work of a people and a century which produced the poems of Dunbar and King James V.—is the extreme scarcity of humour in these ballads. Ballads which may be qualified as comic—such as 'The Lochmaben Harper' and 'Dick o' the Cow'—are highly exceptional among them; while rare, indeed, are such verses as the following, referring to Kinmont Willie's being borne off, on the back of one of his rescuers, while still wearing his manacles:

> '"O mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
> "I have ridden horse baith wild and wood;
> But a rougher beast than Red Rowan,
> I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode.

" And mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
" I've prick'd a horse out oure the furs ;
But since the day I back'd a steed,
I never wore sic cumbrous spurs ! " '

Or this, referring to a similar situation in 'Jock o' the Side':

' " O Jock ! sae winsomely 's ye ride,
Wi' baith your feet upon ae side ;
Sae weel ye're harniest, and sae trig,
In troth ye sit like ony bride ! '

The rallying-song of 'The Fray of Suport'—the rant of a virago who has had her cows stolen—extraordinarily racy, spirited, and dramatic though it is, belongs to the category rather of the grotesque than of the humorous, though such as it is, a Browning or one of the Elizabethans could scarcely have brought the scene enacted, with all its essential detail, more vividly before the eyes or within earshot of the reader. This defect of the comic and of the didactic vein in work of a nation which has produced such fine humorous literature and is so prone to preaching as the Scottish is, to say the least of it, remarkable. And, no doubt, it is partly due to their neglect of these things, or at least of one of them—not the least effective, or least useful, of a story-teller's resources—that there results a certain undeniable monotony in the ballads, making it undesirable to read many of them in close succession, and bringing it about that certain of their stories are easily confused in the memory. So much for their shortcomings. Another point which makes it difficult to judge them impartially is their long familiarity, with the recollection of the appeal made by them in years when more elaborate poetry was as yet but a sealed book. For example :

' But O how pale his lady look'd,
Frae aff the castle wa',
When down, before the Scottish spear,
She saw proud Percy fa.'

This verse may appear to some of us singularly rich in romantic and poetic suggestion. But it would be unwise to insist on the point, for much of its charm may possibly be due in each case to individual association.

It remains to enquire on what ground we claim for the Border ballads the high rank assigned to them in the opening sentences of this article. The answer is simply upon the unassailable ground of absolute and essential truth in the representation of humanity in action. To lapse for a moment into the cant of modern literary criticism, the ballad-makers have excelled in

fitting the 'inevitable' word or action to situation and to character. In other words, they have accomplished, with the simplest means and without effort, what has rarely been attained by the greatest artists, and has baffled all lesser men. They spoke the pure language of the human heart. Mr. Swinburne in verse and Mr. Maurice Hewlett in prose have brought great research and literary skill to bear on the illustration of the drama of the reign of Mary Stuart. Yet it is safe to say that there is nothing in the work of either which for truth and force can stand beside the following verses of 'The Queen's 'Marie':

'O ye mariners, mariners, mariners,
That sail upon the sea,
Let not my father nor mother to wit
The death that I maun die.'

'When she came to the Netherbow port,
She laughed loud laughters three,
But when she came to the gallows foot
The tear blinded her ee.'

And the voice which speaks in these verses speaks again and again throughout the Minstrelsy. In 'The Wife of Usher's 'Well' it is the voice of bereaved maternity; in 'Fair Helen' and 'The Border Widow's Lament' it is that of heartbroken wedded or plighted love; in 'The Duel of Wharton' and 'The 'Bonny Hynd' it takes a somewhat different accent, and seems to utter the very protest of suffering humanity against the 'adamantine stress of things.' It is heard again in 'Sir Patrick 'Spens,' in 'The Demon Lover,' in 'Armstrong's Good-night.' And, from the comparative poverty of its means, a splendour of poetic achievement such as this can but gain added lustre. Such poetry may, indeed, fall under the temporary disfavour of an alienated or an unpoetic age, but its strength and beauty must remain indisputable and immortal; for they are firmly rooted in human nature itself. And when just now, in our desire to be dispassionate, we spoke of the comparative poverty of its means, we were less than just. For though its vocabulary may be limited, and its artistic expedients few, the *romancero* of passionate love and malign hate, intrigue, and misconception, of tragedy and triumph of the right—this is not poor, but rich indeed. And while the human heart remains what it is, so long must these things retain the power to charm it. That this beautiful and touching poetry should have sprung out of the harsh conditions of Border life in the Sixteenth Century seems to give it further claim upon our sympathy and interest.

Art. III.—CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

1. *Christine de Suède et le Cardinal Azzolino.* Par le Baron de Bildt. Paris: Plon-Nourrit, 1899.
2. *Christine de Suède et le Conclave de Clément X.* Par le Baron de Bildt. Paris: Plon-Nourrit, 1906.
3. *A Journal of the Swedish Embassy*, 1653–4. By Ambassador Bulstrode Whitelocke. London: Longman, 1855.
4. *Mémoires concernant Christine Reine de Suède.* Par Arckenholtz. 4 tomes. Amsterdam and Leipsic, 1760.

If history ever came to be written in terms of feminine influence, as people have occasionally suggested that it might be, it would prove an entrancing though arduous occupation to discover the Sibyl of each successive epoch and to determine her sphere of power. An almost equal measure of application, however, must be employed to appreciate the dominant women dignified by office who already have their niche in the Temple of Fame and their chronicle in the archives of nations. Perhaps indeed a subtler faculty than application is required to estimate women whose circumstances conceal them from a world which obeys their behests, as well as those whose circumstances envelop them with splendour and whose exalted condition makes them no less an object of adulation than of calumny. In the case of queens it is not easy to disengage their personalities from the trappings of their position, or to penetrate to that secret source of individualism which is the well-spring of action and ambition.

Queen Christina of Sweden, whose adventures amused and amazed Europe for so many years of the seventeenth century, to some degree lightened the task of her chroniclers by leaving to posterity a fragmentary confession of her sentiments and a number of sage reflections on conduct. During the century in which she lived she was the subject of a library of obvious and superficial criticism. Catholic pamphleteers greeted her conversion with pæans of praise, while Protestant writers reviled her apostasy. Her condemnation of Monaldesco provoked the conjectures and judgements of the curious, and her intimacy with Magnus de la Gardie, Pimentel, and Azzolino, rumours of intrigues more gallant than circumstantial. By the pens of partial authors her unconventionality was travestied into the merest eccentricity, and her striving after self-developement treated with unintelligent derision or equally unintelligent approbation. Great men, probing no further beneath the surface than the pamphleteers,

eulogised her wisdom and learning in formal compliment. Pascal praised her highly; Descartes declared her to be made more in the image of God than most men; Scarron inscribed to her his plays; Cromwell conveyed to her his admiration; Andrew Marvel wrote a poem in her honour, and Milton a prose panegyric. None of these tributes, however, throw any light on the woman as she really was. They but leave us in cold and uninterested contemplation of a lay figure embodying all science and all virtue.

Biographies of varying merit were published in diverse languages during the nineteenth century, and the task of again presenting Christina to the world has quite recently been taken up by one of her fellow-countrymen, the Baron de Bildt; who in the midst of a successful diplomatic career has found time to devote energy and thought to the most famous woman of his nation. His object, he asserts, has been to reconstruct Christina the 'woman,' to pierce to the soul of the strange enigmatic figure who was for so long a cynosure for the eyes of the Western world. Perhaps too readily he assumes that all her variations from the norm of conventional conduct may be attributed to physical causes. To label a person 'neuropath' and so to discount the force of the personality and the value of the character is an easy method of accounting for originality. Again and again in the excellent summary of Christina's life, with which he prefaces the volume containing the correspondence between the Queen and Azzolino, he returns to the question of health and constitution; insisting that, though her father was vigorous, her mother was a neurasthenic subject, and that the child-queen, no less by heredity than by upbringing, was the foredoomed victim of neurosis. Her idealistic actions he regards as the outcome of 'fixed ideas.' The scientific tendency to see greatness as disease and not as transfiguration may lead us to conclusions more rationalistic than explanatory; for the simple assumption that high differentiation is a form of insanity is virtually a denial of the existence of the soul. It must surely be assumed that there is a difference greater than that of degree between the fixed idea which drives a man to commit suicide or murder, and the idealism which inspires him to give up splendour, riches, and power for the sake of that best reward of Eastern Magi, 'the exemption both 'from obedience and command.' The intangible scaffolding by means of which men have been enabled to raise the fairy pinnacles of half-realized ideals in the air above the heads of the crowd remains a mystery still. These airy buildings on whose minarets not so much as a sparrow could sit with safety,

in whose towers no bells could hang, may be called illusions, but from their midst ever sounds the phantom music of inspiration. Turner's rainbow cities, cities of a land unseen, unknown to any living man, were perhaps produced by a sick temperament and an abnormal vision. If these things are insanity, are they not also the most precious performance of human minds? Do we not cling to such mysterious experiments, seeking to appreciate without prejudice a greatness which we are unable to compass with the measuring tape of conventionality?

At least we may watch with sympathy one who, like Christina, combined a passion for essentials and a love of simplicity in all things, with an unremitting endeavour to realize in her personal life the intention of her Maker. Though no saint, she was of the company of those great souls who lived with magnanimity and freedom. Her high position in the world she renounced, from no sudden impulse, but after grave deliberation, as no queen had done before; she was educated in one religion, which she abandoned for another; tied by every bond of heredity and duty to one country, she left it for a foreign land. Her education rendered originality almost impossible, for her life was hedged about with manifold conventions; and cares and responsibilities engaged the major portion of her time. Yet in spite of education and convention and affairs, and in the face of active and prolonged opposition, she plunged into the risks of individualized life. Her conduct was directed by her own inherent strength of will; and circumstance, though it thwarted her plans and frustrated her calculations, did not influence her decisions. That her nature never attained true self-expression does not preclude the existence, underneath the mischances and failure, of a force of soul and a capacity which has rarely, if ever, been equalled in any woman. In the sense of Aristotle she may be called 'free,' for she found her end in herself and not in another.

Except for our dislike of M. de Bildt's method of accounting for the actions of the soul in terms of bodily disease, we have nothing but praise for the manner in which he has accomplished the work he set himself to do. The material he publishes is fresh, and, founded as it is on the Queen's autograph letters to her adored friend, Cardinal Azzolino, it considerably illumines her more intimate life. The first of M. de Bildt's two books contains a series of letters written during the Queen's travels in Northern Europe in 1666–8, and the second is based on an exchange of letters effected during the Conclave of 1669 when the Cardinal was immured in the Vatican. Though Christina left strict orders to her executor Azzolino to burn all her correspondence, these and many other private papers

remain in existence, because the Cardinal undertook his work of destruction chronologically and had not reached the year 1666, when his own hand was stayed by death. The unique series of letters of travel edited by M. de Bildt belong to the Cardinal's heirs, and together with a great number of other papers are stored among the archives of the family at Empoli-Vecchio. About four thousand other letters, some of which were incorporated by Arckenholtz in his book, passed into the custody of the French Government, and are kept in the library of the Faculty of Medicine at Montpellier. By the courtesy of the French Government M. de Bildt was permitted the loan of these manuscripts, and thus was enabled to contrast them with the collection at Empoli-Vecchio. His industry is only comparable with his modesty; for, having examined the libraries of Italy, collating document with document, and book with book, he apologizes for not having made further researches in Northern Europe before publishing his two interesting volumes on the correspondence of the Swedish Queen.

Like the French Kings Louis XIII. XIV. and XV., the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus ascended the throne as a little child. Her birth in 1626 had been as great a disappointment to her parents, as the birth of Elizabeth had been to Henry VIII., though on both occasions the fathers were gallant enough to conceal their chagrin under a cloak of public rejoicing. In one way Elizabeth Tudor enjoyed a great advantage over Christina of Sweden, in that she at least enjoyed some years of irresponsibility with its attendant joys, whereas the Swedish child from the age of six was in a position of responsibility. Before Gustavus Adolphus left for his last campaign he gave instructions for her education. It was to be simple and severe, and was to include the attainments of a man and exclude all the sentiments of her sex, except virtue and modesty. The Queen Mother was expressly debarred from sharing in the work of education and from influence of any kind. John Matthiæ, a moderate churchman, was appointed tutor, and her aunt Catharine lady companion. The duties of her state occupied her at an early age, for at seven years old we find her giving audience on her throne to an embassy from Muscovy which came to present condolences on the death of her father the late King. She tells us she was warned by her counsellors that the appearance of strangely garbed and bearded men might alarm her; but that she only found the ambassadors, and not herself, impressed by the interview. In the same year she went in state with the Senate and nobility to meet her mother, who had returned from Germany, conveying the body of Gustavus Adolphus

to Sweden for interment. With characteristic detachment she says: 'J'embrassai la Reine ma Mère. Elle me noya dans 'ses larmes et pensa presque m'étouffer entre ses bras.' The funeral ceremonies were lengthy, and Christina confesses herself extremely bored by their continuance; for, as she candidly owns, she was 'quite consoled this long while, since the King had been 'dead nearly two years.' Almost more tedious and insupportable was the affection lavished on her by the widow, who essayed to keep the child in her own apartments. In these rooms, from which all ray of daylight was rigorously excluded by black hangings, the heart of the late King reposed in a silver casket and was the provoking cause of almost incessant tears on the part of the mourning Maria-Eleonora of Brandenburg, who held aloof from all forms of consolation except such as were afforded by the continual presence of her jesters and dwarfs. On the day of the actual funeral, Christina noticed, with childish inhumanity, that her mother played the part of chief mourner so admirably 'as to delude spectators into believing that she 'suffered from an immortal grief.'

It was debated in the Senate whether the Queen should be allowed to keep her daughter in her apartments for a while as solace in her bereavement. Chancellor Oxenstiern was entirely against it; but others of the Senators thought it but natural and fitting that a child should be a comfort to its mother. It was therefore decided that she should be her companion for a few months. Christina philosophically attributes a certain benefit to this arrangement which both annoyed and incommoded her, and in her autobiography, which she dedicated to God, she admits this:

'Vous Seigneur avez fait servir les faiblesses de la Reine ma Mère à mon profit; parceque cette contrainte, que je souffrais étant auprès d'elle, servit à m'attacher avec plus d'ardeur à l'étude, et cela fut cause que je fis de grands et surprenants progrès dans mes études: car je me servis de cette prétexte pour m'échapper de chez la Reine, ma Mère, et de sortir de sa triste demeure, pour laquelle j'avais une si forte aversion. . . . J'étudiai six heures le matin et autant le soir.'

Her attitude towards life was instinctively Spartan: she early accustomed herself to hunger and thirst by going for days without drink, and hours without food. To cold and heat she became insensible, and by sleeping on the ground and taking prolonged walks and rides, attempted to inure herself against fatigue. In her autobiography she contemplates herself as the object of special grace, and alludes to her accession through

her father's death as 'being crowned with laurel dipped in 'precious blood.' Especially does she regard the progress made in study as a mark of God's favour towards her, and with complacency relates how greatly her tutors were pleased with her assiduity and facility: 'At the age of fourteen I knew all lan-'guages and everything they wished.' She also admits that dancing, riding and fencing came naturally to her 'well-attuned 'disposition.' From the notes of her tutors we find that she got through a surprising amount of work and that she acquired the French, German, Italian, English, Greek, Latin and Hebrew tongues without undue difficulty. In enumerating her faults she reckons swearing and unbelief among the worst. Religious doubts assailed her early, and in a manner common with Protestant children. Most people can remember a time when they lived in terror of the last trump and the Judgement. Christina had heard the theme enlarged upon in the pulpit, and came to be convinced that any night or morning she might be summoned to her doom. Questioning her tutor, Matthiæ, on the matter, he laughed at her fears, and said, 'God only knew when the end 'would be.' Unsatisfied with this reply, she made her own deductions from it, and the next time she heard a sermon of the kind laughed inwardly and asked, 'Is the rest of religion a fable 'like the Last Judgement?' From thenceforward the critical spirit increased and fermented within her until it drove her to seek 'that blind and complete resignation wherein she felt lay 'true happiness.'

At eighteen the Queen attained her majority, and entered on the serious work of governing her kingdom herself. In appearance she was a little woman, below middle height, with fair hair negligently dressed, rather prominent and widely opened blue eyes, an aquiline nose, a small mouth, good teeth, a beautiful complexion and very white throat and hands. Some people, owing to her shoulders being unequal, thought her almost deformed, 'Beaucoup voûtée pour ne pas dire presque bossue,' says one writer, the same who expresses astonishment that her hands and face should remain white though she only washes in spring water. Without personal vanity she took but little heed how she looked. 'Some people,' said she, 'are foolish 'enough to make themselves slaves and martyrs to clothes and 'fashions and are unhappy if they do not spend their lives be-'tween the mirror and the comb.' No one could accuse her of wasting her time in this manner, for she had her hair combed but once a week, and spent a quarter of an hour on week-days and half an hour on Sundays at her toilet. Often she appeared with ink on her sleeves, and when her courtiers remonstrated

at her negligence, she answered, 'Tidiness is only for the idle,' and continued on her way.

The Ambassador from the English Commonwealth, Sir Bulstrode Whitelocke, gives an account of her appearance and manners, which informs us with a vivid sense of her personality. The Queen on his first audience was seated in a state chair of crimson velvet, and,

'As soon as he came within the room he put off his hat and then the Queen put off her cap after the fashion of men and came two or three steps forward upon the foot-carpet. This and her being covered caused Whitelocke to know her to be the Queen, which otherwise had not been easy to be discerned, her habit being of plain grey stuff; her petticoat reached to the ground, over that a jacket such as men wear of the same stuff reaching to her knees; on her left side tied with crimson ribbon she wore the jewel of the Order of Amaranta; her cuffs ruffled *à la mode*; no gorget or band, but a black scarf about her neck, tied before with a black ribbon, as soldiers and mariners sometimes used to wear; her hair was braided and hung loose upon her head; she wore a black velvet cap lined with sables, and turned up after the fashion of the country, which she used to put off and on as men do their hats.*

Whitelocke, after presenting his credentials, introduced his suite, whereupon Christina showed the greatest civility, curtseying to every one of them. She apologized for her unceremonial attire, and acquainted Whitelocke that 'she had rather 'chosen to don her chamber dress than to disappoint him of 'an audience.'

Eating was to her as uninteresting as dressing, and she was never heard to profess a preference for any viand or to take any account of what she ate. In order to devote six hours a day to reading without encroachment on her public duties, she curtailed her sleep to four hours. Sick or well she attended Council and discharged with the utmost conscientiousness the duties of her station. Her capacity and wisdom were the admiration of all foreign envoys to her Court. To ministers and advisers she put clear and impartial questions, never betraying her leaning till the end of the discussion, when her conclusions were so well put, and so just, as to be almost invariably adopted in the Council and Senate. The list of business transacted by the young Queen each year is enormous. Tariffs, regulations for sport, ship-building for foreign powers, amelioration of the conditions of village life, the paving of roads, commercial treaties with other nations, church discipline, and all the countless details of civil government were attended to with

* Whitelocke, vol. i. p. 232.

unflagging solicitude by one who seems by nature to have had that constructive faculty, rare in women, without which administration becomes a merely mechanical effort.

In this busy life her heart had little share. At eighteen she fancied herself in love with her cousin, Charles Gustavus; but this evanescent sentiment was soon dispelled by a more serious attachment to Count Magnus de la Gardie, whom, during his term of favour, she created general, senator, ambassador, and grand marshal. Bourdelot, the physician, was another favourite, and so were Tott, Steinberg, and others of less renown. Her behaviour with some of them rather scandalised Chanut, the French Ambassador, who could not understand her familiar *camaraderie* with men any more than would the average Frenchman of to-day. It must always be remembered that Christina had been brought up with men, and not with her own sex; and that therefore she cannot be judged by any ordinary standards of behaviour, as actions that would have appeared odd in other women were but natural and unaffected in her. Like Queen Elizabeth she was averse from marriage, and though the Swedish people petitioned her to take a husband, she could never be persuaded to do so. The ministry tried to force her into accepting her cousin Charles Gustavus; but she, who said 'it required more courage to marry than to go to war,' merely promised never to complicate the succession by marrying any other person. Her spirit of independence is best portrayed on a medal which she caused to be struck later to register her determination to remain celibate. It bears that bird of Paradise of which it is recounted that it has no feet, and so must hang hovering for ever, surrounded by the inscription, 'Libero io 'nacqui e vissi e morro sciolto.' One day in conversation with Whitelocke the Queen asked whether 'he had not a daughter 'of a good spirit averse to marriage?' Whitelocke replied that 'his daughter had the honour of following Her Majesty's 'pattern and had refused some good offers of marriage.'

The coronation, which occurred six years after Christina had taken the oath as 'King' of Sweden, ought to have taken place at Upsala, but as there was no accommodation for foreign envoys in that small town, it was effected at the capital, despite the saying that rulers crowned at Stockholm reigned but a short while. The Queen drove away from the Cathedral in a triumphal car drawn by four white horses, preceded by a treasurer scattering gold and silver medals. An escort of armoured men, with bright scarves tied across their cuirasses, and a band of pages in blue and yellow, enlivened the streets of Stockholm on that short October day. Four years later, in June weather, she

renounced for ever the crown which she had that day taken up.

On one subject the Queen differed strongly from her nobles and advisers, and this was on the question of privilege. Holding democratic views, she made many appointments distasteful to them in her anxiety to open up all careers to talent. She argued that the offices of State were not hereditary, and in an edict explained the meaning she attached to the word 'Wanhyrding' (degeneration), 'En déclarant mal né et roturier celui 'qui démentirait sa naissance par l'oisiveté et le vice.' On other matters she and her counsellors were at one, her position was established and her people loved her. She joined in all the sports of her countrymen, rode well, and shot straight. No physical exercise seemed to dull the keenness of her intellect, and her mental and bodily alertness continually amazed visitors to her Court. She had nothing in common with women, and therefore never talked to them if she could avoid it, unless, like Ninon de l'Enclos or Mademoiselle de Montpensier, they were distinguished by beauty or by wit. But for this exception her interest in persons and things was limitless. The shield of 'Pallas Nordica' was extended to protect the scholars and philosophers of all nations, and her hand stretched out to grasp the works of art of all ages. Never did a more eager collector of beautiful and precious things exist, or one more careless of their price. Vossius, her librarian, for example, bought on her behalf two manuscript works of Iamblichus for 160,000 crowns, a sum no one else in Europe would have dreamt of giving. He also secured for her the well-known Petau library from Paris for 40,000 pounds, and Salmasius assured the Queen that by this transaction she had acquired 'the marrow of the manuscripts of 'France.' Gaulmin offered her his Oriental manuscripts as a present. They were accepted, and as their reputed worth was 20,000 crowns, Christina handed the donor a gift of 30,000. The Lutheran clergy did not approve of her friendship with the Rabbi Manasseh Ben Israel, who was charged to collect Hebrew Scriptures for the Royal library; for Jews, however learned and interesting, were regarded in Sweden as outcasts by educated and uneducated classes alike. At the dispersal of the Mazarin collection Christina purchased many valuable works, and on the death of Grotius secured all his books. Her library eventually became one of the most remarkable in Europe.

She tried to increase the facilities of education among her subjects by establishing colleges, and by presenting libraries to schools, and to promote interest in learning and culture by attending University disputes, and by gathering together

assemblies for the discussion of literature. Love of the humanities caused Christina to surround herself with learned men, and to treat them with extravagant generosity. Many people thought she was victimised by them, but her own erudition was so extensive that she was fully capable of discriminating real knowledge from mere pedantry, and of admiring the one while despising the other. One of her guests was Salmasius of Leyden, who stayed with her for a year. He entered into pamphlet conflict with Milton over the execution of Charles I., and, according to Johnson,* the English poet was flattered at the idea of having worried his opponent, 'the grammatical louse,' to death in the encounter. Descartes, of whom Christina had heard much from Chanut, the French Ambassador, was an object to her of peculiar admiration. It greatly impressed her, as it impresses men to-day, that a great mind and a trained intellect could be fervent in religious faith. Christina, who, more than any figure in history, had 'la grande curiosité,' felt that conversation with such a man would effect more for her than reams of correspondence, so she made overtures to Descartes as flattering as those proffered in the succeeding century by Frederick the Great to Voltaire. The French philosopher accepted her invitation, and was honourably welcomed by the Swedish Queen; but the hard northern winter and the demands made on his strength by his somewhat inconsiderate hostess, killed him at the end of four months. Christina regretted this, but did not seem to realize how greatly she was to blame for his death. It is thought that he influenced her decision to become a Catholic. This may be true, as many years later, when the remains of Descartes were moved from their northern grave to Sainte Geneviève du Mont in Paris, she was asked to add her testimony to the chorus of acclamation that was sent up from every part of Europe, and she wrote: 'Nous 'certifions . . . qu'il a beaucoup contribué à notre glorieuse 'conversion.'

Almost from the date of her coronation she had begun to concern herself eagerly with religious affairs, and many people dispute the honour of having converted her. Deeply immersed as Christina was in outer life, she found time to spend on the developement of the inner life. It is true that since she was entirely free from personal vanity, and was of a lofty and heroic cast of thought not easily troubled by non-essentials, she had more leisure than other women; yet that she should have found hours and inclination in the midst of State business and study to devote to the works of the Fathers of the Church, is a remarkable testimony to her religious zeal.

* Lives of the Poets.

Whatever her feelings and leanings may have been before the arrival of Pimentel, the Portuguese Ambassador at her Court, no definite resolve to join the Church of Rome shaped itself in her mind until after intercourse with that diplomat's confessor. The Jesuit, Antonio Macedo, was, under heaven, the direct instrument of her change of faith. Unreservedly she opened her heart to him, and after prolonged discussions, begged that he would journey on her behalf to Rome, to ask the General of his Order for two theologians 'to storm the fortress of her doubts.' Two Italians, Malines, professor of theology at Turin, and Casati professor of mathematics in Rome, were provided to complete the conversion. They arrived in Sweden in the early spring of 1652, and Christina saw them several times at her Court without suspecting who they were. Later, when she was assured of their mission, she discussed with them the items of belief that caused her most difficulty. When these had been expounded to her satisfaction, she asked whether she might not be granted dispensation to partake of the Lord's Supper once a year according to the Lutheran rite, and when this proposal was negatived, she quite quietly said, 'Donc il faut déposer la couronne.' From that day she began preparations for abdication by sending Casati to Rome, and Malines to Spain. This was a matter of diplomacy, for when the Protestant countries turned against her, as it was but inevitable they should, it was necessary for her to have supporters in the rulers of Catholic lands. Her intimacy with Pimentel, Bourdelot, and the confessor, occasioned much gossip in Sweden; but since these three men were the only people who knew of her important decision and its consequences, it is small wonder that she preferred their society to that of an uncongenial and alien Court which would be unable to sympathise with, far less to understand, her determination to abdicate.

Sweden at this time was uncompromisingly Protestant, for though towards the end of the sixteenth century John III. had tried to establish a modified form of Catholicism, which included Mass in the vernacular, the marriage of priests and communion in both kinds, his effort had been unsuccessful, and in 1593, when the Swedish State subscribed to the Confession of Augsburg, the saying of Mass was finally forbidden, and the last convent emptied. Swedish dissenters, who, it must be confessed, were less rigid reformers than those in other countries, while banishing the ancient ritual had retained ornaments and symbols which, divorced from the teaching they were constructed to convey, seemed but a mockery. In spite of M. de Bildt's assertion that the ornaments of Catholic worship were relentlessly destroyed, it remains a testimony to the moderation

of Swedish Protestants that crucifix and altar-triptych, stations and Madonnas, remained unremoved and unmutilated during their bloodless reformation. So much was this the case that Whitelocke commented with disapproval on the popish habit of wearing vestments, on the music which accompanied the services, and on the idolatrous custom of allowing images to remain in the temple of the Deity. It relieved him to find, however, that in the Queen's own chapel 'not so much as a 'surplice was worn.' Christina questioned him frequently on religious matters, and he declared himself shocked that she should set a bad example to her people by driving out on Sundays to take the air. Her friendship with Pimentel made him suspect her sympathies, but he, hoping against hope, gave her a Bible, and recommended her to read it much and often.

During the Catholic reaction of the seventeenth century, many eminent persons rejoined the Church of their ancestors. Amongst them Lambecius, professor of history at Hamburg; Morin, the greatest Hebrew scholar of the day; Gaudentius of Pisa; Stenon, the Danish physician; Holsteinius of Hamburg; Christian William, Marquis of Brandenburg; Ernest, Prince of Hesse; John Frederick, Duke of Brunswick; Frederick Augustus, King of Poland, and many others. Grotius, after vainly seeking to reconcile sects, joined the Church of Rome, though he never openly professed his conversion. Christina, therefore, had company in her convictions, but it is odd to find her urging prudential considerations upon Frederick, Prince of Hesse, and endeavouring to dissuade him from following his brother into Catholicism on the ground that converts are 'invariably accused of bad faith.'

The dazzling triumphs of the counter-Reformation in distant lands, combined with the reaction among the learned, were almost enough to convince men that the Roman Church held the monopoly of truth, and, indeed, possessed the 'balsam for 'both hemispheres.' While monks colonised South America, and Jesuits taught science in Mexico and Lima, the hymns of S. Francis Xavier were chanted by fisher-folk in the far Moluccas, and by labourers in the villages of Japan. While Chinese mandarins learnt the lore of the stars at the lips of Jesuit astronomers in Pekin, the 'crèche' at Lahore at Christmastide attracted myriads of worshippers.

Christina heard tell of these things, and her imagination busied itself with contrasting a venerable and triumphant orthodoxy with the parvenu and meagre rites of dissent. Through meditating much on the magnetism of Rome and the attraction of warmer climes, Sweden gradually became to her unacceptable. A winter 'six months longer than any other winter,' and a summer

so fierce and violent as to wither all the budding flowers, was impossible to face for a whole life-time; and in justice to her it is only fair to remark that amateurs of culture in the seventeenth century esteemed Scandinavia in much the same way as their successors to-day regard our Black Country and our industrial centres. Nowadays people fly to Venice from the hoot of the motor and the rattle of ceaseless traffic: in those days they fled south to escape bigotry and boredom, and to sip the honey of refinement and culture under more clement skies. Italy is still the home of beauty and ideal sentiments; but we who can reach that land of heart's desire in a few hours can hardly imagine the craving of those emotionally starved persons, who pined in northern countries for a land to which only many weeks of travelling would bring them. All through the Middle Ages canzonetti, love sonnets, romances, had streamed from Italy to freshen the uncultured deserts of the North. Pictures, brocades, and jewels had told their story of richer and more sumptuous life in the grim feudal castles of the Teutonic nations. Rumours of the gorgeous existence of the potentates and patronisers of the Renaissance had stimulated emulation in the darker towns of Transalpine Europe. Troupes of musicians from the South, whose very instruments were the invention of ingenious Italian minds, charmed the dark hours of winter with strains so sweet as to evoke vague unrest and unrealizable longings in their hearers. Persons of sensibility throughout the world turned towards Italy, as Persians turn their faces towards the rising sun. The cold, dark, intolerable North seemed to them more than ever intolerable when compared with the warmth and culture suggested by Italian poets and artists.

'The most pardonable of idolatries,' wrote Christina, 'is 'that of the sun.' No books or bronzes compensated her for that deprivation; nor for having to endure the interminable discourses of Lutheran prelates. She might play with little spaniels during the services, and turn her attention to other matters; but she could not live by imagination alone, and she determined on the first opportunity to assert her freedom of choice. One day she informed Whitelocke that it was her intention to retreat into private life. 'I suppose that your 'Majesty is pleased only to droll with your humble servant,' the ambassador replied. She denied this, saying, 'The heavy 'cares of government do outweigh the glories and pleasures of it.' He urged that she had been called of God for high service, and that having been accustomed to much, she will not be content with little. She replied: 'I can content myself with very little, 'and for servants with a lacquey and chambermaid.' He told

her that Cromwell once had a mind to quit his charge, and that an addition of honour followed to him immediately; he wished her Majesty like fortune. Whereupon Christina said with decision, 'All the addition I desire is to be less than I am by a 'private retirement.'

Two years before this conversation with Whitelocke, she had intimated in Council her intention of retiring. The Council opposed the proposal; for she had no right, it was alleged, to abdicate after taking the oath, and Chanut, Salvius, Oxenstiern, and Charles Gustavus endeavoured to dissuade her from the plan. For three years she abandoned the project, but at the end of that period informed the Senate that she meant seriously to resign and begged that the succession might be made easy for her cousin, Charles Gustavus, who had long since been nominated as her heir. The Senate remonstrated as the Council had done; but, having told them her resolution was unshakeable, she left the Chamber.

In abdicating, she retained to herself rights over certain Swedish provinces, with the purpose of levying revenues, and this in preference to dependence on an annual allowance from the Crown. The subjects of the reserved provinces were obliged to swear loyalty to her, and she nominated their administrators, governors, judges, and ecclesiastics. She could alienate none of this land, with the exception of three estates in Pomerania and the island of Osel, by sale, hypothecation, or donation; and at her own demise it was to go back to the Crown. She was exempted from all debts contracted before abdication, and the estimated revenue of the provinces (200,000 riksdaler),* was a generous grant for a poor country like Sweden to make to a woman retiring into private life. She, who regarded the settlement of her financial status as a mere detail, among the least important of the conditions of her future life, had no presentiment what a terrible cankerworm money, and the lack of it, would prove itself in the future; and how it would eat the heart out of that life of leisure she had looked forward to so eagerly. Before the formal resignation of the Crown was accomplished, Christina had shipped over a hundred packing cases to Gothenburg, and had horrified her subjects by treating all the Royal collections of jewels, pictures, tapestry, silver, books, and manuscripts as personal luggage; but since she was still Queen, they had no power to stop these depredations.

On June 16,1654, the act of demission was publicly proclaimed, and Christina, deprived of royal habit and insignia, and standing

* About 40,000*l.*

in a white taffeta gown amid the resplendent state officials, made a speech, reviewing her ten years' rule. She ended by thanking her hearers for their loyalty and obedience, and discharging them from further fealty. The new King's coronation medal bore the figure of Christina crowning the seated Charles Gustavus and the inscription, 'A Deo et Christina.' The discrowned Queen hurried to the coast, and would not spend so much as the night at Upsala, though it was raining heavily. She was afraid of being forcibly detained in Sweden, as some of her ex-subjects strongly felt that she ought to live in her native land, and spend the revenues they had granted her in the country from which they were drawn; while others, like the Lutheran clergy, would have liked to frustrate her rumoured but as yet unavowed design of becoming a Catholic. Making ill-health her plea, she gave out at Stockholm that she was travelling to Spa to drink the waters. On reaching the boundary between Sweden and Danish territory, she jumped over a little river, crying, 'At last I am free and out of Sweden, 'where I hope never to return.'

It has often been debated whether Christina laid down her crown to become a Catholic, or whether she abandoned responsibilities in order to devote herself to enjoyment. A medal struck at the time of abdication bore on its reverse, Pegasus on the summit of Olympus, and the words, 'Sedes hæc solio 'potior.' It seems probable that the instinct she obeyed, both in adopting a new faith and in quitting the throne of Sweden, was that of self-developement. The wish to abdicate took shape before her conversion,* but it is possible that her wish to forsake Lutheranism was still earlier than her resolve to retire. To Chanut, who wrote to her from the Hague, expressing dismay at her 'extraordinary design,' she sent a letter saying:

'It is at least five years since I communicated this resolution to you. . . . Few will judge me favourably, many will blame me, but I shall never take the trouble of making them my apology, and in the great leisure which I am preparing for myself I shall never be unoccupied enough to remember them. . . . I shall employ what remains to me of life in fortifying my soul.' †

Few people have selected medals as vehicles of sentiments and ideals, but Christina, to show her detachment from all earthly things, designed several indicative of her state of mind. One bearing a hemisphere with the words 'Ne mi basta, ne 'mi bisogna'; another with the terrestrial globe and 'Non

* Officially fixed by the Pope as 1651.

† 1653. Arckenholtz, vol. i. p. 398.

'sufficit'; and a third with the celestial globe and the one word 'Sufficit.' Sometimes these medals immortalized a point of view, a mood, a change in circumstance, as the one struck at Hamburg, the device, a labyrinth and the inscription 'Fata 'viam invenient,' revealing how she faced the new unfettered life before her.

The whole of Europe gossiped about the Queen of Sweden's behaviour, and, as we see in Pepys' Diary, she became a by-word for eccentricity. Her progress along the roads and through the inns of the Continent was beset with curious eyes and wagging tongues. The Queen of Denmark, it is said, disguised herself as an inn servant in order to observe her at close quarters. Travelling from Hamburg, where she had scandalised the people by accepting the hospitality of her banker, a rich Jew named Texeira, she went by way of Brabant to Münster, and there for the first time visited a Jesuit college. Though she was as usual travelling in male clothes, one of the fathers detected her, and wrote a letter to his friends giving an account of her visit, telling how she had assisted at their service and had fled precipitately on her identity being guessed. At Antwerp she resumed feminine dress, and received visits from her hero, the Prince de Condé, her old friend Chanut, and from the Archduke Leopold. Receiving an invitation from the Archduke to visit him in state at Brussels, she made a ceremonial entry through the locks into that town on December 23, 1654, on a magnificent barge drawn by twelve white horses, and mounted with twelve pieces of ordnance. On Christmas Eve she privately professed her adherence to the Catholic faith, to the Dominican Gomez, Pimentel's confessor, and subsequently her own. Galeazzo Gualdo thought it a curious coincidence that the artillery of Brussels should fire a royal salute at the moment that Christina was receiving absolution; but perhaps he would not have thought it so curious if he had known that it was a synchronism planned by the Archduke.

'The past should count for nothing, we should always live 'at new costs,' was one of Christina's aphorisms, and a letter to Countess Ebba Sparre, written about this time, shows how seriously she took her own advice:

'Que mon bonheur serait sans second, s'il m'était permis de le partager avec vous, et si vous étiez témoin de ma félicité! . . . Mes occupations sont de bien manger et de bien dormir, étudier un peu, causer, rire, et voir les comédies Françaises, Italiennes et Espagnoles, et à passer le temps agréablement. Enfin je n'écoute plus les sermons, je méprise tous les orateurs, après ce que dit Salomon, tout le reste n'est que sottise, car chacun doit vivre content, en mangeant, buvant et chantant.'

After months of enjoyment she left Brussels in company with Pimentel to make her pilgrimage to Rome. Innocent X. had died a few days after she had been privately received into the Church, and it was questionable whether the new Pope would consent to receive one who, in the eyes of the world, was still a heretic. Her protector Philip IV. of Spain, sounded the Vatican on the matter, explaining that the reason the profession had been carried through so quietly in Brussels was that the Swedish Queen was negotiating financial transactions with the late ministry, transactions that might fall to the ground if her abjuration of the Lutheran religion became publicly known. Alexander VII. understood, and sympathised with the difficulty, but insisted that a public profession should be the condition of her entry within the Sacred City.

The next great scene in her life-drama took place at Innsbruck, and in delicate compliment to her own conversion, the legate, Holsteinius, himself a convert, was despatched by the Pope to receive her submission. Christina, dressed in a simple black dress and wearing a cross of five large diamonds, entered the Hof-Kirche, and, advancing through the avenue of bronze figures, past the kneeling Emperor on the cenotaph to the steps of the altar, she there, with a composure as complete as Maximilian's, made her declaration according to the form laid down by the Council of Trent. After listening with deferential meekness to a sermon in German on the text, 'Hearken, oh! daughter, and consider,' she was escorted back to her own lodging. A week of cannon firing, comedies, feasting, and fireworks consummated the ceremony. An official intimation was sent to Charles Gustavus of Sweden, informing him that she had entered the Holy Roman Church, and a humble letter was addressed to the Pope begging that he would receive her in Rome:

'Supplico vostra Santità di ricevermi così spogliata, come sono, d' ogni grandezza con la paterna e usata benignità che s' è degnata di mostrarmi sin hora. Io che non ho altro da sacrificare ai santi piedi di vostra Santità, che la mia persona insieme col sangue e con la vita l' offerisco tutta a vostra Santità con quella cieca ubedienza, che s' è dovuta, supplicandola a voler disporre di me conforme giudicherà più convenirsi al publico bene della nostra Santa Chiesa, alla quale e alla Santità vostra, come a suo unico e vero capo ho dedicato tutto questo che mi resta di vita con ardentissimo desiderio d' impiegarla e spenderla tutta alla maggior gloria di Dio.'

These duties accomplished, she started for Italy. Emissaries from the Doge greeted her as she traversed Venetian territory. Four nuncios met her at the frontier of the States of the Church

bearing a message of welcome from the Holy Father, and a request that she would delay her arrival in Rome to allow of time to prepare a suitable reception for so illustrious a guest. She made leisurely visits to Mantua, Imola, Faenza, Rimini, Ancona, and many other towns, usually entering them on horseback and in male attire. On catching sight of the cupola of the church at Loretto she descended from her carriage and made several genuflexions on the road ; and, as the cortège drew nearer to the town she insisted on walking as a more reverential method of approaching so renowned a shrine. Having assisted at High Mass the following morning, she deposited a crown and cross at the feet of the Ethiopian Madonna which Napoleon in the next century was to treat with such profound contempt, and then went on her way. At Oggiata two princely legates met and conducted her to Rome. She entered by the Porta Pertusa at seven on a winter's evening, getting what impression she could of the city of her dreams by the light of flickering flambeaux. The Pope received her with great cordiality, and after entertaining her with conversation and music for two days he requested her to make her ceremonial entry into Rome. Leaving the Vatican, and going to Ponte Molle, she returned by the left bank of the Tiber to the Porta del Popolo, where the Sacred College and all the nobility of the city awaited her. Astride a white horse the incoming Queen rode between hedges of troops to the basilica of S. Peter. The interior of the building was hung with tapestries, emblems, and designs, calling to mind the qualities and deeds of the heroic Christina. The chief clergy meeting her at the door, conducted her to the high altar, and thence to the presence of the Pope, to whom she rendered the customary honours, and from whom she received formal compliments on her conversion. To the eyes of the curious clergy her dress of white embroidered breeches and long riding-coat did not appear the most suitable or the most modest costume in which to make her formal entry into the Church. On Christmas Day she received the sacraments at the hands of the Pope, and added 'Maria Alexandra' to her name, after which she communicated in the presence of the cardinal deacons. On the day after Christmas she moved into the Farnese Palace, lent by the Duke of Parma for her entertainment. Every Roman noble vied with every other to honour the distinguished convert. Every college and convent entertained her ; scholars greeted her in twenty-two languages ; and when she visited the College for the Propagation of the Faith, eight printing-presses stamped in different tongues the salutation, 'May Christina 'live for ever!' Delightful days were passed in sight-seeing.

The Vatican library was eagerly visited; Bernini's work was approved, and his scheme for the new colonnades at S. Peter's enthusiastically admired; while the churches within, and the ruins of classic days without the city proved a source of unfailing curiosity and interest to her. Wits, poets, and philosophers crowded round her, and she was indulged with a succession of intellectual and social 'fêtes' which made her feel as though she had suddenly entered upon a personal and private golden age, such as no woman had ever known before.

Soon, however, the heaven of her new-found content was rudely shattered by cares of a most sordid kind. Her retinue of servants proved dishonest, and made a livelihood by cheating her. For months she had no suspicion of what was going on, though it was the talk of the town. The Marchese Mario Giandemaria, whom the Duke of Parma had left in charge of his palace, complained of the depredations of her servants. They broke and knocked about the priceless furniture, tore the silver galons off the bed-covers in order to sell them, took the doors for firewood, replaced silver candelabra by copper ones, and tried to establish an open gambling-room in one of the apartments of the palace. Pimentel complained that the hammer-cloth and curtains of his carriage had been stolen when he called upon the Queen. Whenever Christina went to visit collections of medals, or other objects of artistic value, her retinue was 'shadowed' by detectives. Count Santinelli, one of her gentlemen, was years later proved to have appropriated her diamonds, clothes, and underlinen. Monaldesco was not more honest. They told the Queen that they were obliged to sell her possessions in this odd fashion to pay the caterers, who would neither give them credit nor believe that remittances were ever coming from Sweden. In the midst of all her enjoyment Christina was tormented by the fear of bankruptcy. 'I 'would rather eat dry bread,' she said, 'than not pay my debts. 'It is no use my saying I would rather drink cold water, for I 'never drink anything else, and should not if I had the wealth 'of Crœsus.' Since moneys did not arrive punctually from Sweden, she sent her secretary, Appelmann, to treat with her successor, and to inquire whether she could not sell her right over the reserved provinces for a definite lump sum; but it was impossible for Charles Gustavus to grant her request, owing to the emptiness of the Swedish exchequer.

Another cloud threatened the serenity of her sky, and that was the growing coldness of the Pope. He was disappointed in her, for instead of the pious and intensely zealous convert whom he hoped to exhibit to the admiring gaze of the heretic

world, he found an independent and thinking woman, who, although she accepted all the dogmas and tenets of the Church with submission, yet refused to use the rosary he gave her, or to obey any commands that were opposed to the dictates of her own conscience. The Pope had conceived so totally different an idea of his 'protégée' that he had warned his cardinals in full consistory against talking during service lest it should shock 'the serious people of the North.'* Another cause of papal suspicion and disfavour was the Queen's friendship with Cardinal Azzolino, and her consequent interest and participation in Vatican politics. The balance of ecclesiastical parties in Rome was continually shifting, and it was a serious affair when anyone so important as Christina took a side. On her reception by the Catholic Church she had nominally been under the protection of the Spanish King, and therefore it was tacitly assumed that such influence as she could wield would at least not be used against Spanish interests. Papal politicians were divided sharply into French and Spanish factions; Este and Barberini controlled the former, while the Medicis were the soul of the latter. Between these two groups, and embracing the most brilliant of the princes of the Church, there existed what was locally known as 'the flying squadron,' a non-national party which gave its support indifferently to either side, and so maintained a position of great power. Lomellino, Imperiali, Homodei, Ottoboni, and Acquaviva, Cardinal de Retz, and Cardinal Azzolino were of the squadron. Decio Azzolino, its unacknowledged leader, was an accomplished and cultivated personage, who wrote elegant verses and maintained a vivid interest in arts, letters, and science. Innocent X., recognizing his administrative ability and his capacity for serious work, created him a cardinal in the year of the Queen's abdication. More valuable than accomplishment and learning, he possessed 'the greatest of all arts—'the art of pleasing.'† This was the man who was to prove the lode-star of Christina's affections. Discerning instinctively in Azzolino her complementary self, she plunged into an intimacy with him which cheered and lightened the long years of middle age, and ended only with her death. Owing to his frequent visits and their incessant exchange of letters, the Pope desired that the Cardinal should vindicate his character by making a written statement declaring there was nothing carnal about the relationship. Though he complied with this request, the writers of lampoons took no heed of his disavowal, and continued to regard him as the Queen's lover.

* Christine de Suède, et le Cardinal Azzolino, p. 48.

† Ibid. p. 50.

The temporary exile from Rome imposed on Christina by the plague was, in this day of Papal disfavour and clamouring creditors, a not altogether unwelcome diversion. The fear of contagion was general, and it seemed to the Queen a favourable opportunity for visiting France. She mapped out her journey, wrote to notify Mazarin of her movements, and with difficulty collected funds for the voyage. The Pope came to the rescue with ten thousand crowns; she borrowed twelve thousand crowns on her diamonds, and sold her carriages and horses. Four papal galleys awaited the traveller at Palo, and she set out in tears, pulling every now and again from her pocket a miniature, which men said was that of Azzolino. With her suite of sixty persons she disembarked at Marseilles, and traversed France. The Duc de Guise remarked that she wore a man's black wig, and Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who saw her in bed, said that her head was shaved; while from a medal commemorating her entry into Paris we see she was attired in her ordinary travelling costume of breeches, long coat, and plumed hat. At Compiègne she met the youthful Louis XIV., and Mazarin tried to secure her good offices at the Vatican. It shocked her to discover that another ex-Queen, Henrietta Maria of England, with whom she made acquaintance on this journey, was fallen on such evil days as often to have to remain in bed to save firing. The French Court was much entertained by Christina's free and easy manners. She was familiar with everyone, and when she sat down put her feet up on chairs or tables without paying any heed as to who was in the room. She went to the Archbishop of Paris for confession, and much to that prelate's discomfiture she had looked straight into his face during the recital, instead of kneeling with bowed head like any other penitent. She talked during Mass at Notre Dame, but her manners in church were never of the best; in the old Protestant days in Sweden she had played with her spaniels; in Hamburg she left a well-thumbed Virgil on her seat; and in Rome she was to be seen chattering and laughing, not, as it would appear, from irreligion, but from that hatred of forms and non-essential things which coloured her whole attitude towards life.

The winter of 1656-7 was spent at Pesaro. Azzolino remained in Rome, but sent her verses of his composition, and urged his friend to live modestly and within her uncertain means. She spent some of her time in visiting monasteries, an occupation that particularly delighted her, and on occasions gave balls and comedies at the Apostolic Palace, which she occupied. When the weather became warm again she returned to France, and

at Lyons her suite was augmented by the historian Galeazzo Gualdo. Proceeding quietly to Fontainebleau, she there awaited her invitation to the French Court; but she was no longer an object of curiosity or interest, and Mazarin in no way put himself out to be civil to her. Philosophical as ever, and making of necessity a virtue, she devoted her days to business. She summoned Appelmann, intendant of her Pomeranian estates, to go to the King of Sweden and secure from him an indemnity for damage done to the said estates; she interviewed her agent, Silvercrona, on the matter of selling cereals at a greater profit, and ordered new clothes for herself and suite. Six sets of clothes, each with its own 'sword, baldrick, two pair of 'gloves, and one pair of riding-boots,' were bought for her own wear, and she put her twelve pages, three coachmen, and twenty-four grooms into violet liveries.

During her sojourn at Fontainebleau the much-discussed execution of Monaldesco took place. The succinct but utterly inaccurate account of the incident with which Browning prefaces his misconceived poem on the subject must have been taken from some of the many books which have represented Monaldesco as Christina's lover. M. de Bildt says that love counted for nothing in the affair, and it is time the old legend be completely discredited. Santinelli and Monaldesco had both systematically cheated the mistress who reposed confidence in them, and who had charged them with the care of her affairs. Both ought to have had punishment meted out to them, but one of them for the time escaped suspicion.

When Christina thought of returning to Rome she ordered Santinelli to redeem her diamonds and plate from Palombara, and to hand them over to Azzolino before her arrival in the autumn. Instead of obeying, Santinelli pawned the diamonds to a Jew, and put the money in his pocket, hoping that he might by some subterfuge escape discovery. He also erased her arms from the plate belonging to her, replacing them by his own, and this so openly that one Peruzzi was able to keep Monaldesco informed of what was going on. By forging Santinelli's handwriting and allowing incriminating letters—declaring that Christina was worming herself into the confidence of the French Government in order to sell its secrets to Spain—to fall into the Queen's hand, Monaldesco subtly hoped to compass his ruin. With disarming candour he discussed the question with the Queen at Fontainebleau. 'These letters must be 'written by Santinelli or by myself; your Majesty will soon 'discover the traitor. I entreat you not to spare him.' 'What 'punishment does such treachery deserve?' demanded the

Queen. 'He should be executed without pity,' said Monaldesco. The rest of the story is well known, and Santinelli's brother was one of the executioners. As M. de Bildt observes, the regrettable part of the tragedy is that Monaldesco should have been sacrificed to a man no less vile than himself.

Writing five days later to Santinelli, in whom her confidence was in no wise shaken, Christina said :

'Il est mort confessant son infamie et votre innocence, protestant d'avoir inventé toutes ces chimères pour vous perdre. . . . Agissez toujours en gentilhomme et ne faites jamais aucune action indigne de ce caractère. Ne prenez pas la peine de justifier mon action auprès de personne. Je prétends de ne rendre des comptes qu'à Dieu seul, qui m'aurait punie si j'avais pardonné au traitre son énorme délit et que ceci vous suffise. Je sais en ma conscience d'avoir agi selon la justice divine et humaine et que je ne pouvais ni ne devais faire autrement.' *

To Mazarin she wrote that if the deed were not already done 'she would not go to bed without accomplishing it.'

In March she left Paris, and after two months' travelling by way of Toulon and Leghorn she reached Rome, where she was received without ceremony, and informed that the Farnese Palace was no longer at her disposal. Santinelli found himself obliged to account for the disappearance of the diamonds and plate which she had naturally expected to find in Rome, and she believed all his lame stories because it was not in her nature to be suspicious.

'L'audace de Santinelli n'a d'égale que la crédulité de Christine. Il ose lui raconter qu'il n'a pas dégagé ses diamants, parcequ'il a dû prêter l'argent au Cardinal Azzolino, et il supplie la Reine de n'en pas parler au cardinal pour ne pas mortifier celui-ci. . . . Encouragé par le succès, Santinelli met la Reine en coupe réglée : il lui fait signer des reçus qu'elle n'a pas eu le temps de lire, et lui emprunte, sous prétexte d'une représentation théâtrale, les beaux justaucorps qu'elle vient d'acheter à Paris, du linge, des livrées, des armes. Tout cela disparaît, est vendu, engagé ou envoyé à Pesaro.' †

One day, probably owing to Azzolino, Christina became conscious of the real character of this servant of hers, and caused him to be cited before the governors of Rome and accused of theft and abuse of confidence. Many others of the suite were dismissed at the same time. The impeachment of Santinelli did not restore to Christina her lost fortunes, and the death of Charles Gustavus in 1660 still further imperilled her financial

* Fontainebleau, Nov. 15, 1657.

† Christine de Suède, p. 87.

stability. The only safe course of action she felt would be an immediate visit to Sweden; so, borrowing twenty thousand crowns from the Mont de Piété, she hurried away to Stockholm. The uninteresting business of enforcing her right to her income on the Regents of Sweden, and of making business arrangements with her banker, Texeira, at Hamburg, for remitting the same, kept her an exile from the city of her heart for two lean years. This tedious spell was followed by the four best years of her life, at the Riario Palace, where, for the first time since her abdication eight years earlier, she was able to unpack her collections, and arrange the treasures of books, furniture, medals and pictures, which had been lodged at Antwerp in preparation for her permanent installation. When all was set in order her palace was the envy of connoisseurs and the delight of its owner. The friendship of Azzolino was to her of the greatest service, for he put some order into her affairs and found for her a suite of honest gentlemen. Palombara, Malaspina and other Italian noblemen served her as well as Charles Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, son of the famous naval constructor, Sir Robert Dudley. She had four secretaries, a stable of forty-five horses, a garden full of flowers which she loved, and, as Roman gossips observed with interest, *no* ladies in waiting. The Pope, whose attitude had been friendly, came to visit her, and society followed his example. Men came to pay her their respects in crowds, but as the Queen always stood herself and never offered anyone a chair, few women faced the fatigue of her receptions. She was easily bored and as easily amused, but usually well content with her own company, and to one grandee who pitied her for living alone she said, 'Better three 'days by myself than half an hour with you.'

When not entertaining or reading, she spent many happy and delightful hours in her laboratory indulging that passion for experimental science which had so long possessed her imagination. Alchemy attracted her as it had attracted many other enquiring souls, and since this was an interest that Azzolino fully shared, they worked together from the old recipes of Albertus Magnus, Raymond Lully, Geber and other transmitters of hermetic secrets. With Cassini of Bologna she studied astronomy and watched the spangled procession of the stars through many hours of the night. Her dream had at last realised itself, and she had reached the haven of her endeavour.

One more journey was taken by her across Europe before she died, and it is about this journey of the years 1666–68 that M. de Bildt's first book contains such interesting information. Anxious as usual about money matters, Christina made up her

mind to attend the Diet Extraordinary, convoked at Stockholm for June 1666 by the Regency of Sweden, to settle foreign and other affairs. After going into retreat at the Carmelite convent of Regina Coeli, and as usual borrowing money, she received the farewells of the Cardinals, who arrived at 2 A.M. on the morning of her departure in order to escort her, according to custom, outside the walls. Just as on her first departure to Marseilles she sobbed all the first hours of the journey at leaving Rome and Azzolino. Travelling express across Germany she passed Bamberg, whose Bishop greeted her with a blast of silver trumpets, and Coburg, where her suite slept on straw; and on reaching Hamburg she wrote her fourteenth letter to Azzolino congratulating herself on having traversed 'la déserte, puante et barbare 'Allemagne.' 'Vous me donnez bien de la joie en m'assurant 'que mon départ a donné du déplaisir à Rome, et de la durée de 'ce déplaisir. L'on me fait honneur et justice, car je mérite 'bien que Rome me regrette puisque mon absence me donne un 'douleur mortelle.'

The letters are full of tender solicitude. Sometimes when the weather was hot she sat up all night to write them, and it was ample reward for her to know that Azzolino deigned to notice how assiduously she kept him posted in her doings. Delighted thanks for his communications are interspersed with apprehensions lest she might, by some accident, miss one of his despatches. In return for her assurances of devotion she begged him to give her proofs of a friendship which, on her side at any rate, could only finish with life. She recounted to him all current events that she imagined would interest him, such as the naval battles between English and Dutch raging off the coast, the fire of London, which she thinks 'worthily 'punishes the English for their barbarity to Dutch vessels.' She complains of headache, sore throat and pain in the side, and tells him she is living on milk and is terribly depressed. All through the autumn and winter she was the victim of incurable ennui and suffered miserably in health. In January, when acknowledging Azzolino's twenty-ninth letter she says: 'Mes doigts me sont si gélés que je ne saurais tenir la plume, 'et, en vérité je crois que tout gèle jusqu'à l'esprit, en ce pays 'qu'on peut dire maudit de Dieu en toutes les manières,'* and a little further on: 'Tout est gélé en ce pays excepté mon cœur 'qui est plus ardent que jamais.' She tried to get the burghers to allow her to establish a Catholic church in Hamburg, though she had her own chapel wherein the Blessed Sacrament was

* Christine de Suède, et le Cardinal Azzolino, pp. 292–3.

continually exposed in the 'intention' of attracting worshippers, though she assures the Cardinal that, 'En exposant le Saint 'Sacrement je ne saurais me résoudre d'avoir autre intention 'que celles de l'adorer, et ne lui demandrais jamais autre grâce 'que celle de le servir et de lui plaire jusqu'à la mort.'

With the instinct of the true collector, on hearing that Imperiali was dead, she hurriedly wrote to Azzolino not to miss the opportunity of securing his collection of pictures on her behalf. In spite of her poverty she trembled lest they might escape her and assured him she would rather have pictures than money to greet her return. Part of her leisure was spent in designing a gallery for her Roman collections, and part in dressing her retinue in yellow liveries, and in entertaining Wrangel, a Swedish envoy, who had been sent to dissuade her from visiting Sweden. To enliven herself and her suite she planned a masque for Shrove Tuesday entitled 'The Enchanted Palace of Armida.' The male performers were dressed in cuirasses of tortoiseshell, and the Queen, swathed in chains and deprived of all emblems of her condition, headed a procession of slaves. After this entertainment she alluded to herself in her letters to the Cardinal as 'the slave.'

Her visit to Sweden, which followed after Lent, proved shorter and less agreeable than she had anticipated. Not content with forbidding her to have Mass said, and with dismissing her chaplain, Santini, the Regency would not even allow her to hear Mass at the house of the French Ambassador in Stockholm. Infuriated at this tyranny, she turned her face from the capital and travelled night and day to Hamburg. The Catholics of Copenhagen thought this behaviour so spirited that they gave a dinner in her honour.

The great event of her summer was the election of Rospigliosi as Clement IX., for it implied the triumph of Azzolino and the French faction in Rome. Christina was overjoyed to hear that the Cardinal had been appointed Secretary of State, and caused a pontifical Mass to be sung in the new Pope's honour, arranging for cannons to be fired at the Elevation. Not content with this daring method of rejoicing in Protestant Hamburg, she ordered fireworks to be let off, and a fountain of wine to play for the crowd. The crowning point of the feast was a set piece presenting the words 'Clemens IX., Pont. Max.: Vivat,' together with a tiara and the keys. The crowd was amused and seemed in so good a temper that Christina ventured out to see how things looked, but hardly had she re-entered her house than a hailstorm of stones rattled against her windows, noisy rioting was to be heard, and she and her suite found they were in a state of siege.

After hours of anxiety she consented that a salvo of musketry should be fired on the crowd, which by this means was dispersed, leaving eight persons dead upon the ground. This affray gave her a still further dislike of Hamburg and its inhabitants, but unluckily she was detained by business matters from returning to Rome, as she longed to do. Negotiations for exchanging her Baltic provinces for Bremen, and other endeavours to augment her income; the postponement of the Diet, as well as her candidature for the recently vacated throne of Poland, kept her in the North. For distraction she began, like another Queen, Catharine II. of Russia, to write her autobiography, and it is lamentable that she so soon abandoned the undertaking of revealing to the world her real self. When she began, it seemed to her a 'horrible ingratitude' not to employ her 'God-'given leisure' in recounting to posterity the great mercies vouchsafed to her, and not to record how she, like the saints, had penetrated to that admirable and mysterious solitude wherein the soul is alone with God. All that remains to us of this work—if, indeed, any more ever existed—is an account of her life up to the age of eight. Besides this literary endeavour she composed a bundle of aphorisms, some of which bear the poignant personal stamp which witnesses to their having been wrung from experience, while others are as cold and impersonal as the cardinal virtues. 'We can easily be heroes and saints in 'the opinion of others,' wrote she who had been so frequently flattered, 'but we must be saints after God's fashion.' Never was she heard to complain at any fortune or to repine at the consequences of her actions, for her finely tempered spirit saw only the occasion of virtue in the sad mischance, and the opportunity of discipline in adversity. 'We ought to be able to enjoy 'everything without scruple, and to dispense with everything 'without pain,' wrote one whose indifference to creature comfort was only equalled by her enjoyment of temporal felicity.

Undefeated by defeat she returned to Rome without the crown of Poland, without Bremen, and forbidden again to set foot in Sweden. Azzolino awaited her at Narni after their two years and six months of parting. Salvos of artillery boomed from the castle of S. Angelo as they neared Rome. Pope Clement IX., whose accession she had so rashly fêted in Hamburg, conferred upon her a pension of twelve thousand crowns a year, and this kindness, combined with seeing her adored Azzolino in a position of high trust, gave her a pleasure more acute than she had experienced for many months.

One of the schemes she had cherished for years was a coalition of Christian princes to thrust the Turk out of Europe. In

especial she had wished to preserve Crete against the threatened onslaught of Islam. If her policy had been adopted it would have saved centuries of bloodshed and oppression. In April 1669 the bells of Rome rang nightly to remind men to pray for the gallant defenders of that island which was the last Eastern bulwark of Christianity. In the following September Crete capitulated. Clement IX., who was miserably shocked by the news, died from the results of his grief in the following December. Before his end he bade Christina 'so tender a farewell as to 'draw tears to the eyes of that Princess.' During the funeral ceremonies in Rome a distich was bandied about giving the reason of the Pope's death :

> 'Qui tumulum cernis, discas hic jacet in urna
> Clemens ; pro Creta vertitur in cinerem.'

The election of the new Pope occupied Christina's energies and thoughts, and in the ensuing Conclave she made it her business to keep Azzolino informed of outside affairs. She installed herself in Borgo Nuovo for the period of election, whence she could see the window of her friend's cell. Two and three times every day she sent him letters, bearing news and gossip, and proving at any rate her entire devotion to him and his interests. The Conclave began in winter weather, and several of the electors died of pulmonary complaints and influenza before it was ended. For many weary days the eyes of the Romans turned towards the chimney that proclaimed the indecision of the Cardinals, and after one of the longest Conclaves on record Vidoni, the man for whom Azzolino and Christina had intrigued, failed to be elected, and Altieri assumed office as Clement X. His pontificate proved friendly to Christina, for he continued her pension and other favours which were withdrawn by his successor Innocent XI.

The remaining twenty years of Christina's life were happy. The presence of Azzolino gave her the background of human companionship which she needed, and for her foreground of occupation she worked at mathematics and astronomy, and founded an Academy of Letters which met at the Palace and exercised a moderating and sobering influence on the flamboyant taste of the day. Adulation and panegyric were debarred from the dissertations and odes delivered there, for Christina hated extravagance of all kinds, and had come to regard flattery as 'the poison of princes.' Her art collections gave her pleasure to the end, and she remained young in that she tirelessly cultivated her mind and soul and never allowed herself to repose within her early limitations as is the manner of many people.

She died * as she had lived, with fortitude and simplicity, leaving directions for a plain funeral and a tomb on which the words 'Vixit Christina annos sexaginta tres' was to be the only inscription. This, her last injunction, was not adhered to, for the Pope ordered public obsequies in her honour at St. Peter's. Dressed in a gown of white brocade embroidered with coloured flowers and threads of gold, her body was transported in her carriage to the parish church of St. Dorothea. Preceded by the confraternities, it was escorted thence, with face exposed, to St. Peter's, where it received burial in the crypt.

Christina has many times suffered praise and blame at the hands of men devoid of that peculiar and meditative insight which is required for the fathoming of any human soul, and which is so rare a gift as to make the dullness of average biographies and the rarity of autobiographies a matter for no surprise. The Queen's faults and eccentricities have been dwelt upon over and over again with an unintelligent want of any sense of proportion; while her ambitions, her self-cultivation, her power of work, her renunciations, her spirituality have been neglected as details of no interest or value. It is true that she is remarkable less by her accomplishment, though it was immense, than by her idealism, which was immeasurable. No low ends or unhandsome purposes were ever masked by her deeds. The worst action of her fantastic career—the death of Monaldesco—was, to one who all her life had held the keys of life and death, but justice meted out to a traitor servant. Biographers have magnified it to a tremendous crime. If servants had been honest and supporters true, there would have been no overcasting of her sky; and she would have lived beneath the bluest dome, that urbane, yet strenuous life which she had planned for her 'great leisure.' Erudite beyond the dreams of modern women, the equal intellectually of the famous men of her epoch, stateswoman, Christian, connoisseur, author, scholar, philosopher and sportswoman, we must feel with Descartes the greatness of her capacity, and apply to her failings one of those aphorisms which she bequeathed to posterity, 'We should pardon all in those who have a great soul and a 'great heart, for to have a great soul and heart is to have merit.'

* In 1689, April 19th.

Art. IV.—THE ORIGIN OF LANDSCAPE.

1. *The Scientific Study of Scenery.* By John E. Marr, F.R.S. London: Methuen & Co. 1900.
2. *Physical Geography.* By W. M. Davis. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1898.
3. *The Physical Geology and Geography of Great Britain.* By A. C. Ramsay, F.R.S. London: Stanford. 1863. Third Edition. 1872.
4. *The Scenery of Scotland viewed in Connexion with its Physical Geology.* By A. Geikie, F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1865. Third Edition. 1901.
5. *The Scenery of England and the Causes to which it is due.* By Lord Avebury. London: Macmillan & Co. 1902.
6. *Scenerie der Alpen.* By Dr. Eberhard Fraas. Leipzig. 1892.
7. *Geology: Processes and their Results.* By J. C. Chamberlin and R. D. Salisbury. Vol. I. London: John Murray. 1905.
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Until well within living memory the great majority of mankind, even in the most civilized communities, continued under the influence of the primitive belief that the land, as we now see it, took at the creation of the world the forms of surface which it still wears. Mountains and hills, valleys and plains were tacitly assumed to have always stood where they do now. To be told that each of these features has a distinct and often complicated history of its own, and that they may greatly differ from each other in regard to age and to origin, would have appeared to most men, not so many years ago, to be the merest fantasy. The several parts of a landscape seem even now to many educated eyes to shade so insensibly into one another, and to display in their dominant lines such a harmony of arrangement that, in spite of the demonstrations of science, it may be felt to be hard to conceive that the integral parts of a whole, so admirably adjusted, can ever have come together through the working of many markedly distinct processes of Nature, often antagonistic to each other, and operating as it were by random at widely different periods of time. And such is the difficulty of realizing this conception of scenery that the primitive notions on the subject can scarcely be said to have yet vanished

even from an advanced community like ours. One may still occasionally hear men talk or see them write on these subjects with little more real knowledge of them than was possessed by their ancestors hundreds of years ago.

During the last half-century, however, the history of landscape has engaged in an increasing degree the attention of men of science. Much more is consequently known about it, and this augmented knowledge is becoming every year more widely diffused. The time appears to be now appropriate to trace, at least in outline, how the present ideas entertained on this subject have been arrived at, how in the long course of centuries the conclusion of early observers that the present is not the aboriginal face of Nature has had to encounter a succession of almost insuperable obstacles, and how at last, braving the terrors of the Church on the one hand and the deadweight of popular prejudice on the other, this conclusion has finally established itself as one of the truisms of science.

In the older mythologies and superstitions the attempts to account for the existing aspects of our globe were mingled with more or less definite recognition that, even after the original creation, these aspects had from time to time been altered by supernatural agency. But, leaving out of account such primitive efforts of the human imagination, we come to evidence of direct observation and of reasoning therefrom in the earliest recorded opinions of the travellers and philosophers of ancient Greece. The wide basin of the Mediterranean Sea, with its lofty surrounding mountain-chains, its marked extremes of climate, from the snow of Olympus to the arid deserts of Africa; its broad plains, traversed and often flooded by brimming rivers; its frequent and disastrous earthquakes; its active volcanoes, with their portentous eruptions both on land and sea—such a varied region could not but stimulate the observing faculty among its more reflective inhabitants. As far back as five-and-twenty centuries ago some of these observers had already perceived that the present land cannot always have existed, or have worn the look which it now wears. Though placed amid a marvellous combination of the most striking manifestations of the working of natural processes, they could not always shake themselves free from the prevailing anthropomorphic notions of their time, nor were they able to investigate and comprehend the nature of the physical changes which had visibly affected their surroundings. But they had the great merit of noticing and recording some of the cardinal facts required for the elucidation of the problems presented by the surface of the globe. Thus, some of the earliest of their number,

impressed by the occurrence of beds of sea-shells built up into dry land in the heart of islands and of the mainland, sometimes remote from the present coast, drew the sagacious conclusion that the sea must once have covered these lands and have left the shells behind when it retired. Such an influence seems now so obvious that we may be apt to lose sight of its importance in the history of science. Yet it undoubtedly marks the first recorded step which the human mind took from actual observation towards the elucidation of the origin and history of the scenery of the land. And it remains as true to-day as when it was made by Xenophanes of Colophon some 600 years before the Christian era.

By the time of Aristotle observations all over the Mediterranean basin had placed on record many instances of the interchanges of land and sea. Earthquake shocks and volcanic explosions had convulsed some countries. Rivers had pushed their deltas far into the neighbouring waters. Lakes and marshes had been narrowed or filled up. Tracts that had once been inhabited land were now submerged, while others over which the sea formerly spread had been raised into habitable ground. Reflecting on these modern changes and reviewing the evidence for others of higher antiquity, the father of natural history drew a picture of the vicissitudes of the earth's surface which has long been recognised as a striking forecast of the conclusions of modern geology. In his view, time never halts, and the universe is eternal. The rivers which now roll their burden of waters to the sea have all had their birth and will ultimately perish, leaving their lands to return to their primæval drought. The sea, too, retreats from some shores and invades others, so that the same region does not remain always sea or always land, but all change their condition in the course of time. Yet the alternations of land and sea take place so slowly that they may escape our notice, for the life of man is brief indeed compared with the immensely protracted ages during which these geographical revolutions are prolonged. Whole nations may disappear, without leaving any record of great terrestrial changes which, nevertheless, they may have actually witnessed from beginning to end.

These philosophical conceptions of nature mark an important epoch in the history of the problem of the evolution of scenery. Aristotle clearly realized that the present surface of the land has not existed from the beginning; that it has once been under the sea; that it is liable to continual alteration, partly from volcanic agencies, partly from running water; but that the changes which it undergoes are, on the whole, effected so slowly

as to be imperceptible in a human lifetime. He demanded no extraordinary kind of action to produce the geographical transformations which he described. He appears to have believed them to be all explicable by reference to the various natural processes with which he was familiar in the known lands of his time.

The teaching of the great Greek philosopher and naturalist continued to influence the writings of his successors during many centuries. The well-known passage wherein Ovid represents Pythagoras as unfolding his views concerning the system of nature, may possibly be taken as a summary of what were held to be the Pythagorean doctrines on the subject at the beginning of our era; but it undoubtedly reads like a restatement of the principles laid down by Aristotle, with perhaps a more definite recognition of the potency of running water in carving out valleys and washing down mountains into the sea.

But the most important philosophical treatise on these and kindred matters in Roman literature is unquestionably the *Quæstiones Naturales* of Seneca—a work which well deserves to be translated into English with annotations connecting its author's observations with the conclusions of modern science. It contains the most detailed account of the motions and effects of earthquakes which has come down to us from antiquity. It shows that among his other accomplishments Seneca was a shrewd observer of nature. He speaks of himself as a diligent wine-grower, in which capacity he had watched the depth to which rain soaks down below the soil, and he had noted in his country life the effects of even the slenderest plant-roots in destroying human monuments and dislodging masses of rock.

The ancient writers enjoyed great freedom of thought and discussion in the domains of philosophy and natural science. They were left by their pagan priesthood to teach, to write, and to publish without let or hindrance, while the populace of their time generally knew little of their doctrines, and cared still less, save on some rare occasions, when it was stirred up against a philosopher who, for political or personal reasons, had been denounced as a corrupter of youth and a dethroner of his country's gods.

A strangely different condition of things is presented by the various countries of Christendom at the close of the dark ages. The paganism of Greece and Rome, with its easy tolerance and careless indifference towards speculative opinion, had passed away. In its place the Christian Church had meanwhile established itself as a central controlling power over the

beliefs and utterances of men, with a system of doctrine which on all essential points had to be accepted, or at least could not be publicly gainsaid, under pain of ecclesiastical censure and punishment. Hence, when, after the revival of learning, men began once more to study the face of the land, and to speculate anew on the meaning of the abundant and conspicuous shells, imbedded in the heart of the Mediterranean lands, they were no longer free to let the world know their inferences from these objects, should such inferences run counter either to the positive dogmas of the Church or to the interpretation which the Church had put on the language of Holy Writ. If the observers ventured to declare openly that these shells, enclosed and preserved by millions within the framework of the land, were once living on the sea bottom, they ran the risk of being accounted heretics, seeing that, according to the Scriptures, the land was separated from the sea on the third day of creation, whereas animal life in all its forms did not come into existence until the fifth day. Or should the students of nature declare their profound conviction that the vast piles of marine sedimentary rock which form the mountains, and which are crowded with innumerable layers of organic remains, must have required enormously protracted periods of time for their accumulation, they laid themselves open to the charge of contravening the express teaching of the Bible, which, according to the orthodox belief, made the time that has elapsed since the creation of the world to be only some 6,000 years.

By its attitude on this question the Romish Church arrested the progress of science, and diverted the spirit of enquiry into channels that led away from the truth. In some cases, with the view of avoiding conflict with the ecclesiastical tribunals, but in others doubtless from honest conviction, under the pervading thraldom of the current orthodoxy, men sought other interpretations than the natural inferences to be drawn from the fossil shells of the hills and plains. The boldest course of action lay in denying the evidence of the senses, and in maintaining that what certainly looked precisely like shells had never really had any connexion with once living creatures, but were mere 'formed' or 'figured stones,' only 'sports of nature,' generated by some plastic force within the rocks or by the occult influence of the stars. Strange as it may now seem, this interpretation was adopted and stoutly maintained even by observant naturalists during a period of more than two hundred years, and it does not seem to have been finally abandoned until the time of Guettard and Buffon, in the later half of the eighteenth century.

By those observers who could not bring themselves to believe that the fossil shells could be anything else than the relics of once living animals, an attempt of another kind was made to reconcile the facts of nature with ecclesiastical requirements. They saw that the beds of shells, though now forming part of the land, must have been originally laid down in the sea. But the only general submergence of the land, whereof they had any record since the six days of creation, was that caused by Noah's Flood, which was then believed to have covered the whole earth. Accordingly, the Flood was invoked to account for the accumulation of all the rocks of the land wherein the remains of marine creatures are imbedded. As these rocks appeared to extend through all the countries of the known world, it was further necessary to hold that the present land is not that which was familiar to mankind from the days of our first parents down to those of Noah, but only came into existence at the time when 'the fountains of the great deep were broken 'up, and all the high hills that were under the whole heaven were 'covered.' Incredible as it may now seem, this explanation obtained much favour, and in various forms held its ground for several generations, even among those who were familiar with rocks and fossils

But the serious difficulties in the way of accepting the doctrine that the Noachian deluge ever played an important part in modelling the landscapes of the globe could hardly fail to press themselves on more thoughtful and scientific observers. At an early date it was pointed out that the five months during which the Flood is said to have lasted must have been a wholly insufficient period of time for the accumulation of all the vast thickness of the fossiliferous rocks that form so large a part of the land. To meet this obvious objection some Italian geologists, in whose country volcanic action had long been rife, and had, within human memory, piled up some considerable hills, such as the Monte Nuovo near Naples, promulgated the opinion that the sedimentary rocks might have been rapidly thrown together by the operation of numerous and powerful volcanoes. It does not seem, however, to have been perceived by these writers that the materials discharged from volcanic vents are singularly unlike those that constitute the great body of fossiliferous rocks.

From time to time a voice was raised in protest against all these forced and unnatural explanations. Men like Vallisneri and Robert Hooke contended that a brief and transient event, like Noah's Flood, could never have sufficed to build up the fossiliferous formations, the very structure of which proved them to have been deposited in orderly sequence during a long

period of time. It was further pointed out that instead of being huddled together, as would have been the case in a violent flood, the fossil shells had been laid down tranquilly in successive layers. Guettard, in later years, completed the demonstration that these shells bear witness to their having undergone the same accidents in life and death, and the same modes of accumulation, as their descendants continue to exemplify on the floor of our present seas.

Doubtless the popular belief in the orthodoxy of the doctrine of the efficacy of the Flood in terrestrial dynamics helped more than any other cause to keep this doctrine in favour for so many centuries, almost indeed to our own day. So late as the year 1823 Buckland published his 'Reliquiæ Diluvianæ, or Observations on the Organic Remains attesting the Action of a Universal 'Deluge.' Down to 1830 Cuvier continued to publish successive editions of his 'Discours sur les Révolutions de la Surface du 'Globe,' in which he maintained that a great and sudden catastrophe befell the surface of our planet some five or six thousand years ago, whereby portions of the sea-bottom were upheaved into land, the countries inhabited by man were overwhelmed, and their inhabitants were destroyed.

So long as such notions as these were entertained and advocated by leaders of scientific opinion, sound progress could hardly be made in the investigation of the origin of the scenery of the land. Nevertheless, apart from speculative opinions, a large body of fact had, during the course of centuries, been slowly gathered together regarding the composition, succession, and mode of formation of the materials of which the land has been built up. From the middle of the seventeenth century onward, the idea that the rocks of the earth's crust have been laid down in a certain definite order received increasing illustration and approval. Steno and Arduino in Italy; Lehmann, Füchsel, and Werner in Germany; Strachey, Michell, and William Smith in England; Guettard, Giraud-Soulavy, Lamarck and Cuvier in France, and other writers whose names are well deserving of record, brought forward abundant evidence to prove that instead of dating from the original creation of the world, or from the time of Noah's Flood, the rocks have been accumulated in regular order, one formation after another, during prolonged periods of time. It was gradually discovered also that these rocks contain a legible chronicle of a long succession of geographical revolutions of the earth's surface, land and sea being therein shown to have repeatedly changed places, while the climates of the globe likewise varied. But above all it was ascertained that not only had there been an orderly sequence

among the rocks, but that this sequence had been accompanied by a still more wonderful succession among the types of plant and animal life, which, during the ages of the past, flourished upon the land and in the sea. It was found, in short, that the history revealed by the stratified rocks recounts not only the physical changes of the earth's surface, but affords a record, imperfect, indeed, but absolutely trustworthy, of the progress of organised existence from simple forms in the primæval ages up to the complex and abundant development which it has reached in more recent times.

So absorbing did the investigation of the rocks beneath the surface become, that but scant attention was now paid to the history of that surface itself. That the land has been built up of materials that differ greatly from each other in origin and age was indeed fully recognised. It was well understood that immediately beneath the vegetable soil lie the stony records of geographical conditions utterly unlike those of the same region to-day. But how these conditions were obliterated, and how the existing topography came to be established, was a problem to which comparatively few thinkers gave much heed, and which has only been seriously and generally studied in detail within our own time.

Yet it must, on consideration, be obvious that every landscape comprises two connected but clearly separable histories. There is first the record revealed in the rocks of alternations of sea and land and other geographical revolutions, together with the chronicle of the progress of evolution in plant and animal life upon the face of the globe. Secondly, there is the story of how these rocks have come to be wrought into the shapes of mountain and valley, hill and plain. The marvellous variety and absorbing interest possessed by the former of these two histories have given a special fascination to geological enquiry. In one place, for instance, there lies beneath our feet a series of ancient sea-floors on which are still perfectly preserved the remains of long extinct types of marine life that once flourished there. In another spot we may come upon buried land-surfaces and lake-bottoms, from which we can disinter relics of their forests and of the animals that harboured in them, so strangely unlike any forms of life that now survive. Or we may discover, as in so many parts of these islands, that beneath the soil on which for long centuries man has built his dwellings and cultivated his farms lie the lavas and ashes of once vigorous volcanoes, many of them submarine and interleaved with layers full of the shells and corals of long-vanished seas, while others of subaerial origin have entombed the land-vegetation of their time. The

contrasts thus presented between the modern familiar condition of the land and the memorials of the ancient history of its site afford some of the most remarkable pictures which modern science has placed before our imagination.

These topographical contrasts, however, had been more or less fully appreciated for many years before any general interest was awakened in the origin and history of the present surface of the land. Some broad principles of fundamental importance in the consideration of this subject had indeed been established. Thus it was perceived that from time to time in the course of our planet's protracted history upheavals of the sea-floor have taken place, that most of the dry land is due to such upheavals, and that mountain-chains mark the most prominent ridges into which the terrestrial crust has been thrown by these great movements. The nature and effects of such disturbances of the crust form a branch of geological enquiry which has been taken up with fresh enthusiasm in recent years. Thanks to the labours of a group of geologists who have studied the north-west of Scotland and another band that has worked out the structure of the Alps, the process of mountain-making is now much more clearly understood than it was only a few years ago. On the other hand, the proofs of the decay of the surface of the land, which, from the infancy of mankind, have been among the most familiar sights in nature, have within the last few decades been recognised to possess a significance never before imagined. That the water-drop hollows out the stone, that rivers wear down their banks, that the sea eats into its shores on one coast-line and heaps up their ruins on another had long passed into common proverbial sayings. Even some of the less obtrusive processes that affect the surface of the land had been noted by such keen-eyed observers as Seneca. But the meaning of these surface-changes in the history of landscape remained still unperceived. The two great natural agencies concerned in this history—underground movements on the one side and superficial erosion on the other—were thus familiar to the students of natural history, although no attempt was made to apply this knowledge to the elucidation of the origin of the contours of the earth's surface. Until long after geology had established its position among the inductive sciences, the belief continued to prevail even among geologists that the existing inequalities in the topography of a country, where they do not belong to the aboriginal architecture of the globe, have been directly due to irregularities in the movements whereby the sea-bottom was finally raised into dry land. Valleys were thus supposed to mark the lines of rent or subsidence that took place during

the process of elevation, while the intervening ridges and hills were taken to be portions of ground that had undergone greater upheaval. Even where it was acknowledged that some allowance must be made for the effects of prolonged superficial erosion, the influence of inveterate prejudice continued to keep this allowance as limited as possible. And in apportioning the relative shares of the different natural agents in the process of erosion, the great majority of geologists showed themselves still under the thraldom of popular misconception. They could not bring themselves to realize that the apparently insignificant action of the subaerial powers could achieve any stupendous results. They consequently ignored this action as a serious factor in the history of the surface of the land, and fell back on the waves of the sea, which seemed to them by far the most powerful of all the forces that destroy the dry land. For many years this belief in the predominant influence of the ocean was maintained by the leaders of geological science in Europe. Nor is its persistence difficult of explanation. To men familiar with the frequent storms that break from a wide ocean upon a long exposed coast-line and with the havoc wrought by the waves even in comparatively sheltered inlets, it was not unnatural that the power of the sea should stand at the head of all agents of erosion. Guettard, for example, one of the pioneers of geological science in the eighteenth century, though he admitted that terrestrial waters have played a not unimportant part, nevertheless regarded the waves of the ocean as the paramount denuding agency. And this view, when, subsequently enforced by all the authority of Lyell, became almost a settled and accepted belief among his followers. He marshalled with great skill all the arguments in favour of frequent uprise and subsidence of land during the past history of our globe and connected these movements with the evidence of potency of the waves and currents of the sea as instruments of erosion. That he should have thrown his influence into that scale seems now all the more remarkable, seeing that in so doing he not only departed from the teaching of his great master, Hutton, but from the lesson he had himself learnt in early life among the volcanic tracts of central France.

It was in the heart of France that what is now universally recognised to be the true doctrine of land-sculpture was first established upon a basis of careful observation and sagacious inference. Yet several generations had to pass away before this doctrine was seriously examined, tested on the ground in different regions, and found to be everywhere confirmed. As far back as the year 1765, Desmarest, diligently traversing the

plateaux of Auvergne, and perplexed for a time by the apparently hopeless complexity of the problems there presented, discovered at last that his difficulties in endeavouring to unravel the chronology of the successive volcanic eruptions in that region, and to comprehend the relations of the lava-streams to each other, and to the valleys which had served as their channels, could all be solved by one simple principle—that the valleys have been excavated by the waters which still flow in them. He saw that in this prolonged process of erosion each successive volcanic outbreak found the valley-bottoms reduced in level, and that the streams of lava consequently flowed down these channels on progressively lower platforms. He perceived that the oldest lavas, trenched by the running water, have now been left perched in detached sheets and patches on the summits of the intervening ridges which thus seem to have grown up between the valleys on either side of them. For the first time the history of a particular landscape was now worked out in some detail, and the different stages in its evolution were traced. The example set by this illustrious Frenchman, however, was allowed to remain for nearly a century without receiving general recognition. Indeed, it was so far lost sight of that the credit of the grand generalization made by him was actually given to men who came after him, and drew their inspiration from his writings. Not that the power of running water in modelling the surface of the land was ignored. De Saussure, the great pioneer of mountain study, vividly appreciated this power as he climbed the Alps and surveyed from their peaks the deep and wide valleys which separate their rugged ridges. He felt assured that these radiating hollows, with their multitudinous network of branches, could never have been cut out by the sea, but could only be the work of the streams that still traverse them. Again, a few years later, Hutton, from a study of the hills and lowlands of Scotland, and from a review of the impressive Alpine evidence published by De Saussure, proclaimed the same doctrine and made it an integral part of his 'Theory of the Earth.' Later still came Lamarck, who at the beginning of last century, in a little volume entitled 'Hydrogéologie,' of which geologists as a body have taken no notice, pointed out more succinctly than had ever been done before, the nature and connexion of the different agencies by which the degradation of the surface of the land is brought about. He showed how plains and plateaux must in the end have their surface carved into ravines and valleys by the descending drainage, and how in this way ridges and crests must be produced which in course of time will be developed into isolated hills and mountains. He dwelt with great insistence

on what he called the *Pouvoir de la Vie*—the power of plant and animal life in decomposing and recombining the mineral constituents of the outer parts of the earth's crust. Pushing his inferences to what seemed to him to be their natural and logical conclusion, he reached an extreme, which to his contemporaries, no doubt, seemed so extravagant as to deserve no serious consideration, and which may partly account for the neglect into which his remarkable treatise has fallen.

The same year which saw the publication of Lamarck's essay in Paris was marked also by the appearance at Edinburgh of Playfair's classic 'Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory.' The Scottish geologist stated with singular clearness and eloquence the reasoning which led him and his master to conclude that the valley systems of the land have been carved by the subaerial action of running water. But even his persuasive arguments failed to remove from the minds of his contemporaries and their successors the obstinate prejudice against the slow and seemingly inadequate operation of rain and rivers. Most men who thought on the subject still either vaguely conceived with Lyell that most of the work had been done by the waves of the sea during successive submergences and re-elevations, or followed the prevalent belief that much of the topography of the land should be attributed to the direct action of the subterranean forces. Now and then a single voice might be heard, like that of Scrope, or later of Prestwich, pleading for the efficacy of subaerial denudation, at least in some cases. But for many years no one ventured seriously to grapple with the subject in detail, to deal with the facts as they are presented in some concrete example, and to show that, as the sea acts horizontally within a narrow vertical range, it could never have hollowed out the intricate network of drainage-lines on the land; that these lines are, in innumerable instances, wholly independent of those of structure in the rocks underneath, and can only have been the work of the waters that are still visibly deepening and widening them.

Not until the year 1862 was the whole subject revived by a fresh appeal to nature in a definite tract of country traversed by a system of rivers. In that year Jukes published an account of his study of the river-basins of the south of Ireland, in which, with masterly hand, he analysed the physical structure of the ground, and showed how the successive stages of valley-erosion could be satisfactorily explained by the action of the rivers in descending from the high grounds to the sea. The appearance of his paper gave a fresh impetus to the investigation of the origin of landscape, and formed the starting-point of all that

has since been accomplished in this department of science. He was soon followed by other observers, notably by Ramsay, Topley, and Le Neve Foster, who brought forward fresh illustrations from various parts of England in favour of the same conclusions. These opinions, espoused more especially by the younger writers of the day, encountered for a time considerable opposition from the elders of the previous generation. Even the language of the market-place was imported into the arena of scientific discussion, and those who held the doctrine of subaerial erosion were stigmatized as upholders of the 'Gutter 'Theory.' But the opposition gradually slackened as its venerable partisans passed away, while at the same time powerful support to the newer views came from across the Atlantic in the astounding illustrations of river-erosion and atmospheric degradation brought to light from the Western States and Territories of the American Union by such pioneers as Newberry, Powell, Dutton, and others.

The principles so clearly taught by Desmarest, by De Saussure, by Hutton and Playfair, and by Lamarck, have finally prevailed. It is now by common consent admitted that on these principles alone can the history of landscape be understood. The influence of subterranean forces in breaking up the crust of the earth, upheaving it into land, and piling its dislocated masses above each other into mountain-chains is not only fully admitted, but has been worked out with a wealth of detail never before imagined. But while this influence is thoroughly recognised by those who have most attentively studied the subject, these observers nevertheless perceive that, no matter what may have been the form of surface produced by the subterranean forces, the subsequent history of every landscape has been essentially the record of a vastly protracted process of erosion. The original contours have been more or less completely modified or effaced. Like a block of marble in the hands of a sculptor, every portion of the land has been ceaselessly chiselled by the whole array of Nature's subaerial tools—sun and wind, heat and cold, rain and frost, snow and ice, springs and frosts, rivers and the sea, plants and animals. The forms given to any piece of upraised ground at its first appearance above the sea would necessarily guide the operations of these various agents of erosion, more particularly by offering depressions which would lead the drainage from the watersheds down to the shores. And this influence would endure longer in proportion to the bulk of the ground elevated and the smoothness or ruggedness of its original surface. But it must be borne in mind that while the upheavals of the terrestrial crust have been, on the whole, fitful and often separated

by enormous intervals of time, the working of the subaerial forces has never for an instant halted since the land first emerged from the sea. In the long life of our globe, the duration of a mountain-chain has been, so to speak, only a transient incident. Unless the underground activities which at first ridged up the chain should subsequently at intervals renew the uplift, the highest range of mountains must in the course of a few geological periods be worn down to the level of the sea.

In proportion, therefore, to the antiquity of a mass of land, the traces of its first or aboriginal topography disappear. The present aspect of the Alps, for instance, probably bears but a remote resemblance to that which these mountains wore when they were first upheaved, or even to that which they showed at the time of their latest re-elevation. They still retain, indeed, the proud position which they owe to subterranean causes, of being the dominant range of high ground in Europe, but the extent to which they have suffered from the prolonged action of the forces of denudation is almost inconceivable. Thousands of feet of solid stone have been removed from their surface, wide and deep valleys have been hollowed out of them in every direction, their ridges have been narrowed into crests, and these again have been trenched with chasms and splintered into peaks. So that, colossal and impressive as they still remain, the Alps can be seen to be in some measure only the wreck of what they have been. Mountain-groups of higher antiquity bear even more striking witness to this progressive demolition. To go no further than the British Islands, the Highlands of Scotland may be cited in illustration, with their continuation into the north of Ireland, on the one hand, and into the Scandinavian peninsula on the other. This long belt of upland, on the north-western margin of the European continent, presents the internal structure characteristic of mountain-chains. But all trace of its original mountain-forms was effaced long ages ago. Not only so, but there is some reason to believe that this north-western bulwark of high ground was in course of time lowered by prolonged denudation to such an extent as to become a wide plain or platform, little above, if not actually below, the level of the sea. From this remote condition of degradation, it was once more upraised into a long table-land on which the denuding agencies have ever since been ceaselessly at work. And now so many deep and wide straths and glens, with such a profusion of gullies and ravines, have been carved out of it, that over hundreds of square miles the level or undulating surface of the table-land has been transformed into an intricate network of ridges and isolated

hills, among which only fragments of that ancient plateau can here and there be recognized.

Hence, when we attempt to trace the history of any particular landscape, it is hardly ever possible, save in the case of quite recently upraised sea-bottoms, to obtain satisfactory evidence of what may have been the original form of the ground when first exposed to subaerial denudation. Only conjecture is usually open to us, and the more ancient the history, the scantier becomes the basis on which conjecture can be hazarded. We must, as a rule, be content to work backward from the present state of the landscape, following out the degradation now in progress, and endeavouring to obtain some conception of what may have been the probable condition of the initial topography, and what appears to have been the course of the denudation which has reduced it into its present forms. In such a process of geographical reconstruction much help may be obtained from a minute investigation of the geological structure of the ground in question. By this means light is thrown upon the original extension of the different masses of rock, and an estimate may be formed of at least the minimum amount of solid material which has been removed. Where, for instance, a detached portion of a formation has been left as a capping upon some ridge or summit, the inference may be drawn that the rest of the formation to which this outlier belongs once stretched at least as far as the isolated patch. If, as often happens, the intervening ground includes deep and wide valleys, it is obvious that these hollows have been excavated since the removal of the formation which once covered their site. Thus step by step we may trace the history backward, restoring, one after another, the successive sheets of rock which can be proved to have been worn away from the surface, until we perceive that these restorations bring before us a form of surface which is wholly unlike that now visible, the difference between them being the obvious result of prolonged denudation.

The careful scrutiny which in recent years has been bestowed upon the internal structure of mountains and the consequent enlargement of our conceptions of the various types of movement by which that structure has been produced have supplied fresh and interesting evidence of the colossal extent to which these portions of the earth's crust have been worn away. That the strata of which mountain-chains are largely composed have been thrown into folds has been recognised for several centuries. That these strata have been further broken up by dislocations of varying magnitude was not so readily perceived, inasmuch as the proofs of such ruptures are on the whole less prominently

displayed. But both plication and faulting had long been admitted to be chief features in the architecture of mountains, before it was realized that the two kinds of movement might be combined in the production of the most gigantic and previously undetected displacements of the terrestrial crust. What had been supposed to be only vast folds of the rocks were now ascertained to include also ruptures extending sometimes for scores of leagues, whereby huge masses of the crust have been driven forward for distances of ten or more miles, and piled up above younger formations. As far back as 1883 this remarkable feature was announced by Rothpletz as traceable in the Alps. At the same time this structure was worked out independently in the north-west of Scotland by Messrs. Lapworth, Peach, and Horne. It has likewise been detected in many other places, and has formed the subject of luminous memoirs by MM. Bertrand, Lugeon, and other writers in Central Europe, and by Törnebohm, Holmquist, and others in Scandinavia.

Besides the surpassing interest which these recent discoveries possess in relation to the architecture of the terrestrial crust, they supply fresh evidence of the potent influence of denudation in creating the present outlines of the earth's surface. Where, for instance, a continuous slice of the crust has been broken away and driven onward for many miles above younger rocks, it has subsequently, through the operation of the denuding forces, been trenched in all directions, portions of it have been isolated on hilltops, far in advance of the main body, while thousands of wide and deep valleys have been carved through it down into the younger rocks below. Few lessons in geology are more impressive than such scenes as these, where, on the one hand, we are brought face to face with the most gigantic convulsions in the history of our globe, and on the other with the stupendous results achieved in the course of ages by the seemingly feeble atmospheric agents.

No matter in what direction we turn, under what form of climate, or with what type of geological structure we may choose to begin, the cardinal fact which meets us at the outset, and at every subsequent step of our progress, is the universal decay of the surface of the land. Even where no pains are taken to inquire how this waste is brought about, or what relative share each agent of destruction can claim in the final result, it can readily be perceived that no matter what may be the conditions of climate or exposure, the rocks that come to the light of day are suffering a constant superficial decomposition. The thin crust of disintegrated material formed upon their surface is gradually broken up and washed off by rain or blown away by

wind, so as to expose a fresh surface underneath to a repetition of the same process. Every shower that descends upon the land contributes towards the removal of the loosened particles, and the reality and efficacy of this contribution may be seen in the mud which darkens the rivulets and rivers. Though the measurable extent of the denudation displayed by a landscape may be enormous, obviously no extraordinary agent or process need have been concerned in its production. It may well have been effected by the same seemingly feeble powers whereby it is still continued, if only sufficient time be granted for their task. Nor do we need to assume that they must formerly have worked faster than they do now, for it has been shown that even at their present rate of activity a comparatively short geological period would suffice to reduce most of the dry land to the level of the sea.

In this complex, uninterrupted process of land-sculpture, the waste obviously does not everywhere advance at the same rate. It must be more rapid on the higher and steeper grounds, where changes of weather and climate are most marked, where the rains are heavier, and the torrents more impetuous than on the lower and flatter lands. Again, the erosion is more actively carried on in the naked beds of streams than on ground protected by a covering of vegetation, for the detritus swept down by the flowing water serves to scour and erode the rocks of the channels over which it is driven. Thus the gullies and clefts of the tributaries, and the ravines and opener valleys of the rivers, have been incised upon the landscape as branching lines along which the drainage is conducted from the central watersheds to the distant sea. These drainage lines, once chosen, tend to retain their places, as the water wears them deeper and wider. Thus, unless some geological revolution should take place, entirely altering the surface features of a country, the rivers may be the most ancient lineaments of a landscape, remounting to an antiquity far higher than that of the ridges and hills which now appear between them; for, while the drainage has been constantly travelling seaward, usually in the same valleys as at first, the rest of the region has been undergoing continual transformation, former hills have disappeared, new eminences have risen into prominence, owing to the removal of the solid rock that once encircled and overlaid them, and valleys have coalesced by the destruction of the intervening ridges.

Apart, however, from the varying rate of denudation, according to the angle of declivity of the ground, and the energy of the agents by which the work of destruction has been carried on, a fundamental source of variety in the topographical results achieved

is to be recognised in the diverse characters and powers of resistance of the rocks which come to the surface. It is to this cause that the local distinctions of landscape must be mainly assigned. As the harder materials withstand subaerial decay better than those of softer nature, in the general progress of the lowering of the land-surface they will tend to be left projecting as ridges and hills, while the less durable varieties will be worn down into hollows and plains. Again, among the harder kinds of stone, great differences exist in internal structure, and in the way in which such rocks yield to the attacks of time. Each of them succumbs after its own fashion, and thus contributes its own individual features to the general scenery. In the south of England, for example, 'the long backs of the 'bushless downs' mark the successive outcrops of the Chalk. Further north, through the midland counties, the winding ridges of escarpment, with the level plains between them, show where the hard limestones and the softer clays and shales of the Jurassic series come in alternate bands to the surface. Far to the west, the rugged tors of Devon and Cornwall owe their distinctive forms to the weathering of the granite hills. The high grounds of Wales and the Lake District are built up of ancient massive marine sediments and enduring volcanic rocks, which, with their endless varieties of composition and structure, have been sculptured into the array of picturesque shapes so characteristic of these regions. In the Lowlands of Scotland, the isolated crags, crowned in so many cases with mediæval castles, consist of obdurate eruptive rocks which have outlasted the destruction of the sedimentary strata that once lay piled in thousands of feet above them. In Antrim and among the Western Isles, the terraced hills, with their successive platforms of dark stone and green slopes between, mark the outpourings of the youngest volcanoes of Britain, which, comparatively recent though they be, have been trenched by endless deep and wide glens and long arms of the sea until they have been reduced to a series of scattered outliers on the mainland and detached islands fronting the western coast.

The slow and prolonged process of sculpture, to which the gradual evolution of landscape has been mainly due, was obviously liable from time to time to be variously modified by movements of the earth's crust. These changes were sometimes tranquil, a terrestrial region being gradually pushed above, or let down below, the level of the sea. At other times the movements have been more energetic, and have culminated in the upheaval of long and lofty mountain-chains. Some of the consequences of such disturbances of the crust, whether in the way of

elevation or depression, deserve attention from the influence which any change of level would necessarily exert in modifying the progress of denudation. An uplift of the ground tends to heighten the rainfall, to augment the volume and declivity of the rivers, and thus to accelerate the general erosion. If this uprise is long-continued, but interrupted by pauses of some duration, during which the level of the land remains unaltered, the progress of decay will be marked by alternations of periods of more vigorous and more feeble activity. The old river-terraces which form so conspicuous a feature of temperate latitudes both in the Old World and in the New, and which in Western Europe, have yielded so many remains of extinct animals and flint-instruments of human workmanship, have been plausibly regarded as memorials of such a series of uplifts, separated by long intervals of rest. In Britain the larger streams commonly display two, not infrequently three or more, well-defined platforms of alluvium above their present channels. There can be no doubt that each of these terraces marks a former level at which the neighbouring stream flowed, and that since the highest of them was accumulated, the water has gradually cut its way downward in the bottom of its valley to the level at which it now runs. These river-terraces have never yet been made the subject of a general detailed study, which they well deserve to receive, not for a limited district merely, but for a wide region or a whole country. Whether, or how far, they can be shown to indicate an intermittent uprise of the land, remains for future discovery. It is at least certain that at a comparatively late period some portions of the British Isles underwent an emergence from the sea interrupted by long pauses, each of which is marked along the coast-lines by a platform of marine alluvium or old sea-beach, and some of these beaches undoubtedly merge inland, into true river-terraces.

Where, on the other hand, the terrestrial movement takes a downward direction, and a land-surface is submerged beneath the sea, the subsidence may be so slow that the more specially characteristic features of that surface are destroyed by the waves before they descend below the limit of marine abrasion. But if the sinking should be comparatively rapid, such features may more or less completely escape effacement, and may be preserved beneath a protecting cover of sea-water until they are finally entombed beneath the sediment that is continually borne away from the waste of the land. That an event of this kind has actually occurred in our own region can be shown from the soundings recorded on the Admiralty charts of these islands. There can be no doubt that at a comparatively recent

geological date Britain stood a good deal higher than it now does, and was united to the Continent by a wide wooded plain, across which the Thames and our other eastern rivers, together with the Rhine, the Elbe, and other Continental streams, flowed towards an Atlantic inlet between Shetland and Scandinavia. On our western coasts the present groups and chains of islands were in great part joined to the mainland, which, with its hills, glens and lakes, stretched some way westwards, beyond the present limits of the land. Since that time the whole region has subsided. The eastern plain now lies below the shallow North Sea, while on the western coast the tides of the Atlantic flow far up what were formerly glens and straths. So comparatively rapid and so recent has been the subsidence, or so slow the deposit of sediment on the sea-floor, that with the help of the sounding-line it is even yet possible to map out the course of the submerged valleys and lakes, together with the position of the ridges that rise between them.

What has thus happened at so recent an epoch in geological history has probably occurred again and again in the distant past. In Britain, examples of ancient and, so to speak, fossil landscapes have actually been found, wherein, after being submerged and buried under thick accumulations of sediment, now hardened into stone, the land-surface so preserved has once more been uplifted above sea-level and has been finally laid bare again to the light of day by the gradual removal of the sedimentary covering under which it lay so long entombed. Thus, in Charnwood Forest, from under a surrounding mantle of red sandstone and marl, the peaks of a venerable country are now, by the decay and removal of the red rocks, coming once more into view, and afford curious suggestions of a former arid climate and desert wastes in what is now the heart of England. Still more impressive, and on a grander scale, is the primæval landscape which, with its mountains and glens, is slowly emerging into sight from under some of the oldest sedimentary rocks of the north-west of Scotland. These mountains still rise more than 2,000 feet above the valleys, which had already been worn out of them before the advent of even the earliest organisms yet discovered in the British Isles. So gently did the land sink beneath the water which overflowed it that the stages of its submergence can be followed in the successive gravelly beaches thrown up by the waves along the slopes until the ground was finally buried under some 8,000 or 10,000 feet of accumulated sediment. This enormous overlying pile of consolidated sand and gravel has survived the geological revolutions that have since visited the region, and retains still much

of the original horizontality of its strata. But it has been exposed for so long a lapse of time to continuous denudation that it has been reduced to a series of colossal outliers, amid which glimpses of the oldest known landscapes in Europe are now revealed.

Where the subterranean commotions have assumed their culminating form, the terrestrial crust has been crumpled, compressed, plicated, ruptured, and pushed upwards for thousands of feet, and a great mountain-chain has thus been wrinkled on the surface of the globe. Such a stupendous event, when it took place on the floor of the sea, would bring a new land-surface within the influence of the atmospheric agents, which would at once begin their operations. At first the inequalities of the surface would be those superinduced by the underground forces, and these would guide the drainage in its progress from the watersheds to the sea. But as the surface was progressively lowered, the topography would become more and more the immediate result of denudation. If the mountain-chain sprang into existence over a region that was already land, the previous topographical features would of course be more or less completely effaced. But we can conceive that in some cases the movements may not have been sufficiently rapid or violent to destroy all trace of the previous land-surface. Occasional puzzling and apparently abnormal features in mountain regions tempt us to speculate on their being perhaps fragments of such an older topography, when the streams and the valleys were wholly different from those we now behold. There can be no doubt that the same tract of ground has been again and again subjected to disturbance from stresses in the terrestrial crust, and that where the disturbance was slight it may have produced no serious modification of the general drainage-system. The Alps have unquestionably reached their present position after a succession of widely separated uplifts. The more gigantic of these movements have left their indelible traces in the internal structure of the mountains. But there may have been many intermediate times when the displacements were comparatively feeble and inadequate to change the more important drainage-lines. It is possible, indeed, that the frequent earthquakes of the Alps, showing the instability of the terrestrial crust there, may be accompanied by slight elevation or depression. Whether such small changes of level are actually taking place has appeared to the International Geological Congress to be a subject worthy of careful investigation, and, at the request of the International Association of Academies, the Geodetic Association has the matter under consideration at the present time.

If we suppose the case of a region in which no movements of the terrestrial crust take place for an indefinite period, but where the progress of denudation is allowed to continue without interruption or modification, we can conceive that the land will gradually be reduced in level and in area until finally it will disappear under the sea. At present, in such a tract of the earth's surface as Western Europe, with much high ground and a copious rainfall, it can easily be shown that the amount of material eaten away from the coasts by the waves and tidal currents of the Atlantic and North Sea is exceedingly small when compared with that which is removed in the same space of time by brooks and rivers frrom the general surface of the Continent. But in the case supposed, where denudation is allowed to go on unchecked by any underground disturbance, the character and rate of the denudation will gradually change in proportion as the land is reduced in level and approaches more and more to the form of a plain. As the rainfall, and with it the volume and erosive power of the streams, will consequently diminish, subaerial erosion will become continually feebler. But no corresponding cause will affect the abrading power of the sea. So that, in the last stages of the disappearance of a land-surface, marine action may equal or surpass in efficacy that of the subaerial agents. The final result of such an undisturbed continuance of denudation will be the production of a plain (the 'plain of marine denudation' of A. C. Ramsay), the surface of which may ultimately lie below the downward limit of marine erosion. Reduced to that level, the plain thus formed will be protected from further abrasion by the overlying water, and may remain in this condition for an indefinite time, until some renewed disturbance of the crust shall either depress it, so as to allow it to be buried and preserved under accumulations of marine sediment, or upraise it into land to undergo once more a cycle of denudation.

Whether or not, in the past history of the globe, the crust of the earth from time to time remained long enough undisturbed to allow the process of denudation to reach in this way its ultimate limit over a wide region cannot be positively affirmed, though various districts may be cited as affording a strong presumption that such has been the case. The Scandinavian fjelds, for example, consist of a complex series of ancient rocks which have been worn down into the broad table-land already alluded to, on the wider parts of which lie the chief snow-fields. A similar structure may be observed in the Grampian Hills of Scotland, where, at heights of 3,000 feet above the sea, there are spaces large and level enough to be turned into racecourses.

But even where the extreme result of denudation has not been reached, there can be little doubt that again and again in the geological past the intervals between great uplifts of the terrestrial crust have been long enough to permit tracts of high ground, sometimes even mountain-chains, to be worn down into undulating lowlands. Traces of such erosion are still to be seen beneath the piles of sedimentary material of which so much of the crust of the earth consists. But had all relics of such ancient land-surfaces been wholly buried under these accumulations, we should only have to contemplate the vast thickness and wide extent of the stratified formations, to be assured of the potent influence which denudation has played throughout the past in the demolition of land and consequently in the evolution of scenery.

In fine, an attentive consideration of the whole subject deeply impresses upon the mind a conviction that the appeals made by the older writers in favour of direct subterranean movements to account for the varied topography of the land arose from a most inadequate conception of the efficacy of subaerial denudation. Underground forces are certainly needed to uplift the sea-floor into dry land. But, even if the tract so upraised be imagined to be a smooth plain, it would in the end, as was so cogently enforced by Hutton, Playfair and Lamarck, be carved by the denuding agents into such forms of hill and valley as now present themselves to view all over the globe. No such plain would be an absolute level. It would have an axis or point of maximum elevation, and its surface would be marked by innumerable inequalities which, even though they might be as imperceptible as those of a well-made roadway, would, on the first shower of rain, make themselves visible, the depressions serving as hollows to conduct the water from the watershed towards the sea. From such a beginning every stage is readily conceivable until all trace of the original plain shall have disappeared and the surface will be transformed into as varied a type of scenery as any country can show. We can, in imagination, follow the gradual deepening and widening of the valleys, the erosion of the ravines and gullies, the hollowing out of the lake-basins. And as these depressions sink into the framework of the country, we can trace how the intervening ground is left standing out between them as ridges and hills, how these eminences, as they one by one emerge from the general surface, assume distinctive peculiarities of form according to the differences of their component materials, and how crest and corry, peak and pinnacle, slowly shaping themselves along the ridges, as slowly yield to the inevitable decay and fall at last into ruin.

In pursuing the details of this history we do not need to conjure up visions of unknown forces of nature, or to indulge in speculations as to ancient convulsions that broke up the surface of the land. The processes concerned in the evolution of our landscapes are familiar operations of nature, and the results which they achieve can be illustrated in examples culled from every quarter of the globe. The truth is thus impressed upon the mind that the detailed features of the land, instead of having been brought about by paroxysms of commotion in the crust of the earth, have been carved in the course of ages by the same everyday agents that are still busy at their task before our eyes.

The general principles of interpretation having now been settled, geologists have sought to apply these principles to the elucidation of the history of the scenery of different countries. No measure of success in this enquiry can be obtained without a detailed and somewhat laborious study of the geological structure of the ground. It is needful to restore in imagination the parts of formations that have been removed, and to do this on a sufficient basis of reliable evidence demands an amount of patient collection and discussion of facts which few are willing to undertake. As already stated, the enquiry must begin with the most recent proofs of geological change and be carried backward into others which, from their higher antiquity, are more fragmentary and obscure. In Britain, for example, a succession of such changes can be followed backward with more or less precision as far as older Tertiary time. Beyond that period the records become more and more imperfect and uncertain, though presenting here and there evidence of some salient and memorable episodes. The proofs of the late oscillations of level which have given us our raised beaches and sunk forests can be satisfactorily followed. The profound influence of the Ice Age in modifying the minor features of the surface of the country has been long recognised. The submergence of the south-east of England for some 800 feet under the Pliocene sea, as shown by the shell-bearing patches on the downs of Kent, indicates that some at least of the present features of that district may not be older than the latest part of Tertiary time. But there seems to be little doubt that the scenery of the greater part of England has been carved out since the upheaval of the Chalk. Ramsay long ago dwelt on this part of our geological history, and, in tracing the developement of the English river-valleys, gave good reasons for believing that, at least in the midland and southern parts of the country, they began to be excavated when the Chalk was upraised into a tract of land. The amount of denudation accomplished all over the face of

the kingdom since that date has been stupendous. Not only among the lowlands of England have wide and deep valleys been excavated through what was originally a floor of Chalk, but over the south of Scotland, and still more in the rugged tracts of the Highlands, great glens and straths, ravines and lakes, have been hollowed out within the same comparatively recent period. Nowhere is the gigantic character of this erosion more impressive than among the volcanic plateaux of Antrim and the Inner Hebrides. The lava-fields of that district were built up of many hundreds of feet of level sheets of basalt, and stretched as a wide volcanic plain along the flanks of the Highland hills. But they have now been reduced to mere scattered outliers, traversed and separated by valleys as ample as those among the most ancient rocks.

Data earlier than Cretaceous time for ascertaining former conditions of the surface of our islands become so meagre that possibly little more than a mere sketch can ever be given of the successive phases of the earlier evolution of the topographical features of the country. But it is perhaps not too much to hope that the developement of British scenery since the well-marked episode of the Chalk may yet be worked out with the care and detail which the interest of the subject so well deserves.

Art. V.—SOME TENDENCIES IN MODERN MUSIC.

1. *Prince Igor.* By A. Borodine. Leipsic : Belaiev, 1890.
2. *Also sprach Zarathustra.* By R. Strauss. Munich : Aibl, 1896.
3. *Pelléas et Mélisande.* By C. Debussy. Paris : Fromont, 1902.
4. *Violin Sonata in C, Op.* 72. By Max Reger. Leipsic : Lauterbach & Kuhn, 1905.
5. *The Love that Casteth out Fear.* By Sir C. H. H. Parry. London : Novello & Co., 1904.
6. *Songs of the Sea.* By Sir C. V. Stanford. London : Boosey & Co., 1904.
7. *The Apostles.* By Sir Edward Elgar. London : Novello & Co., 1904.

And other works.

If it be true, as Freeman said, that modern history begins at the call of Abraham, we can scarcely hope to find a more recent date for the beginning of modern music. As we trace back we find ourselves following the course of a continuous and unbroken record where every age takes its point of departure from something in preceding circumstances or conditions ; where schools overlap, and methods interchange, and traditions alternate and weaken and revive ; where even the most dynamic changes but liberate forces which were already operative. The 'Neue Bahnen' of 1852 were trodden by a direct descendant of Beethoven and Bach, the Romantic movement began centuries before 1830, the 'Nuove Musiche' of 1600 adapted the scheme of Greek tragedy to the Florentine stage, the counterpoint of the mediæval Church grew out of the organum, and that in its turn grew from one of the most primitive employments of the human voice : there is no starting-point, there is no finality ; and the only apparent gaps are due to our imperfect research. And all the while, to remind us of the continuity, comes criticism lagging contentedly in the rear, applying to each generation maxims derived from the practice of its predecessors, directing the advance by mapping out the ground already traversed, and issuing its marching orders at the moment when they are being superseded.

Yet, if the course has been continuous, it has also been rapid. As we lay down a score of Strauss or Elgar the old controversies seem curiously remote and alien : Mozart censured for a discord,

and Beethoven for a modulation; Haydn accused of extravagance, and Corelli of virtuosity. In 1835 Schumann was a dangerous revolutionary, in 1855 he was upheld as the pattern of enlightened conservatism against the rebels of Zurich and Weimar. Gluck was assailed in terms almost exactly similar to those with which our elders attacked Wagner; the days are not far distant which will talk of Wagner as we talk of Gluck. Hence it is of some importance that we should now and again take stock of our present position, that we should endeavour to estimate contemporary methods and contemporary ideals, that we should look to the direction in which we are travelling and calculate our strength for the journey. The task is notoriously difficult; the road behind us is strewn with shattered prophecies and wrecked reputations: there are plenty of warnings against hasty judgements, against misapplied rules, against the tyranny of codes grown outworn and obsolete. Yet the same honesty of purpose which we claim from the composer he has an equal right to claim from us. The difference between truth and error is as valid to-day as it has ever been, and all who care for the welfare of music are responsible for its investigation.

One thing at any rate we have learned in course of experience: that music can no longer be appraised by the text-book and judged from the professor's chair. When Schumann bade his antagonists 'pick out the fifths,' the voice of the grammarian was still heard in the land; it was still possible to say that an effect was wrong because it broke a canon of Marpurg or Kirnberger. When Brahms produced his first pianoforte concerto at Leipsic it was taken as a legitimate objection that he had not treated his solo instrument after the accepted form. From this kind of criticism we are at last emancipated. It is well to 'pick 'out the fifths' from a school exercise, for they are likely to be misused by inexperienced hands, but no reasonable man would any longer protest against their presence in a master's composition. It is well to bring up an artist on the study of past methods, since these will afford the securest basis for his own practice; but if he chooses to write a 'symphony with pianoforte obbligato,' there is no longer anyone to gainsay him. We have come to see, in short, that the true critic is simply the most enlightened listener; not standing aloof with a manual of arrogant imperatives, but taking his place among us to stimulate our attention where it falters, and to supplement our knowledge where it is deficient. His position is not to command but to interpret, and we accept his judgement, as we would that of any other expert, as soon as we are convinced that it illuminates the point at issue.

This does not, of course, mean the abrogation of a critical standard. Such abrogation would reduce the republic of art to the level of Plato's democracy, where there is no government and no order, where Jack is as good as his master, and where the very beasts of burden contest your title to the roadway. But it means that the critical standard is determined by principles, not by rules; and that these principles are all ultimately derived from the sympathy which obtains between the artist and his public. Genius does not so transform a man as to put him out of all touch with ourselves: it is the acuter vision of that which we dimly see, the more eloquent utterance of that which we stammeringly confess, the revelation, by divine gift, of truths which we imperfectly recognize. Such sympathy no doubt implies that the artist on his side is unconscious of our presence. It is the charlatan who is constantly endeavouring to attract our attention by tricks and posture and laboured epigrams; the true genius has his whole mind centred on his ideal, and if he gives us a thought when the work is over it is only to feel, like Beethoven, that his new quartet 'will please 'some day.' He also is an interpreter, a prophet of the truth, and he has no right to soften or exaggerate a word of his message from any motive of catching our applause or conciliating our prejudices. But we on our side cannot be unconscious, for it is our function to hear and understand. There are many false shrines and false worships which, if we follow, we are traitors to the cause, and we cannot learn to discriminate by uncritical acceptance of authority. Even sincerity is not a sufficient touchstone; a man may be sincere and illiterate or unskilful, he may speak his own message through a temperament that is warped or embittered. There can be no great music without great ideas, no charming music without attractiveness of thought and ease of presentation: a cold art leaves us cold, a merely sensuous art crumbles at a touch into dust and ashes. But sincerity is of the very bed-rock of our foundation, and only when that is established is it time to look to the superstructure.

A single instance may serve to illustrate the type of principle which we have in view. When our symphonic form was young and unfamiliar, it naturally moved within the confines of a narrow structural limitation. Precisely the same reason which would have made a more adventurous scheme unintelligible to the hearer made it impossible to the composer himself. In course of time the artists of the eighteenth century so mastered these simpler forms that they could begin to experiment and develope; *pari passu* the auditors whom they had familiarized with the old scheme were ready to follow them into new directions;

and so came the symphony of Beethoven, rendered possible, not only by his own genius, but by the place which both he and his public occupied in musical history. In this manner, through the succession of lesser and greater men, the bounds have been further widened, the range of invention has been further extended, until now we can comprehend a structural design which would have seemed chaos to a contemporary of Haydn or Mozart. But the principle has remained the same throughout. The need of some structural coherence and organization is fundamental; it is satisfied by different plans in different generations, but to each generation the requirement is equally imperative. A symphony of Brahms endeavours to meet it by a design drawn is terms of pure music: a symphonic poem of Strauss by the adventitious aid of a plot or story; each method has a right to be considered on its own merits, and in this matter the only relevant question is whether it fulfils its aim. 'Zarathustra,' for example, ends on an implied discord. We may ask whether this is merely a piece of petulance and challenge, or whether it is the true outcome of the poetic scheme which Strauss is following; and our verdict will be blame or praise, according to the answer. But to say that an orchestral work ought to end on a tonic triad is like saying that a comedy ought to end with a marriage or a tragedy with a death. The sole principle is that the composer should present us with a coherent plan; the particular kind of coherence will depend partly on our receptivity and partly on his power of persuasion. And the case is the same with regard to his melodic and harmonic idioms, to his polyphony, to all the different varieties of phrase and sentence and paragraph through which he expresses himself. All rules in music are transitory, but the principles which underlie them are everlasting.

It is of interest to consider this point, for the last fifty years have seen some important changes in the musical perspective. These can be observed most easily by contrast with their background. Roughly speaking, the typical aim of the eighteenth century was proportion; the clear phrase, the symmetrical design, the style that is lucid, polished, and transparent. In the hands of genius this attained to the highest achievements of pure beauty; in the hands of mediocrity it degenerated into a formalism which mistook craftsmanship for inspiration. And because a certain degree of craftsmanship can be reached by anyone who has skill and industry, the world soon became flooded with compositions which had all the qualities of academic art, and were accepted by an unthinking criticism which took no trouble to penetrate below the surface. In London the

favourite composers, after Handel's death, were J. C. Bach and Sacchini; in Vienna, Mozart and Beethoven had to contend against Kozeluch and Hummel and Adalbert Gyrowetz; and though, as we have seen, genius took the best intelligence with it, yet even the best intelligence was more inclined to accept than to discriminate. Any man could set up for an artist who had mastered the lessons of the drawing-school; any man was a composer who could write a fugue, or construct a sonata, or set smooth conventional melodies to a book of Metastasio. Then came a natural reaction. The so-called Romantic movement of Berlioz and Schumann was mainly animated by a protest against academic methods. Beethoven held expression and design in perfect balance: he was at once the greatest poet and the greatest craftsman of his age. Men like Hummel and Czerny copied the design, but left the poetry out: Berlioz—to take him as typical—followed the poetry without ever comprehending the musicianship. He honestly believed that the structure of the 'Symphonie Fantastique' was formally perfect, and that the 'Amen' fugue was written 'selon les regles 'les plus sévères du contrepoint'; he was so thoroughly preoccupied with his ideal of poetic expression that he had no time to repair, or even to recognise, the deficiencies of his artistic training. And here in one word is the strength and weakness of the school which he represented. It was full of ideas, it was vivid, picturesque, impressive; it had an extraordinary power of arousing emotion, of stimulating the senses, of suggesting action or scenery; but it never learned to make full use of its tools. Schumann, who was by far the best musician of the group, is always more interesting for what he says than for the manner in which he says it; we have but to place one of his quartets beside Beethoven, or one of his fugues beside Bach, and we see the inspired amateur in contrast with the unerring skill of the perfect master. Berlioz's magnificent orchestration does not conceal his poverty of style; the dexterity of Liszt is often set to embroider a thin or ill-woven texture: even Wagner's 'Romantic' operas alternate their wonderful strokes of genius with passages of sheer clumsiness or vulgarity. And the reason is in all cases the same. Berlioz learned nothing at the Paris Conservatoire; Liszt began his public career at the age of eleven; Schumann's chief instructors in music were Thibault the lawyer and Jean Paul the novelist; Wagner graduated after six weeks of inefficient schooling. All these men, in short, had to make their own way by the force of almost unaided ability: they were saturated with the poetry of music, they were keenly susceptible to literary influence, they were

full of fervour and passion, but they had not acquired the full artistry which cost Bach and Mozart so many years of patient endeavour.

Hence in the ultimate history of composition the music of 'the School of 1830' will be more valuable for what it suggested than for what it achieved. Already Berlioz and Liszt have almost gone; much of Schumann is trembling in the balance; and though Wagner's Romantic operas will long hold the stage, yet every year is widening the distance between them and the true Wagner. But in two notable respects it has affected the methods and ideals of our own generation. In the first place it has killed academic art. The mere contrapuntist has no longer any patron or any audience, or, except as a teacher, any reason for existing; he takes his place in the training-ground and leaves the open field to a more adventurous talent. It is no more possible for a man to take rank as a composer because he knows the text-books than to take rank as a poet because he knows the classical dictionary; we have done for ever with the trim heroic couplets and the scholarly elegancies about Phœbus and Cynthia. No doubt we are forming our own conventions: every age does so: but at least we are not regarding them with complacency or taking them as evidences of merit. Indeed, it may be questioned whether we are not too wide in our toleration of revolt; whether we do not sometimes confuse extravagance with genius and bluster with conviction. In any case it is no small matter that we have learned to respect the artist who claims a free hand, and that we reserve the heaviest of our censure for a dull and timid docility. Again, the insistence on the poetic and picturesque aspects of music has enormously enriched the content of our own contemporary work. We have a different kind of poetry, but the line of derivation is plain enough. The direct appeal to our emotional nature, the desire to make music as far as possible descriptive, presentative, even articulate, the impatience of technical restraint, the prominence assigned to vitality of idea—all these form part of our present inheritance, and are counted in the wealth which it is ours to administer and bequeath. We can hardly estimate the debt which opera owes to 'Lohengrin,' or song to the 'Dichterliebe': their monuments may be lasting or perishable; in either case they have been landmarks of the general advance.

Some metaphysicians tell us that a true cause works toward opposites, and assuredly no directions could be more widely divergent than those into which the School of 1830 ultimately issued. Half a century ago the two most important composers in Europe were Brahms and Wagner; each the complement

and antithesis of the other. Wagner, already at the extreme left of the Romantic party, broke away still further and occupied his ten years' retirement in developing a dramatic style which was almost as far removed from Romantic methods as they were from classical. Music was no longer predominant, as with Mozart, nor admitted to equal partnership, as with Schumann; it was definitely subordinated to purposes other than its own. The 'Ring' is to be judged not as music but as drama; the music is just as much an accessory as the costumes or the *mise-en-scène*. Its 'motives,' often in themselves strangely vital and moving, are conceived, presented, and arranged solely for their bearing upon plot or character: outside the theatre the prelude to 'Rheingold' is meaningless and the opening of 'Götterdämmerung' barren. If we put a page of the score beside Beethoven, or a page of the book beside Goethe, we shall see, not that Wagner fails to achieve their respective aims, and still less that he succeeds in combining them, but that his art is projected from another standpoint and determined by relation to other laws.

Hence the roughness of style which would offend in a symphony may in the music-drama be a positive merit. The dramatist learns, not in the University, but in the school of life; he presents humanity to us, without intervention on his own part, and if he allows himself to be preoccupied by any other consideration—even that of artistic finish—he must needs give but a divided attention to the main issue. We all know the fate of 'literary' plays: *laudantur et algent*. The house rejects them, and if they are 'printed to shame the fools,' they lead but a cloistered and secluded existence on the bookshelf. On the other hand, if a play is really human, its very vitality will enable it to set the canons of pure literature at defiance. Dumas, in an amusing passage, imagines Fénelon taking up a volume of Molière and, after twenty lines, closing it with the comment, 'Voilà un pauvre écrivain.' His moral is that from Fénelon's point of view the judgement is incontestable, and that from Molière's it is irrelevant. As a piece of French prose the passage is poor and ill-written; as a speech in a comedy it conveys its meaning in the manner that will most readily cross the footlights. And we may take, from the same preface, an even stronger example. In the famous and much-contested line:

> Je t'aimais inconstant, qu'aurais-je fait fidèle,

there is, as Dumas says, 'une abominable faute de grammaire'; but had it been pointed out a dozen times by candid friends

'Racine, qui savait son métier, ne l'aurait pas écrit autrement.' The drama, in short, has its own laws, its own principles, its own perspective; and from these alone can it be properly judged.

It is for this reason that Wagner, supreme artist in his own craft, has been so dangerous a model in all forms other than dramatic. His musical speech is, in Mr. Dannreuther's phrase, 'a powerful rhetoric,' wholly designed to interpret and heighten the spectacle on the stage; and of all devices those of rhetoric are most easily copied and degraded. The great man shows that certain conventions can be traversed; a host of little men believe that by traversing them they will share his secret. He follows at all hazards the higher issue; they take the hazard where there is no such issue to justify it. Again, the very imperfections of the 'Ring'—its repetitions, its forced polyphony, its insistence on certain points of colour—while they pass almost unnoticed in the glow and splendour of its genius, have been doomed to reappear in a hundred tedious compositions which 'resemble Wagner' in their blaze of orchestration and their sedulous employment of the diminished seventh.

But within the walls of the theatre his influence, though not paramount, has been wide and salutary. It intimately affected the 'Othello' and 'Falstaff' of Verdi—two remarkable instances of discipleship on the part of a man already famous; it trained to good purpose many among the younger dramatists of France and Germany; it inaugurated a school which has been steadily growing in strength and reputation. The field is shared by two comrades: by lyric opera, with its twin forms of romance and comedy: by spectacular opera, which has taken the place of the old masque; but each occupies its station without rivalry or antagonism, and in future estimate Wagner's ideal will certainly be held of the most account. It is one of the ironies of musical history that a power so authoritative should be wielded by the man who was once a proscribed and persecuted outlaw.

Wagner, then, came to his full strength by throwing aside the traditional forms which he had never learned to master, which cramped and impeded his genius, and with which the particular character of his ideal enabled him to dispense. Brahms, on the contrary, found in the extension and development of these forms the fittest vehicle for the expression of romantic feeling The descendant of Bach and Beethoven, he was no less the inheritor and disciple of Schumann, and it was his work to show how full a measure of the new poetry could be poured into the moulds of an exact and perfect musical design. The character of his music, grave, dignified, noble, made it specially amenable

to intellectual control: at its most impassioned moment it never loses grasp, at the flood-tide of eloquence it never forgets restraint; it is wholly incapable of extravagance or sensationalism, of cheap effect or facile appeal. It is not a music with which all hearers can be in sympathy; it covers a comparatively narrow range of emotion; it has little gaiety, little humour; its colouring is often sombre, its texture sometimes heavy and opaque. But for richness of idea, for sheer beauty of melodic outline, and above all for supreme and unerring mastery of structure, it stands, among the compositions of our time, pre-eminent. There has been no musician since Beethoven to whose pages we can so often recur with the certainty of finding fresh cause for love and admiration.

Yet, except on Glazounov and on some of our English composers, the influence of Brahms has been hitherto almost negligible. The Slavonic schools of Bohemia and Russia have principally developed on their own lines, taking departure in the one case from Schubert and in the other from Weber and Glinka: the Norse musicians have, for the most part, found their teachers in Leipsic, and their inspiration in their own folk-songs; the younger generations of Germany, of Italy, and of France have been concerned with problems, now of pure style, now of emotional expression, which have left them comparatively indifferent to the needs of a self-determined architectural scheme. And the reason would seem to be that Brahms, like Bach, stands rather at the end than at the beginning of a period. He has summed up, as fully as our present conditions admit, the pure structural possibilities of symphony and quartet and sonata; he has brought them to a point of organisation which, given the musical language of our day, cannot be surpassed. It is only natural that the art should turn aside, as it turned aside in 1750, and follow quests which, for the time, can be more profitably pursued. But, if we may trust the warrant of history, it will be only for a time. After the Viennese school had run its course, Bach came by his own; when music is ready for another stage in its advance it will return to Brahms for counsel.

The period which began with so sharp a contrast has been fertile in contrasts ever since. Through all Europe the field of composition has been broadening; it has been mapped into a thousand routes and traversed by a thousand explorers: Grieg and Dvořák, Cornelius and Hugo Wolf, Bizet's 'Carmen' and Borodine's 'Prince Igor,' Mascagni's superficial talent and straw-fire reputation, Gounod's insipid sweetness and languorous sentimentalism, Strauss's *Isæo torrentior* and the laboured eloquence of Anton Brückner; at no time has

musical activity been wider or more varied, at no time has it offered a more bewildering range of topics to the critic and the historian. To attempt here even a catalogue of its main achievements would be to set an impossible task; to comprise it even under such rough formulæ as Classical, or Romantic, or Realist, would be to recall the hospitality of Procrustes: at most we can only sketch a few of its most salient characteristics and illustrate their bearing upon our own English revival.

One such characteristic is a remarkable extension of melodic, and especially of harmonic, idiom. Mill once proved by algebra that musical phraseology was confined within measurable limits, and that it must soon be exhausted; his argument was unworthy of an inductive logician, and it has been discredited by the event. In every age the current shapes of melodic curve have been determined partly by their harmonic basis, partly by their relation to the accepted scale. Almost all the great tunes of Beethoven, for example, imply diatonic harmony (sometimes with a single chromatic point of colour) and in a large number of them the rise and fall is through consecutive diatonic notes. On the other hand, the Hungarian folk-songs derive much of their peculiar character from the augmented intervals which belong to their scale, and to the chromatic chords which these intervals naturally involve. It follows, therefore, that as these develope and interchange, as the use of the scale becomes more flexible, and the range of harmony more extensive, so there will arise in music not only a new idiom, but a new vocabulary. There is no need to complicate the issue by raising the question of rhythm; for rhythm, as Mr. Robert Bridges has said, is infinite, and its resources have always lain open to the hand of genius. But the very language of the art is undergoing a change, by which, for good or ill, its future must be largely determined.

Twenty years ago the typical instance would have been Dvořák, one of whose most remarkable gifts was his power of combining remote tonalities. He was perhaps the first European composer of repute who definitely took the chromatic scale as his unit, who regarded all notes as equally related, all harmonies as equally possible, all modulations as equidistant from the centre. Yet Dvořák was in this matter but the eldest child of his age, and the tendency exemplified in his writing has found fuller and more audacious expression in his younger contemporaries. We find it self-conscious and defiant in Mascagni, declamatory and dramatic in Bruneau; it is half the secret of Strauss' polyphony, it tinges the elusive colouring of Fauré and Löffler. And in not one of these men is there any trace of Dvořák's

influence: they have traversed the frontier for themselves, they have found each his own dialect of a language, the range of which is apparently inexhaustible.

Among them the most distinctive and most uncompromising is M. Claude Debussy. His *provenance* is not easy to determine. There are occasional touches in his music which recall César Franck, but its general tone and character are very different from the missals which that cloistered and saintly artist occupied his life in illuminating. Paris has always been the home of experiments, and particularly of experiments in style and treatment: it may well be that we have here but another instance of that keen individual vitality which can transmute as well as absorb the ideas of its generation. In any case he is a true artist, a master of half-lights and delicate shadows, of colours that shift and intertwine and baffle our gaze, of a kind of beauty that is as inexplicable as it is literally beyond question. We may take it or leave it, but we cannot analyse or discuss. The discords —so to call them—of which its texture is mainly composed are such as have no name and no designation: they are so far from being justified by the grammarian that they cannot even be convicted by him; he turns page after page and there is no room for them even as breaches of rule. In the Introduction to 'Pelléas et Mélisande' the most familiar passage is one of consecutive fifths balanced by one of consecutive sevenths; the rest is a tangle of semitones falling together in shapes and patterns that own allegiance to no recognized harmonic system. It never modulates, for it is without tonality; it never rests on a cadence, for it is without punctuation; its key-signature is a mere concession to the printer, and in its phraseology the laws of syntax are ignored. Yet the effect of it, as of the whole opera, is indescribably charming. Soft in tone, subtle in workmanship, exquisitely scored, it has all the delicate loveliness of Maeterlinck's play: the silent shadowy lake, the transparent nightfall, the dim castle with its tiny beacon-fire, the gentle hesitating figures that speak in the voices of dreamland. Of the same quality is the music, like floating clouds, which he has written on Mallarmé's 'Après-midi d'un Faune,' a counterchange of nameless outlines and nameless hues; and still more remarkable, because not dependent on direct poetic suggestion, is the string-quartet which has blurred with iridescent rays the severe contours of chamber composition. The whole thing is sincere, sensitive, refined; it vibrates to a breath, it can be bruised with a touch, it is the direct outcome of a temperament almost too fragile for daily life.

And herein, no doubt, is its chief attendant danger. The style is never robust or vigorous, it does not express the larger

and broader aspects of humanity, it does not paint with the great brush or on the great canvass. To impute this as a fault to Debussy would be as absurd as to complain of Maeterlinck because he is not Shakespeare: but it is of some interest to enquire whether in music this limitation depends on the temper of the artist or on the character of his medium. Is it possible, we may ask, that this *genre omnitonique* should be as fit a vehicle for epic ideas as the diatonic scale of Bach and Beethoven? If so it will in course of time hold the entire field, and the diatonic scale will become as obsolete as the modes; if not, it will remain for those forms of composition which specially depend on delicacy and refinement and suggestion, and will leave to a simpler speech the direct utterance of more vital truths. The answer, on present evidence, would seem to support the latter side. We do not forget that it must once have seemed unthinkable that the modes should ever be superseded; we do not forget that discords which one age could not tolerate without preparation have given acute pleasure to a later century; the ear has a considerable power of adjusting itself by course of experience, and there is no reason to suppose that it is nearing its limit. But as yet there is nothing to replace tonality except colour, and man cannot live by colour alone. Again, as soon as this hyper-chromatic style becomes insistent it grows, to our present hearing, ugly. Its beauty largely depends on reticence and restraint; it is coarsened by a loud tone or a forcible gesture. The famous violin-sonata in which Herr Max Reger has challenged his critics appears to us merely harsh and strident; there was no need for the rather sorry jest of deriving musical phrases from the words 'Schafe' and 'Affe'; it is all one torrent of blustering invective, without beauty, without nobility, without moderation. And even as invective it does not sound really spontaneous; it scolds of set purpose, it lashes itself into deliberate fury, it leaves the hearer irritated and unconvinced. Herr Reger is in many respects a person of consequence; he is skilful, ingenious, often incisive; but his sonata has neither the taste nor the self-respect by which the work of a great artist should be characterized.

Indeed it is in these two qualities that the 'advanced' school of German composition is conspicuously lacking. Dr. Strauss is an amazing master of resource; and his symphonic poems are as ostentatious as Trimalchio's banquet. The board groans under a weight of incongruous dainties, luxury follows luxury and surprise surprise, every corner of the empire is ransacked for a new wine or a new flavour; we are sated before the feast is half over and think ourselves fortunate if we escape with our digestions

unimpaired. There can be no doubt about the wealth ; it cries out to us from every corner, it dazzles us from every piece of plate, it overwhelms us with a hundred marks of lavishness and profusion. And yet when all is done we are at some pains to express our gratitude : we should have been better off with plainer living and higher thinking, with a less urgent host and a less bewildering display.

Now richness and volume of sound are in themselves admirable, and Dr. Strauss often uses them to admirable effect. There are pages in 'Heldenleben,' in 'Don Juan,' in 'Tod und Verklärung' which fill our hearing to the brim with beautiful and recondite tone, and which, if they had been used as points of sensuous or emotional climax, would have triumphantly achieved their aim. But these are precisely the passages on which his lowest light is cast : they are the points of repose, and the climax is too often reserved for splashes of colour which only startle, or for outbursts of sheer noise which only offend. To say that these are determined by the exigencies of a 'poetic' content is not a sufficient answer ; it explains them, but it does not justify them. For in the first place the function of music is to beautify and idealize ; and not everything can be expressed in terms of beauty, but only those aspects of life and nature which are capable of idealization. In the second place, apart from any question of representative expression, these devices are among the easiest and most obvious that a musician can employ ; as pure technique they belong to a lower level of skill than firm outline and harmonious arrangement. Anyone can be impressive ; anyone can surprise and startle and shock ; you have but to bid your violins play a quarter of a note sharp to secure the most poignant effect of pain ; you have but to introduce into your orchestra the siren and the steam-whistle to arouse the attention of the most apathetic audience. And in the third place all waste is inartistic ; one of the essential characteristics of the master is economy and reserve of power. It has been urged against an eminent English novelist that he 'always writes at the top of his voice, and shouts so loud that we cannot hear what he says' ; there are many pages of Strauss' music which lay themselves open to the same criticism. The battle-scene in 'Heldenleben' is indeed 'with confused 'noise' ; the storms of 'Also sprach Zarathustra' beat upon our heads like hurricanes : in 'Till Eulenspiegel,' in 'Don 'Quixote,' even in the 'Domestic Symphony' we often struggle amid such deep waters that we would catch at the most jagged discord for safety.

And, what is more serious, the issues are not worth the coil that is raised about them. The accusation of noise is in itself

of little account; it was brought successively against Beethoven and Wagner, yet to Wagner's orchestration we have long grown accustomed, and Beethoven's, we are told, is too faint for modern requirements. The really vital point is that Dr. Strauss has transferred the centre of gravity from the end to the means. Of all important composers he is the poorest in thematic invention: his melodies, even that in 'Don Juan,' are not of the first order; the characteristic phrases which serve him for *dramatis personæ* are hardly ever adequate to sustain their parts. The result is that he throws the whole of his immense ability into the treatment of themes that cannot properly respond; he heaps up accessories, he covers the stage with furniture, he attempts to supersede plot and character with gorgeous pageantry and with elaborate costume. At every moment our senses are stunned or pampered or stimulated by some explosive device or some voluptuous display; if all else fails he will turn his tragedy to melodrama and his comedy to harlequinade. No doubt his accessories are often very striking: there are forests full of lions and gardens full of peacocks; there are gladiatorial shows and processions of royal state; but the one thing of which we take away no clear impression is the play itself.

All this bears the clear impress of a decadent and sophisticated art. It is the manner, not of Rome and Athens, but of Byzantium and Alexandria; its passion is luxurious, its humour undignified, its workmanship self-conscious and overwrought. It can excite, it can intoxicate, it can dazzle us with coruscations of brilliance and set us tingling with a pleasure that is sometimes very near to pain, but it leaves out of account all the nobler side of human nature; the tenderness that is too deep for tears, the chivalry that is too high to threaten, the indwelling spiritual power with which all great music has held communion. We are in no way concerned with its relation to other forms or methods; art has room for all forms, for all methods, for all languages that can be touched to fine issues. But we are concerned with the essential difference between the love which purifies emotion and the unbridled appetite which degrades it. 'A poem,' said Shelley, 'is the very image of life expressed in its eternal truth.' There is no vision of the eternal in this reckless indulgence which lives upon excess and will die of surfeit.

Meanwhile there has been arising in Eastern Europe a school of composition which was destined to infuse the art with new blood and new vitality. Its founder, Balakirev, came to St. Petersburg at the time when Glinka's career was approaching its end; preached the gospel of nationalism with the fervour of a young enthusiast; and soon gathered round him the re-

markable group of artists who called themselves the 'Neo-'Russian Innovators'—Cui, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, and Borodine, the greatest of them all. They began with a systematic study of the Classics from Bach and Handel onward, they collected folk-songs, they debated ideals, they set themselves in single-hearted earnest to establish a native music on a native foundation. In opera they followed the lead of Dargomijsky, whose 'Festin de Pierre' had definitely broken away from the old lyric conventions; in symphony and quartet and song they widened the structural forms and filled them with the picturesque and racy vernacular of the Russian speech. Like all reformers, they met at first with an opposition which they took no pains to conciliate; but little by little their cause prevailed and the circle widened until it reached even the conservatism of Glazounov and the cosmopolitanism of Tchaikovsky. The result of their work has been to develop a music of the highest interest and importance; a music which, we may say advisedly, is not unworthy to rank beside the great names of Russian literature. It has shown itself remarkably divergent in style and mood: saturnine with Moussorgsky, visionary with Rimsky-Korsakov, with Borodine eager, imaginative and romantic; but through all divergencies it reflects, in greater or less degree, the sensitive and impressionable character of its people. Among its principal masters Tchaikovsky is, perhaps, the least central and the least representative; the want of personal force which enfeebled his life renders his music liable to external influences, and allows it sometimes, from very weariness of invention, to sink into triviality and commonplace. But Tchaikovsky, though the most unequal among great composers, reaches at his best an extraordinarily high level of beauty; the first movement of the fifth symphony and the march movement of the sixth are gifts the value of which is beyond dispute; and it is precisely in such numbers as these that he is most characteristic and most national. Of the other men it is more difficult to speak, for opportunities of hearing their work are infrequent and some of it is written in an idiom unfamiliar to Western ears. But there can be no doubt that in Borodine Russia has produced a genius of the first order. The chemistry-professor, who joined Balakirev in 1862, equipped with 'a fair proficiency on the violoncello and a great admiration 'for Mendelssohn's chamber-music,' became a national poet by whose melodies the whole achievement of the art has been enriched. He wrote slowly and irregularly, amid the intervals of a scientific occupation; he left barely a dozen completed scores when, in 1887, his career was cut short by a premature

death ; no musician has ever claimed immortality with so slender an offering. Yet, if there be, indeed, immortalities in music, his claim is incontestable. His symphony in E flat major and his opera of ' Prince Igor ' are masterpieces which the world can never afford to forget ; every page is spontaneous, every thought is noble, every incident is alive with the spirit of youth and adventure.

The stimulus which a nationalist revival has afforded to Russian music is the best of auguries for the further progress and developement of our own. During the period here under discussion we have been passing through the same phase. When Sullivan came back from Leipsic in 1861 we were at the lowest ebb of artistic reputation to which our country has ever sunk ; we were, as Carlyle said, ' a dumb people . . . for Mozart nothing but a Mr. Bishop,' and our sole function was to pay our Continental neighbours for puzzling us with problems which we did not understand. The production of the ' Tempest ' music in 1862, followed a few months later by Bennett's ' Paradise and the ' Peri ' overture, aroused some hope that a new era had begun ; but neither Bennett nor Sullivan was strong enough to lead the advance. Bennett's delicate and refined talent did much to purify the air, but it so feared vulgarity that it shrank from manliness ; Sullivan, after a few unsuccessful essays in the larger forms, devoted the best of his melody and humour to the byways of light opera, and his ' Golden Legend ' signally confirms the wisdom of his choice. He was not capable of great ideas or of a great style ; his strength lay in suppleness, in dexterity of hand, in a natural gift of jest and epigram. His most characteristic work is as good-tempered and diverting as a play of Sheridan ; it skims lightly over the surface of things, it is witty and alert and fanciful, and we are but ungrateful critics if we complain of its limitations.

It was about twenty years later that our nationalist movement took definite shape. In 1880 Parry's ' Prometheus ' was given at Gloucester, in 1882 Stanford's ' Elegiac Symphony ' was given at Cambridge, and from thenceforward we have never turned back. The advance has been slow and difficult, for no nation ever had so much to unlearn ; it has been checked by apathy, it has been hampered by impatience, it has been depreciated by that mock-humility in which our pride so frequently masquerades. But in spite of all obstacles and opposition it has won its way. No one can possibly compare the England of the present time with the England of the seventies and doubt that our whole attitude towards music has changed ; we are no longer content with pale copies of German or Italian models, we are

no longer content with trivial themes and perfunctory workmanship, we have emancipated our native thought, we have rediscovered our native speech, we are beginning once more to resume the place which ever since the seventeenth century, we had forfeited by our carelessness and indifference. We have not yet attained our end; there is still much to be done before we have finally passed beyond the old errors and prescriptions and have emerged into the open field. But a younger generation is arising, full of talent and promise and enthusiasm; the way lies direct before it, and to its hands the future may safely be entrusted.

The compositions of Parry and Stanford offer an interesting foil and contrast to one another. Parry touches the deeper note; his prevalent mood is one of serious earnest. In the earlier days of his career, in the days of 'Prometheus,' of 'St. 'Cecilia,' of the 'Lotus Eaters,' he allowed free play to his sense of colour and romance; in his later writing he has grown reserved, reticent, almost ascetic, deliberately minimising the appeal to the senses, concentrating his whole force on the intimate expression of religious or philosophic truth. Now and again, in holiday trim, he will set a comedy of Aristophanes and banter, through a few brilliant pages, the sensationalism against which his whole art is a protest; his real message is to reaffirm, in phrase so simple that we may sometimes miss its purport, the awe and mystery which surround the confines of human life. Toward this ideal he has been gradually making his way, accepting first the conventional forms of the oratorio, which not even his genius could revive, and then replacing them by the freer method of ode and cantata which he has chosen for his medium in recent years. And throughout his work he employs an idiom of pure English as distinctly national as that of Purcell himself. He is the spokesman of all that is best in our age and country, its dignity, its manhood, its reverence; in his music the spirit of Milton and Wordsworth may find its counterpart. Stanford's work, on the other hand, is quicker-witted, more skilful, more picturesque; it has less of the prophet, but it has more of the artist. It is filled with the very temper of the Irish folk-songs, their poetry, their humour, their extraordinary beauty of sound. A master of technique, he makes his effects with unerring certainty; his orchestra is a delight to the ear, his songs are vocal, expressive, and often fascinating. But he does not penetrate to the centre, he does not drive to the roots: he stirs us to the emotion of an April day with its counterchange of sun and shower, all charming, all exquisite, and all transitory. There is nothing in his music so moving as the dirge from the 'Purcell'

Ode, or the first chorus of 'The Love that Casteth out Fear.' His place among great artists has been attained by other means: by a keen and alert invention, by graciousness of outline and colour, by a natural eloquence which, if not profound, is always interesting and persuasive.

Between these men and their successors of the younger generation there stands one remarkable figure whose influence on English music it must be left to the future to decide. Self-taught, self-centred, self-determined, Elgar may claim, more than any other English composer, that he has been 'his own ancestor.' His position is in some ways comparable with that of Berlioz at the beginning of the last century; there is something of the same audacity, of the same wayward brilliance, of the same desire to push musical expression across the verge of articulate speech. Indeed it is no paradox to say that 'Gerontius' offers many points of comparison with 'Faust'; the demons are different in language but not different in conception; the song of 'Praise to the Holiest' is better written than the 'Easter Hymn,' but it is almost as undevotional; the extraordinary skill of orchestration covers in the one case, as in the other, an occasional weakness of idea. And herein is the essential defect of Elgar's music, so far as it has hitherto appeared. Before the highest and noblest conceptions it invariably falters; it can express pain and weariness and impatience and revolt, it can be poignant and bitter and pathetic, and while it moves within this range it is always striking and often exceedingly beautiful. But as yet the large and serene joy of art is closed to it. In 'The Apostles' Judas is the central figure; the interest of the whole work gathers round his sneering commentary on the Beatitudes, his temptation, his treachery, his passion of remorse. It is a wonderful piece of characterization but it throws greater things into the background. And the same want of largeness and serenity often appears in the handling of the music; it is all broken up into little anxious 'motives,' which are not blended together but laid like tesseræ in a mosaic, each with its own colour and its own shape. No work of equal ability has ever displayed so little mellowness of tone.

He is much more successful in his purely orchestral writings. 'Cockaigne' is a vigorous and bustling picture of street-life; the 'Alassio' overture, though a little hard, is full of sparkle; the 'Enigma' variations are, in their kind, a masterpiece. Here his work is more genial, more evenly rounded, more melodious; he gives a greater impression of ease, he employs to fuller effect his extraordinary power of technical detail. But, if we may hazard a conjecture, we believe that despite his decade of reputation he has not yet found himself. His manner is still some-

what tentative and transitional ; it often moves with uncertain step, it often seems to be striving with a thought which it cannot attain. Already he has advanced far beyond the prentice-hand of 'King Olaf' and 'Caractacus' ; it may well be that the coming years will bring a deeper insight and a more mature experience.

Of the new generation it is here unfitting to speak ; *non res laudanda sed spes est.* Yet we can find reason for confidence in its talent, its earnestness of purpose, and not less in the wide range and variety of its experiments. Some of these we believe to be on the wrong lines, those in particular which are touched with conscious and exotic artifice, but they are all indications of activity, and in the clash of their conflicting counsels the truth will be established. The chief danger, no doubt, is that we come late into the field, that we are beginning where our neighbours have already achieved, and that some of us are still tempted to regard them not only as teachers but as models for our imitation. To do this is to ignore the qualities no less than the limitations of our national character. We have our own language to speak, we have our own message to deliver, we have our own ideals to maintain ; our leaders have arisen to point the road, and it is to them that the younger men will most profitably look for direction and guidance. Every great musician has learned something from foreign schools ; not one has ever been absorbed by them. The technical equipment of art is of the common interchange of human society ; the truth which it depicts is of the native inheritance of the artist.

Art. VI.—LITERARY CRITICISM, ESTHETIC AND PSYCHOLOGICAL.

1. *Etudes sur la Littérature contemporaine.* Par Edmond Scherer. Paris, 1863–1889. 9 vols.

2. *Essais de Psychologie contemporaine.* Paris, 1883. 1 vol.

   Nouveaux Essais de Psychologie contemporaine. Par Paul Bourget. Paris, 1885. 1 vol.

3. *Main Currents in Nineteenth-Century Literature.* 'The Emigrant Literature,' 'The Romantic School in Germany,' 'The Reaction in France,' 'Naturalism in England,' 'The Romantic School in France.' 'Young Germany.' By George Brandes. Heinemann: London, 1901–1905. 6 vols.

'Criticism,' Hazlitt wrote in his essay upon it,* 'is an art 'that undergoes a great variety of changes and aims 'at different objects at different times,' and contrasting the critical attitude of previous days when (with a show of courtesy and good manners) it was 'cursory, superficial and polite,' with newer modes, he drifts, after the manner of his contemporary essayists, into a desultory discussion of the 'modern 'and metaphysical method' coming into fashion.

Across the Channel, where criticism occupies a place in literature it has scarcely been awarded elsewhere, M. Scherer, writing forty years later, gives a concise sketch of the successive stages the art had passed through in his own country.†

'Aux comptes rendus exacts . . . avait succédé une manière moins sévère . . . on avait appris à amuser le lecteur, tout en le tenant au courant des ouvrages du jour. Celui qui, le premier, agrandit le genre, ce fut M. Villemain . . . [il] eut l'idée de faire entrer la littérature dans le cadre de l'histoire, de la mettre en rapport avec les institutions, les grands événements, le mouvement général des esprits . . . : M. Sainte-Beuve lui a ouvert une autre voie encore. Il a mis l'étude de l'homme dans l'étude des ouvrages de l'esprit humain ; . . . il s'est appliqué à signaler dans les livres l'empreinte à la fois du caractère individuel et des circonstances, les mille traces d'une humanité tout ensemble éternellement la même et éternellement diverse.'

* Table Talk, 1821–1822.

† Études Critiques sur la Littérature contemporaine. Art. 'Sainte-Beuve,' 1863.

Or, as Brandes, in a parallel eulogium of Sainte-Beuve, states the case :

'Sainte-Beuve found the author in his work, and behind the paper discovered the man. He taught his own generation and the generations to come that no book . . . can be understood before we have gained an understanding of the psychical conditions which produced it and formed an idea of the personality of the man who wrote it.' *

There was little in common but the name between the criticism of which Hazlitt wrote the epitaph and the incisive criticism inaugurated by Sainte-Beuve. Again, between Sainte-Beuve's criticism and the formally scientific criticism of a Taine a second gulf opened. Sainte-Beuve 'ne généralise guère.' † M. Taine reduces every fact to a formula.‡ The diversity is a necessary result of a pervading tendency to specialization. The ever widening of the field of enquiry compels each individual critic, in one sense to extend the horizons of investigation, in another to limit his particular point of view. He traverses, intellectually, spacious areas, but he must content himself with pursuing a single thread of analytic thought, with noting only one aspect of the many aspects presented to his view. The elder schools were concrete and inclined towards disjointed individualism, the new era inclined towards theoretical speculation. In Sainte-Beuve's encyclopædic scholarship he ranged from pole to pole, from clime to clime, from subject to subject, with an incredible suppleness, combined with an incredible exactitude, of mind. But he was destitute of abstract doctrine; beyond his ideal in art he treats each theme, primarily it may be for its human interest, yet essentially on its esthetic merit. Since then, passing from hand to hand, the art of criticism has steadily resolved itself into the two distinct camps. Esthetic criticism has severed itself more and more from unesthetic criticism, and it is a truism to say that criticism on books is now not, perforce, literary either in expression or in purpose. It became with Taine and his disciples a complex philosophic and scientific inquisition, retaining (as in Bourget's psychological studies of Flaubert, Baudelaire, Stendhal §) a strong tinge of individualism, and a vivid personal note, or, as in George

* Vol. v. chap. xxxi. † Scherer, 'Études,' vol. vi.

‡ Bourget, Essais, 1ère série. Article on Taine (where the two critics are contrasted).

§ Of Bourget's article on Stendhal Scherer wrote (1882), ['l'article] réproduit la manière de penser et d'écrire de M. Taine avec une exactitude surprenante.' Études, vol. viii.

Brandes (the bulk of whose studies are dated in the seventies) it proceeded on broader lines, with, for ultimate goal, the psychology not of this author or that, but of non-individual human nature.

The tendency has eliminated some of the most marked elements of primitive methods. The criticism (which bears a close semblance to a casual and spontaneous instinct) of appreciative sympathy is in abeyance. No one before or after Charles Lamb—to revert again to an elder age—can be cited who more completely illustrates the emotional ideal. Lamb discriminates with his heart, appraises the worth of all things with his affections, and, by virtue of his singular charm, casts a spell over our mind, our imagination, our emotions : he sets them in tune with the thoughts, fantasies and passions depicted on the pages annotated by him with marginal commentaries of censure and applause. In terms of a fraternal co-enthusiast Mr. Swinburne recognizes this radical quality of inspiration in Lamb's genius.*

> ' Whenever the name of the poet Ford comes back to us, it comes back splendid with the light of another man's genius. The fiery panegyric of Charles Lamb is as an aureole behind it. That high-pitched note of critical and spiritual enthusiasm exalts even to disturbance our own sense of admiration. . . . Certainly, on the one hand we see that the spirit of the critic has been kindled to excess by contact and apprehension of the poet's, as certainly we see the necessary excellence of that which would so affect and attach the spirit of another man, and of such a man as Lamb.'

Lamb's criticism is reason dormant, sympathy incarnate ; and he is so possessed and governed by what Scherer christens the literary temperament, that his judgements come with the force not of intellectual reflections but of irresistible intuitions. Every sentiment of his authors is imaged in the mirror of his emotional response, and in the response we read the tenour and the vigour of the appeal. When the brothers in Tourneur's tragedy arraign their guilty mother,† his criticism is simply to tell us *how* (never does he tell us *why*) the scene affects him : ' I never read it but my ears tingle and I feel a hot blush over-' spread my cheek.' When another old playwright moves him, he communicates the ' exquisiteness of moral sensibility ' the work evokes, with the statement that, reading, he shed uncontrollable tears. Through the medium of his ultra-sensitive nerves we become conscious of effects our duller intelligence would never have discerned. Theories, systems, formulas,

* Essays and Studies (' John Ford '), 1875.

† ' The Revenger's Tragedy,' by Cyril Tourneur. Quoted in Lamb's ' Specimens of English Dramatic Poets.'

broad considerations of the solidarity of intellectual, imaginative, and actual life, engrossing to moderns, to Scherer as to Bourget, to Bourget as to Brandes, are to him considerations of so little moment as to be practically of none. What does not stir him to tears, to blushes, to anger or rejoicing, is nil; he passes it by without a side glance. His essays in criticism—in their narrow perfection—remain literally exclamations, conveying, by force of contagion, a fraction of his mental excitement to his readers.

Lamb, it is true, excels in a school where super-excellence alone is permissible. Apart from some rare and triumphant masterpieces, the obtrusion of the critic's individuality is apt to wear the guise of a pedantry of simplicity, of a mere affectation of egoistic spontaneity. Flaubert's severely extravagant dictum, 'tout œuvre est condamnable où l'auteur se laisse 'deviner,' if applied to criticism, is justifiable. And while it is obvious that personal impressions must colour and give vitality to all opinions, mould judgements and qualify valuations, 'chacun de nous aperçoit non pas l'univers mais son univers,' * (and only so much of it as his temperament allows him to assimilate,) it would seem a finer art—though genius infringes all rules with impunity—when, as Scherer wrote of his ideal man of letters, it may be said of the critic that 'il disparaît si bien 'derrière son sujet.'

The root-principle of sympathy, in another manifestation, was the basis of Saint-Beuve's avowed method.† True, where Charles Lamb instinctively identified himself with the passions and sentiments of the fictitious personages created by his authors, the great Frenchman identified himself of set purpose with the authors, 'En écrivant . . . j'avais songé avant tout 'à me placer au point de vue de cet auteur [he is writing of a 'special instance] . . . Je m'étais, pour le moment, transporté 'avec lui dans son monde . . . et je m'étais comme transformé 'en lui. Ç"a été volontiers de tout temps mon habitude et ma 'méthode de critique.' Lamb's sympathy was involuntary, naïve; Sainte-Beuve's was an act of imagination dictated by the will, but for both the fountain-head of right understanding lay indisputably in an affinity of feeling between critic and author, in a temporary unison of thought with thought, soul with soul, in a temporary obliteration of self. And as with

* Bourget.

† Brandes' appreciation of Sainte-Beuve (vol. v. chaps. xxix–xxxi) dwells rather on the scientific direction of his criticism than on its sympathetic perceptiveness. It should be compared with Scherer's various studies of Sainte-Beuve.

Lamb so also with Sainte-Beuve, this supreme gift of sympathetic apprehension was allied with the keenest imaginable appreciation of all those qualities of literary art, style, form, diction and construction, without which writing ceases to be an art. The book, not what the book was about, was his preoccupation. 'On ne verra plus d'écrivains s'occupant uniquement des choses 'de l'esprit et de les dire avec grâce et avec goût,' M. Scherer says regretfully; and although this is a statement M. Scherer might himself have qualified, undoubtedly the art of criticism was destined to arrive at the cross-roads of the highway's parting where the esthetic critic would announce the principles of the esthetic method with all the fervency of an apostle of a disputed doctrine, where the unesthetic critic would plead the claims of science, and register his endeavour to disengage the human, moral, psychological and historical interest from the intricate web of literary art, with all the self-conscious superiority of the man of progress.

Thus we find Mr. Swinburne stating the case for estheticism with the vigour of a devotee whose shrine is menaced with profanation. No one has confessed the creed of the hackneyed formula, 'art for art's sake,' with more logical vehemence than this last of the great Romantics; nor has any man pointed out more energetically the correlative truth that criticism of art must rest upon the plane of art; that is to say, on the plane of the object criticised. 'No work of art has any worth or life 'in it that is not done on the absolute terms of art; that is 'not before all things and above all things a work of positive 'excellence as judged by the laws of the special art to whose 'laws it is amenable.' In this 'judgement of the laws of art' the poet has stated what constitutes the canon of the true esthetic critic, whose code acknowledges, and can logically acknowledge, no secondary aspects as constituting claims to recognition. Morality is, admittedly, judged by moral standards; science by scientific. The judgement of literary worth is conditioned solely by the laws of literary expression.

The emotional English poet here joins hands with the calm French intellectualist. Their tastes may differ—and do—their principles in this accord. For M. Scherer also no side issues are of any account. The art of literature—literature as distinct from what is dismissed as *écriture* if not as *écrivasserie*, is on a level far removed from the daily prose of common things. It exacts the choice of epithets, the search for the correct word, the word belonging to its own language, the word not shod but winged. Intellect, education, the sense of colour, form, pictorial association, the sense of sound, must all co-

ordinate to the general effect. Except where the writer complies with these conditions, 'ce n'est pas écrire, c'est chiffrer.' Art may catch its tint from the banner under which the artist serves; the form be in some sort determined by the idea contained. Artists are human; Hugo will write the 'Châtiments,' Dante a Divine Comedy. But the politics of the one, the theological convictions of the other are incidental factors, and their doctrines, social or religious, concern in no way the estimate of their poetic achievements. To confuse the merit of the matter of the art and the art is as illogical as to confuse the architectural merit of the temple with the utilitarian merits of the religion.

The position is, theoretically, so unassailable that its defence seems superfluous. Notwithstanding for the most part in England, and according to M. Bourget in France ('dans aucune 'des grandes nations d'Europe rencontrerez-vous une indifférence 'pour la littérature contemporaine égale à celle que notre classe 'moyenne manifeste'*) majorities interest themselves more in these side issues of art than in art itself. Consequently popular criticism deserts more and more the esthetic ideal, as (for example) it existed in Mr. Swinburne's article on D. G. Rossetti. Here there is not one line that does not bear immediately upon the poetical values of the text. The pity of it in 'Jenny,' the religion of it in 'Ave,' the mystery of soul and body in the 'House 'of Life,' are touched on only as the colour of the wine staining the wrought crystal of the perfectly shaped cup. The critic's whole endeavour is the elucidation of the author's mastery over the technical difficulties lying at the root of his, as of every other, art; of his utilization of all resources proper to his art: the sound and suggestion, and pictorialism, of words, the rhythm and cadence of sentences; of his skill in moulding his language to arrest attention, accentuate emotion or awaken sympathetic response. These qualities are of minor consideration to the modern school. The relation of literature to life, to life's truths and actualities—the relation of the book to what the writer writes about, or to his unwritten thoughts and feelings, absorb attention. Criticism reformed resolves itself into valuations of opinions and statements, trials of the claims of a Tolstoy or a Gorki or a Zola, to depict human nature, human surroundings and social problems. The book becomes a mere piece of documentary evidence. To pass sentence on the craftsmanship, so long as the evidence is given with fluency and precision, is left to the scholarship of the few.

* Art. Flaubert, 1ère série.

Between criticism based solely on the laws of art and the criticism where, in M. Scherer's phrase, 'la littérature devient 'une branche de la philosophie,' as also between the acute personal note of the one and the impersonal group-methods of the scientific observer, there have been and are many intermediate stages; likewise many masters who have recognized that the loss to literary apprehension may exceed the gain to human science, if each critic retire too rigidly within specialized bounds. The elder school has survived the birth of the new. Men of the literary calibre of a Scherer, who in 1885 speaks of himself as writing for a generation which has already taken the place of his own,* or of a Bourget, whose rising talents Scherer applauds in 1882,† are incapable of writing a page which does not contain implicitly a literary appreciation, though Scherer has discarded almost every tinge of sympathetic understanding—and may stand as the example of pure intellectual perception—and though Bourget formally disclaims, in one sense, the critic's *rôle*:

'le lecteur . . . ne trouvera pas dans ces pages, consacrées pourtant à l'œuvre littéraire de cinq écrivains célèbres, ce que l'on peut proprement appeler de la critique. Les procédés d'art n'y sont analysés, qu'autant qu'ils sont des *signes*, la personalité des auteurs n'y est qu'à peine indiquée. . . . Mon ambition a été de rédiger quelques notes capables de servir à l'historien de la Vie Morale.' ‡

But both Bourget and Scherer, howsoever they may severally define their theoretical outlook, are endowed, ineffaceably, with the literary temperament. Scherer (now too little read), without imagination or emotion, is voluntarily and dominantly apprehensive of every finest quality of literary art. Bourget, in spite of his self-imposed limitation, conveys to his readers an equal sense of the artistic worth of each author whose work he reviews. Scherer, it is true, with the precision, sanity and refinement characteristic of his mind and manner, discusses many questions outside the region of estheticism.§ He passes sentence on multitudinous authors of divided views, he enters the debateable land of Renan's researches with the same impartial courtesy that pervades his notice of the Lamennais controversy.

* Études, Préface, vol. viii.

† '[Les] articles de critique de M. Paul Bourget, . . . m'ont prouvé deux choses : la première, c'est que l'auteur est un homme de promesse, de talent même. . . .' (Études, vol. viii.)

‡ Essais, 1ère série.

§ His volumes of Études contain much which is not literary criticism in any acceptation of the term.

Poets, novelists (his studies of George Eliot * are interesting examples); essayists, controversialists, biographers, historians (his article on Michelet is a brilliant masterpiece of descriptive appreciation), are all dealt with, both from the standpoint of art and from the standpoints art ignores. The seal of his mind, cool, tolerant, scholarly, semi-philosophic, but above all academic, is on every page, and disconnected each from each as are the innumerable Études, his attitude with regard to his office as 'critique journaliste' is throughout consistent. He prefaces one volume with the assertion that in it 'je ne trouve pas la plus 'petite doctrine à dégager.'† Nevertheless, disowning dogmatism, he, like other men, whether their faith be affirmative or negative, inherits a creed, an esthetic creed, admitting no laxity of observance. His literary conscience is that of a recording angel, it betrays itself in season and out of season. His decalogue, his sacred scriptures, his Vatican, are the canon and traditions of the French language; he is an implacable devotee of correct diction and a fanatic of classic usages.

Moreover, he has not left us in doubt as to his conception of an ideal. He evolved, if he did not adopt, the plan of a new *genre*.‡ So far as passed or passing systems were concerned he pronounced them inadequate to satisfy the requirements of upspringing science.

'La théorie des milieux a décidément échoué, parce qu'elle ne nous donne que ce qu'il y a de plus général, de plus abstrait dans la littérature, c'est à dire ce qu'il y a de plus étranger à la littérature même. La critique a été mieux inspirée et a mieux réussi à faire comprendre et goûter l'œuvre littéraire lorsqu'elle en a cherché le secret dans la personne de l'auteur, dans les circonstances de sa vie, dans les particularités de son éducation, dans l'analyse, en un mot, de son caractère et dans le récit de ses destinées.'

Recent innovators have attempted much, nevertheless one thing is lacking, 'l'enchaînement des faits littéraires, le senti-'ment de développement auquel concourent tous ces efforts 'des artistes et de l'art.'

The assertion is a milestone marking how far modern criticism had proceeded upon its track. The scientific note has grown clear, the pioneer demand, though immature, has been made for concentration of enquiry. The non-esthetic conditions

* Études Critiques, and Études sur la Litt. contemporaine, vols. v. and viii. Scherer notified in 1885 his substantial agreement with Lord Acton's estimation of George Eliot as the most considerable literary personality since the death of Goethe.

† Études Critiques. ‡ Vol. iv., art. Balzac.

determining esthetic growths, no less than the influence of book on book, author on author, have become objects of investigation.

'Tout le monde sait qu'il y a aujourd'hui [1864] deux écoles de critique, l'ancienne et la nouvelle. L'ancienne se plaît, dans un écrit, à voir le talent qui s'y déploie, et dans ce talent une source de jouissance littéraire. . . . Il en est autrement aujourd'hui. . . . Il ne s'agit plus de goûter, mais de comprendre.' *

For M. Scherer himself, however, literary merit is of paramount importance. He strays from the strict treatment of art as art only instinctively to revert to it. In his essay on Balzac, 'as an intellectual phenomenon,' he may take occasion to interpolate a disquisition on the functions of criticism and to present us with a miniature treatise on historical sequence illustrated by the progressive stages of novel-writing as it passed from fiction of simple narrative, event and adventure ['Monte 'Cristo'] to narrative supplemented by description ['Peau de 'Chagrin']; as again the *roman d'amour* supplanted situations of action by those of sentiment; and as finally fiction of individual character, whose embryo lay in emotional romance, emerged, and emerging enlarged its borders, accentuating characters individual into character-types, and becoming, in Balzac's powerful fashioning, 'le roman de mœurs.' Yet, summing up his verdict, the esthetic judge, not the literary historian, has the last word. So, too, he is ready to weigh with a steady hand, in his article on 'Les Préfaces de M. A. Dumas Fils,' the effects of doctrine upon the art of polemic writers. The dramatist has laden his pen with a moral intention, and be it observed that, while for Bourget the psychologist, Dumas as Moralist is invested with special interest,† for Scherer Dumas as artist has sinned against the critic's code of *l'égoisme esthétique*, and Scherer admits no divided service, no latitude and no license of dual aims:

'Je comprends les rigoristes . . . qui proscrivent les arts; je ne comprends pas ceux qui veulent leur assigner un autre but que le beau. Il y a des arts utiles: mais c'est l'industrie. Je regarde la morale comme ce qu'il y a de plus élévé et de plus important dans la société. Je regarde les maux que M. Dumas a peintes . . . comme une plaie qu'il importe au plus haut point de guérir;'

but he goes on to demonstrate the impotence of art as a remedy or a palliative. Art submitting to the dictation of philanthropy

* Scherer, Études, vol. iii.

† Bourget, Essais, 2me série. Art. Dumas fils.

loses, in misappliance, its power, and the gold wherewith it would gild the pill tarnishes in the use. Art, he allows, may have an influence, it must never have an aim.

'Et pourquoi cela ? Qu'y a-t-il donc dans l'art qui exclue ainsi l'intention didactique ? Franchement je n'en sais rien. . . . Le public ne se rend pas bien compte de ce qui s'est passé, mais il sent tout d'abord le présence de cet élément étranger. Et remarquez que je ne parle pas seulement de la préoccupation morale . . . l'art ne peut pas plus impunément être école d'immoralité que de moralité.'

The passage illustrates M. Scherer's mental proclivities, for when we have followed the train of argument to the end it is impossible not to indulge a secret suspicion that had M. Dumas refrained from the employment of 'cette triste langue des 'affaires que je regrette de trouver sous sa plume,' the classical purist would have shown greater lenity for the truant playwright's misreadings of the vocation of art.

In his treatment of Baudelaire, again Scherer's leaning is to the esthetic standard, Bourget's to psychological analysis. To Bourget Baudelaire embodies three phases of 'la Vie 'Morale.' The poet is three distinct men : a mystic (according to Bourget's interpretation of the term); a libertine; a scientifically introspective analyst of the sensations in which he steeps his exhausted nerves. In this threefold unity, he is the outcome of the most modern state of *l'âme humaine* and an agent (an *agent provocateur*, one might add)* in the spiritual changes he represents. His style, his vocabulary, corresponds to that moral crisis known as decadence; 'par tempéra-'ment et par rhétorique Charles Baudelaire fait flotter un vague 'halo d'étrangeté autour de ces poèmes, convaincu . . . qu'il 'n'est de beauté qu'un peu singulière et que l'étonnement est la 'condition du sortilège poétique.' In Scherer's essay it is difficult to divine whether the manner or the matter of those same poems is more offensive to his taste. Philosopher though he be, his serenity is ruffled at the least suspicion of linguistic licence, and here he denounces the defaulter with an unaccustomed vehemence. 'Baudelaire, lui, n'a rien, ni le cœur, ni l'esprit, 'ni l'idée, ni le mot, ni la raison, ni la fantaisie, ni la verve, ni 'même la facture . . . Son unique titre c'est d'avoir contribué 'à créer l'esthétique de la débauche.' Baudelaire is the rank weed of the garden; a miscreant of the pen who has germinated

* Scherer ('Études,' vol. viii. 'Baudelaire et le Baudelairisme'), speaking of Paul Bourget as poet, writes, 'Je me suis dit que sa poésie pouvait procéder de Baudelaire.'

and taken root where once the genius of romanticism blossomed ; and the ' mauvais argot des gazettes ' employed by a writer whose pose was above all that of a stylist, crowns the misdeeds of the author of ' Les Fleurs du Mal.'

Was this *mauvais argot* the poet's chief offence, one questions, as one reads the concluding sentence of the same critic's censure of Flaubert's ' L'Education sentimentale ' ? It is a sentence which must, to the author, have fully compensated for the preceding strictures, while for the reader it sums up the root-principle of all M. Scherer's critical work and relegates him decisively to his place as the master-critic of intellectual, esthetic appreciation. ' J'ai dit franchement, rudement peut-être quels ' sont les défauts du livre de M. Flaubert,' but—the novel remains,

' acte d'écrivain. . . . Il ne puise pas sa langue dans le ruisseau fangeux du journal. On sent chez lui le souci de la ligne, le sentiment de la couleur, le besoin de la lumière. C'est quelque chose, c'est beaucoup. Prenez garde : pour peu que vous me pressiez, je dirai que c'est tout.'

Bearing this incontrovertibly esthetic attitude in mind, it is easy to see why the method of Scherer's great compatriot, Taine, fails to satisfy Scherer's sense of the importance of esthetic valuations in criticism. Taine has, he allows, attempted that desired ' enchaînement des faits ' the past had ignored, and combined it with philosophic contemplation of the various conditions governing literary art. Taine's method (discussed at length by Scherer * and by Bourget †) is the science of criticism unleashed and at large. The point at issue is not the truth or fallacy of the arguments or hypotheses on which the historian of literature has based his conclusions (although Scherer detects flaws in both). What concerns us is that Taine, in the opinion of his fellow-critics, has vowed allegiance—dedicated the service of his great gifts—to the cause of science. Bourget defines his position, contrasting it with that of Sainte-Beuve, in a study where, adopting Taine's own method, he makes of Taine himself a ' formula.'

' M. Taine ne saurait être appelé très justement un critique, bien qu'il ait donné des essais de premier ordre. . . . . Il suffit de comparer ces pages [on Balzac and Saint-Simon] à celles que Sainte-Beuve a écrites sur les mêmes sujets, pour constater la différence entre les procédés d'anatomie psychologique d'un chercheur qui voit dans la littérature un signe, et la méthode propre-

* Études, vol. iv. † Essais, 1ère série.

ment critique d'un juge au regard duquel la production littéraire est un fait souverainement intéressant par lui-même.'

Scherer epitomizes his sentiment in a note of exclamation, 'M. Taine . . . offre la très rare alliance d'un penseur et d'un 'artiste . . . le malheur veut qu'ils ne s'entendent pas toujours 'et que l'un fasse parfois quelque tort à l'autre. Chose étrange ! '(C'est la préoccupation scientifique . . . qui l'emporte chez M. Taine.' *

The old order is reversed. The esthetic element of criticism is not only minimized, it is subordinated to the unesthetic. Artistic excellence scarcely enhances, its absence scarcely detracts from, the intrinsic value of a book, be that book fiction, poetry, or drama. The book has become a mere piece of evidence, useful, in the same sense that a parish register is useful, for statistical studies of facts it is the function of science to classify and annotate. In this region where the psychologist supplants the esthetic critic, George Brandes carries farther than M. Bourget the principles of innovation and revolution. He has conclusively renounced the divinations of sympathy. The system of emotional personal response is equally alien to his nature. The intellectual appreciation of Scherer is not part of his plan, and if he approaches here and there the individualist interpretations of M. Bourget, it is not by virtue of M. Bourget's imaginative perception of human enigmas as an inseparable content of the forms of art ('Les faits de rhétorique sont aussi 'des faits de psychologie, tant les théories d'art se mêlent 'intimement à la personne, et la façon d'écrire à la façon de 'sentir' †); the standards and formulas of estheticism have no place in the six volumes of essays, where he dissects and analyses the Main Currents of Nineteenth-century Literature. His mind is concentrated, to the exclusion of all else, on the light thrown by literature upon certain moral and mental growths peculiar to a given period of European history. He defines his position clearly. Incidentally he may dwell on the beauty of some given quotation or pause to indicate the charm of a byway, but he has laid down a Roman road for his feet to tread and seldom indeed does he allow the Will o' the Wisp of esthetic wildfires to divert him from the path. His intention—over and over again

* In a later criticism of Taine's 'History of English Literature,' Scherer does fuller justice to Taine's esthetic qualifications: 'L'auteur a apporté à l'étude de son sujet des préoccupations systématiques impérieuses, heureusement qu'il a apporté aussi . . . le sentiment des beautés littéraires.' Études, vol. vi.

† Essais, 1883, art. Flaubert.

he reiterates the statement—is to generalize, to treat each individual book and author in group-fashion; to regard each group merely as the expression of the direction of thought-currents. With Taine criticism became a philosophy; with Bourget, himself an artist as well as an analyst, it became a psychological study—conveying perhaps *malgré lui* an esthetic appreciation—of some few individual authors. With Brandes it became a history of psychological phases expressed in transitions of ideals, in fluctuations of moral, emotional and theological creeds. His mission 'is not to touch his readers but to 'throw light on his subject.' * Books are the pulses by which the scientist may interpret conditions of human life, thought and sentiment; every book is, for him, a fragment of an organic whole.† This science of literature is his province, all else is subsidiary.

'In surveying such a large group of intellectual productions we naturally look upon them in the first instance as being, taken generally, a series of documents which inform us how the people of that country and that time thought and felt, what [were] their hopes, their wishes . . . finally what their task was—that is to say, in what manner an author required to work who wished to be read. . . . Our curiosity on these pointsbeing satisfied, then next, involuntarily, arises the question of the actual value of the literature.' ‡

Each book, he concedes, may convey some portion of the writer's idiosyncrasies, but to him it is only worthy of attention as an episode in the general developement, as an incident in the record of intellectual stages, as a testimony to contemporaneous activities, progressive, reactionary, or retrograde.

It must be remembered that the Studies, each under its own heading, contained in these six volumes are not, as Scherer's 'Études' are, disjointed and separate essays on different authors taken without sequence or connexion, nor as Bourget's individual sketches, psychological analyses of single, pre-eminent writers, *hommes-formules*. They are fractions of a consecutive thesis, each to some degree necessary to the understanding of all. § Every book reviewed, every author of every book, has an allotted place in the series, each is intended to contribute its quota towards the demonstration of Brandes' theories, and the whole, as a whole, is simply a general history of the evolution and developement of what Bourget denominates 'la Vie Morale,' during the first fifty years of the nineteenth century.

This ultimate purpose plain, it is essential to make some

* Vol. v. p. 38. † Intro. vol. i. ‡ Vol. vi. p. 34.
§ Conclusion, vol. vi. p. 409.

attempt on broad lines, first to grasp the main gist of the critic's scheme, and then to indicate his special modes of procedure. The scheme is logically conceived and executed with the thoroughness possible to a man who made, or seems to have made, the reading of books the occupation of a lifetime. Nor are books his sole study; it is part of his scheme—*l'enchaînement des faits* of Scherer—to place them on their background of passing occurrences, to set every idea in a framework of environing actualities. Without losing sight of his subject—literature—he keeps in view, and in our view, the contemporary political events, with all their varied watchwords, of those perturbed post-revolutionary days, so far as such events affected, or were affected by, the literature of the age. The two sections into which his work thus falls are constantly intermingled. One comprises summaries of situation, as in the chapters entitled 'The Revolution,' 'The Concordat,' * 'The Political Background': † situations representing abstract ideas embodied in political action. This section also comprises chapters dealing with abstract ideas in passive form, religious doctrines enunciated by dogmatic writers such as De Maistre and Bonald; philosophic doctrines (and in Germany philosophy envelopes literature) enunciated by Teutonic masters—Lessing, Herder, and the 'pioneers of romanticism'; ‡ by Schleiermacher, Hegel, and kindred teachers of world-wide renown.

It is, however, in Brandes' capacity as the non-esthetic critic of esthetic literature—in antithesis to theological, philosophical, and other non-esthetic writings—that the method may be viewed side by side with the methods of fellow-critics of his own and of other schools. To give an outline of his working principles is naturally only to offer a broad indication of rules constantly modified as this or that subject demanded a changed treatment. There are figures, as Heine's, also (according to Brandes' estimate) as Byron's, which seem to hold themselves self-assertively aloof from group-formulas. There are other figures, possibly of necessity, arbitrarily forced into a closer proximity one with another than their diversity of talent justifies (as the Lake poets). But more particularly in the three volumes dealing with France, and in that on the Romantic School in Germany, there would appear to be a fairly consistent mode of procedure. His practice is to select first those writers whom he regards as typically representative. 'I have only been able and have only desired, 'as a rule, to present the great typical figures in relief.' § The

* Vol. iii. † Vol. vi. ‡ Vol. ii.
§ Vol. v., Conclusion.

selection is made with very definite restrictions and very exigent requisitions. 'Dans l'arrière fond de toute belle œuvre littéraire 'se cache l'affirmation d'une grande vérité psychologique,' M. Bourget states. But the mere creator of esthetic beauty, as such, in no wise commands Brandes' attention.

'If an author does not penetrate to the essential in the human soul, to its deepest depth; if he has not dared, or has not been able to write his book regardless of consequences; if he has not ventured to represent his ideas in statuesque nakedness, has not imaged human nature as it showed itself to him, improving nothing and modifying nothing, but has taken counsel with his public, been guided by its prejudices, its ignorance, its untruthfulness, its vulgar or sentimental taste. . . for me he does not exist.' *

This is an extreme statement. Had all the authors who failed to fulfil the conditions here laid down been literally non-existent for Brandes, the residue might hardly have sufficed for the carrying out of his original plan in six volumes. But, more especially among the groups of German romantics, and later political poets, also among the English groups, where Campbell, Southey, and Moore have separate chapters, the critic has extended the franchise and allowed many weaker brethren—the timid, the worldling, the unveracious, and the courtesans of public opinion—to escape from the limbo of non-being. Practically, his list of authors includes a large number of those literary notabilities whom their own generation, and succeeding generations, have agreed to recognize as memorable.

Having chosen his typical authors, we are made aware that, in the earlier French sections, Chateaubriand, *le grand ennuyé*, dominates the scene; that, in England, where none but poets appear, Byron plays the most conspicuous part, for Byron, as with Taine so with Brandes, is paramountly *l'homme-formule*. 'Il lui fait litière,' as Scherer writes of Taine's Byronic enthusiasm,† 'de toutes les autres réputations. Un seul écrivain 'compte à ses yeux: Byron. Et pourquoi Byron? Parce-'que Byron personnifie quelque chose.' A large proportion of the volume entitled 'Young Germany' is dedicated to a detailed—in this case also an esthetic—criticism of Heine.

The claim to a pre-eminence of influence and genius implicitly rather than explicitly distributed, groups of less influential authors are formed, and considered in due order. A brief biographical statement introduces each author, elucidating his relationship to his surroundings—intellectual, social, political; and the connexion between his doctrines, opinions, and his

* Vol. v. chapter iii. † Études, vol. vi.

environment, elucidating also that other connexion, sometimes loosely, sometimes intimately linked, between the author's individuality, his personal idiosyncrasies, and his works—works where both the man and the man's epoch find expression.

Next, from these works (prose-fiction or verse), wherever the process is possible, he selects representative personages. These are frequently the semi-autobiographical personalities—portraits of themselves by the artists—in which authors of that day perfunctorily masked their egoism. Brandes has delineated a whole gallery: Chateaubriand's René; Obermann, in Sénancour's romance; Charles, in Nodier's; Adolphe, in Benjamin Constant's tragedy of inconstancy; Delphine, in Madame de Staël's tragedy of submission, with its motto inculcating the duty of man to defy, the duty of woman to resign herself to, social moral conventions; with these 'le grand éploré,' Lamartine's* Raphael, with his ethereal emotionalism; the Valérie of Madame de Krüdener, in whose career, prior to her conversion (as in Madame de Staël's), passions of the heart common to the vulgar herd rivalled energies of intellect; while among German character-studies, Tieck's William Lovel, the intellectual sensualist, whose ill deeds are parodies of the wrong-doings of the Don Juans of impulse, is subjected to minute scrutiny. The boundless selfishness, the extremity of self-consciousness, the habit amounting to a disease of introspection and culminating in the avowed endeavour of Jean-Paul's hero, Roquairol, 'to 'look on at myself looking on,' are enumerated as governing qualities in the psychological wave of reactionary and romantic tendencies.

Having selected first his author, then the work of the author, then the fictitious character most illustrative of the spirit animating both, Brandes proceeds to select from the sentiments regulating the conduct of those heroes and heroines what he dockets as the master-sentiments of their epoch. Among those he gives the chief place—scarcely that of honour—to the sentiments controlling men's attitude of thought towards love, towards religion, and towards social laws written and unwritten: that is to say, towards constituted authority and accepted moral law. Also he investigates the sentiment towards nature, originated in France by Rousseau, and exemplified in a very different fashion in the sentimental and philosophical appreciation by English poets of rural, agricultural,

* For the poles of critical standpoint compare Scherer, vol. xi., and Faguet (Études littéraires) upon Lamartine, with Brandes, vol. ii., chapter ix., and chapter x.

and village life (Lake poets); a sentiment likewise manifest in the passionate cult of elemental forces of wind and water and the ascription of transcendental raptures, and of phantasmal beauties to the Spirit of Earth (Shelley); likewise as evidenced in the cult of life under its innumerable incarnations, the cult of life sentient and insentient, in all its activities and its sufferings, shared by Shelley with Byron, and intimately connected with their espousal of the cause of humanity, with their apostleship of liberty, and with Byron's political partisanships.

All these elect sentiments Brandes focusses under a microscope. He catches sight of this or that moral quality in a man's book; he pursues it till he drives it to earth in the most secret recesses of an author's private life; he drags it from its lair, be it a weakness, a vice, or an emotional capacity, and he displays his quarry to public gaze. He balances each discovery, correlates the thoughts, feelings, and actions of the personages created by his authors with those of the multitude as well as with the thoughts and feelings by which the authors might seem themselves to have been actuated. He sets the fictitious action beside the real, the alleged motive beside the actual. Sifting his material with an extraordinary tenacity, returning upon his own footsteps again and again to review his accumulated data, he adjusts the scales to his satisfaction; then, having gradually eliminated all extraneous matter from the vast body of sentiment and emotion he has classified, the residue he accepts. It constitutes for him that nucleus of sentiment—unduly emphasised by disintegration and isolation—which he labels as the basis of mental energy, of imaginative conception, during those years of intellectual agitation and unrest—the first, second, third, and fourth decades of last century.

It is in the sections assigned to the reactionary schools of France (vol. iii.) and of Germany (vol. ii.) that the generality of readers will most readily grasp the critic's theory of psychological sequences in germination, maturity, and decay. In both volumes he has drawn a vigorous and vivid picture of what Scherer calls the *choc en retour* of Romanticism, the reaction against the doctrine of reason, as preached by Voltaire, in favour of the doctrine of feeling, as promulgated by Rousseau. He has described the revival in the works of Hoffmann, Tieck, Gautier, Hugo, even Balzac ('Peau de Chagrin,' 'Séraphita'), and Mérimée, of supernaturalism and fantasy; he has traced the tide of opposition to formalism, convention and established standards, whether social or ethical, and given some account of the emancipation of art, correlative with the emancipation of opinion, from the restraints and

limitations imposed by the effete traditions of the eighteenth century. He has recorded the protest raised against the ecclesiasticism of institutional religion, the attempted readjustment of the code of moral obligation in relationships between man and woman, and has pointed out in what manner the new school was, at one and the same moment, anarchical and revivalist. Voltaire had lifted his hand against the authority of dogmatic beliefs. The reactionist lifted his against the new infallibility of rationalistic materialism, against intellect erected into a second chair of Peter. The votaries of sentiment instinctively detected that the agencies which had dethroned the spiritual tyrannies of ecclesiastical creeds had substituted for the broken yoke a yet more galling thraldom, had erected a new Vatican and a new Bastille—the despotism of mind. So far as they denounced the usurpation they were revolutionists. They were revivalists in so much as their efforts were directed towards an artificial resuscitation of the past. These fanatics of passion and these idealists of the heart and the soul summoned, with Hugo, the genius of mediævalism from the dust; they revelled with Hoffmann and Tieck, with Gautier and Mérimée, in grotesque, fantastic, sometimes sombre and monstrous supernaturalisms, whose parallel in modern painting might be found in the art of Félicien Rops. They exalted the spirit of a legendary feudalism. The brutal and gross realities, evoked in crude horror by Michelet, were eliminated in the romances of Fouqué and in the poems and novels of Walter Scott. They endued the age of chivalry with the glamour and illusion wanting to contemporary life; moreover, many among them sought to assimilate the mysticism of Catholic asceticism; they adopted its phraseology, they wedded it, *à rebours*, to a rarefied sensualism and transferred it from the region of the soul to the region of emotion and passion. In the transition it suffered degradation. Indulgence, in place of the mortification, of the senses, became its rule; the sensations it induced in men avid of sensation were undiluted by any suspicion of divine aspiration, and were for the most part—Novalis serves as the great exception to those who apprehend the higher genius of his writings—as unilluminated as Charles Baudelaire's poems by any lambent ray of spirituality.

Brandes has painted the complex outlines of the movement with insistent colours and firm brush. It is a graphic portrayal of days of incoherent flood-tides, when the setting moon alternated with the rising, and the ebb followed hard upon the flow. He has analysed the influences impelling the insurgent innovators of one passing day to lapse into the renegade traditionalists of another, and shown how the adhesion to authority in political

principles combined itself with asseverations of individual liberty. In England, and to some extent in Germany, he has traced the declension of the cult of freedom, religious, social, and constitutional, the universalist freedom in which there is neither Jew nor German, English nor Frenchman, into that narrowed patriotism where freedom degenerates into a synonym for national independence; 'the right of a country to govern 'itself, untyrannized over by an autocratic ruler of foreign ex-'traction,' so he defines the love of liberty celebrated in the poems of the Lake school.* In greater detail he has followed the retrograde steps leading from pseudo-chivalry to pseudo-Catholicism, when the theoretic reassertion of Catholic doctrine in France by a De Maistre was exemplified by the submission of a Lacordaire and his co-liberals; when in Germany, more covertly, Catholicism (inculcated by a Görres), under the mask of Christian transcendentalism and romantic idealism, retrieved its losses among those philosophic sentimentalists of whom at one stage the whole recusant fraternity 'seemed at the point 'of adopting [or re-adopting] Catholicism,' † after the example set by Friedrich Schlegel, Zacharias Werner, and Clemens Brentano. 'Les Schlegel, Tieck, Novalis, fatigués des modèles 'et de l'antiquité, cherchèrent ailleurs de nouveau, se plongèrent 'dans le moyen âge, se firent catholiques, mystiques, chevale-'resques,' ‡ as Scherer summarises the situation. Each phase Brandes has examined. For him the opinions, the purpose, or—the feature of much Teutonic invention—the set incoherence and lack of purpose, of his authors and their heroes are of as much moment as for the esthetic critic they are a matter of total indifference, unless those opinions stimulate or hinder the expression of the author's genius. Brandes rivets his attention on facts, from the esthetic outlook wholly negligible; Southey's attack on the morality of 'Don Juan'; Börne's attack—the gifted member of the Jewish group of intellectualists—on Goethe, when, 'ablaze with a passion for liberty that forgets to be just,' he assailed the veteran poet with the virulence of class-hatred, are non-factors in their literary achievements and stand, esthetically, outside the pale of criticism. But Brandes, perhaps instigated thereto by his tendency to extol Byron, quotes Southey's moral disquisition in all its tedious length, and in his account of Börne—forty to fifty pages are dedicated to him—the democratic animosities of the political *doctrinaire* are the principal theme of his discourse: we are left with hardly an

* Vol. vi. † Vol. ii. pp. 139 and 342.
‡ Études, vol. iv. Art. L'Hist. du Romantisme.

indication of the literary value, or non-value, of the writings of the author, whose chivalrous devotion to Jeanette Wohl registers his name in our memory as we read the entry in the schedule of his 'Gesindebüchlein':

Took service when?	With whom?	For how long?	In what capacity?	Left service when?
13 Jan. 1818	Frau Wohl	For ever	As friend	On the day of his death

It is no disparagement of Brandes' work at large to emphasise the extent to which, as in these two instances, he occupies himself with what to the esthetic student are irrelevant passages of private biography. His intention is not the interpretation or the appreciation of literary art. His is not, one may add, the temperament of a Scherer or of a Bourget, whose writings, whether they will or no, constantly betray a mental atmosphere permeated by literary idealism. When, in his volume on 'Naturalism in England,' * or in his prolonged study of Heine,† he volunteers a far larger measure of esthetic criticism, he has neither the power of arousing our sympathetic agreement, nor ability to attune our taste to his. His judgements may be right; he has the talent of making us feel they are wrong. 'Something of the overbearing manner,' says Hazlitt, 'goes a great way with the public . . . a sweeping, unqualified assertion. . . sets opinion at rest. A sharp, sententious, cavalier, dogmatic tone is therefore necessary to the office of a reviewer.' Brandes' tone and manner have all the qualities Hazlitt enumerates, but the result is other than Hazlitt predicates. A critic needs tact to convince or convert. When—to take an example of his esthetic method, though it is an ungracious office towards a scholar who within his lines teaches well and much—when Brandes dissects such a verse as Heine's,‡

> 'Dort liegt ein rothblühender Garten
> Im stillen Mondenschein,'

* The title of vol. iv. recognises what M. Scherer also points out (in his review of Taine's 'History of English Literature) that England had in one sense no Romantic school. 'Les Anglais n'ont eu ni le mot ni la chose, ni les discussions que ce nom rappelle, ni les innovations qui tiennent une si grande place dans les littératures allemandes et françaises de ce siècle.'

† From p. 103 to 197 in vol. vi.

‡ Lyrisches Intermezzo No. ix. 'Auf Flügeln des Gesanges.'

and objects to it on the score of the inappropriateness of the colour-epithet 'red' applied to a garden bathed in the illuminated whiteness of the moon, he awakens an instinctive distrust of his esthetic intelligence. The curious deficiency of imaginative appreciation that can ascribe a default of pictorial reality to the stanza, comes almost with a shock upon the reader. A mind so constituted, it may be supposed, would equally deprecate the legitimacy of the similar effect obtained by Edgar Allan Poe in his exquisite elegy 'To Helen.' Insistently the repetition line (common to so many of Poe's verses) emphasises the juxtaposition of the flower of earth's most earthly tinge with the pallid luminary of heaven—the 'full-orbed moon,' whose

> 'silver veil of light . . .
> *Fell on the upturned faces of the roses.*'

For Poe, as Heine, both being poets, knew full well that the sense of the redness of those reddest blossoms is as present to the imagination in the densest of darkness as in the fullest blaze of summer noon, or as in the star-radiant dusk of exotic midnights.

So, too, there is something of the same defect of sensitive imagination in the objection Brandes raises to 'the combination of sentimentality and materialism' in verses such as—

> 'Was will die einsame Thräne?
> Sie trübt mir ja den Blick.
> Sie blieb aus alten Zeiten
> In meinem Auge zurück.' *

Taken in their place in song-cycles where tragic passion is for ever blended with tragic frivolity, among companion lyrics whose froth is stained with blood, Heine's puerile sentimentalities come to us steeped in an atmosphere of perfected art. Each triviality, each sentimentality, and the element Brandes designates 'materialism,' have an appointed perceptible effect. Heine recognised, as none since, not only what has been well defined as the 'esthetic value of ugliness,' but the still subtler adaptation of means to end, the esthetic value of the trivial, the stereotyped and the conventional.

Other flaws beside the want of imaginative impressionability are apparent in Brandes' esthetic appreciations; the lack of pliable sympathetic imagination also makes itself felt. To revert, for example, to his study of an earlier poet, in his sketch of Novalis ('The Blue Flower,' vol. ii.), he seems to scan the

* Die Heimkehr, No. xxvii.

works and the nature of that strange, fallible, but superlatively poetic artist with a grammar and a dictionary. Novalis is of those lesser geniuses for whom—as for some rare blossom we barter a gem of permanent worth—we would part with the company of many a robust master-spirit. Our joy in the loveliness of his verse is a precarious, fleeting impression—a flower that may fade in the first hour when we breathe its fragrance. The sense of beauty imparted consists rather in what is suggested than in what is expressed, like the beauty of certain rhythms, which complete themselves not in the cadence of sounds, but in the pulse of silences. It reaches, it touches us, it passes us by, it passes away. And once gone, the questioning spirit, waking from the spell, asks: Could so volatile, so evanescent an impression have been real? Yet the bird has passed, though it leaves no wake of its wings upon the air. 'Dans tous vers remarquables . . . il y a deux ou trois 'fois plus que ce qui est dit.' It is in that unwritten surplus the essence of Novalis's art lies. All Brandes writes—of what he reads in it—may be true: true of its spiritual sensuality, true of its sensual spirituality, true of the misuse of phraseology belonging to the pleasures of the senses when the ecstasy of the soul is in question, nevertheless to many such criticism will seem the application of a false criterion. Brandes' method, as here employed, misses its mark. The hammer of the forge is not the instrument with which the goldsmith's filagree should be tested.

Such stricture, however, itself savours of injustice, if not of prejudice. To demand of one and the same critic that he shall have Brandes' faculty of scholarly research, Scherer's fastidious intellectual understanding, the sympathetic sense and eloquent enthusiasm of Swinburne, the intuitions and insight of Bourget, is to exact an ideal impossibility. Brandes, although he has dwelt incidentally on esthetic aspects, has repeatedly defined his premeditated scope and his exact limitations. Again, to quote his own words, his object is not the interpretation of art but of man; his aim is 'not to touch his readers, but to 'throw light on his subject.' That he has thrown light, a searchlight, is unquestionable, and his volumes—though the absence of an index is a deplorable omission—will be for years to come an invaluable reference book. That the light has fallen on many truths derived from study of the psychological aspects of literature none will deny. That it has also fallen upon some misleading truths, others far less learned than he may be bold enough to affirm. There are passages which appertain to the sphere of the moral detective, whose endeavours at the exact portraiture of human nature suggest the ear set to the

private door of life and the eyes set to the chink in the shuttered windows of the soul's inner solitude. The result may be scientifically informing; it is certainly unscientifically dispiriting. Moreover, are we so much the wiser? The incredulous spirit, inverted, may question the verity of disillusion even as it questioned the actuality of the mirage. Between the life written, known, divined, or, may be, avowed, and the life unwritten, silent and secret, unknown and unknowable, what discrepancies exist? And though Rousseau and his brethren lend themselves to the scalpel, volunteer, for motives noble or ignoble, the confessions of the egoist or the penitent, who shall say whether, even so, autobiographical evidence is not as fallacious as the evidence of the scandalmonger and the accusers of their kind? Who can say what infinitesimal circumstance gave the determinating impulse at the critical moment when good and evil lay in equipoise and the heart wavered in the balance? The scriptures of secular lives, the record of deeds done and words uttered, are capable of as many interpretations as those other scriptures over whose significance churches have battled and sects contended for nineteen centuries. Brandes' clear-cut verdicts, refutations or allegations, his concise certitudes, his confident ascription of master emotions and ruling principles, belong to the realm of practical utilitarianism where, right or wrong, a working opinion is of necessity the basis of every-day action. Outside that realm (to cite Scherer's pronouncement on Taine), 'La personnalité humaine est quelque chose de trop 'complexe pour que nous puissions l'analyser complètement. 'C'est le sujet même qui se dérobe ici à nos instruments. . . . 'Il restera toujours dans l'homme un je ne sais quoi d'irré-'ductible.' It is this incalculable quantity in the human soul that at any moment is liable to overset the scientist's deductions and bring to nought his assurances; it is this invincible residue which makes such orderings of the science of the soul appear to onlookers like a last flight transcending the flights of poet's fantasies of philosophic imagination.

And if the subject itself evades all instruments, it submits itself to but one gaze—the gaze of sympathy, an imaginative sympathy, overriding the narrow affinities of personal predilection and the narrower perceptions of personal experiment.* Now Brandes is of all critics the critic who stands most outside—stands most in the relation of a spectator to his authors. 'Je

* 'What we understand best are the views we once shared, but share no longer' is a statement, made by Brandes, vol. v., most thinkers will controvert.

'm'étais comme transformé en lui,' Sainte-Beuve's method of investigation is the extreme antithesis to that of Brandes. No other critic could bring more knowledge, a clearer discernment of fine distinctions, a more discriminating and resolute grasp of characteristic qualities, a more many-sided intellectual culture to his task, or a more solidly unsympathetic moral aloofness from the individual ideals, sentiments, and emotions of the authors he reviews.

This is the key to the main demerit of his work, on the one hand, as a psychological study, and, on the other, as an esthetic guide. Rarely does he allow humanity the benefit of a doubt; rarely does he admit that, when an unfavourable construction of human motive rests upon given evidence, 'les 'éternelles surprises de l'accident' which human nature springs upon scientific observation may reverse the verdict. In his philosophic assumption of an impartiality which no genius can bribe and no gifts blind, he forgets that if mercy is an act of grace it is no less an act of justice. He exposes without ruth the littlenesses of the great. His strictures are warrantable. But disparagement of the immortals by dispraise of their works of inferior merit, however warrantable, is to lower the estate of the whole art of criticism. To prove the divinity of gods is a more arduous, but it is assuredly a more honourable, avocation than to expatiate upon the fact that their feet are of clay and that the hue of their purple is powdered with the dust of the street. In discussing a foreigner's specific treatment of foreign authors, an English critic will wisely speak with diffidence. But, apart from individual cases, to demonstrate the faults, the inanities, the coarseness of this or that great artist, seems a superfluous exercise of talent. They are of so little weight as to count for nothing when set against one least fraction of those lines which have swayed hearts, vitalised remembrances, stirred emotions, and been for good or evil, a motive power in the life of intellect, imagination, or passion of countless readers. To demonstrate the base concomitants of the soil where gems lie embedded to the obscuring of the vital light-giving properties of those gems, is to render ill-service to the memory of those whom death has dispensed from all dependence on opinion, and to mankind at large. There is not one fragment—the intaglio of a perfect phrase, the undulation of a perfect rhythm, that does not, in Scherer's admirable sentence, 'fait partie du patrimoine poétique 'de l'humanité.' We, the legatees, resent the depreciation of our inheritance. It is, moreover, when all is said and done, the interpretation of the stars, not of the 'unpurpled vapours,' which leads the world errant on the path of truth.

Art. VII.—GREEK ART AND MODERN CRAFTSMANSHIP.

1. *The Home Arts and Industries Association.* Report for 1905.
2. *The Arts and Crafts.* By T. I. Cobden-Sanderson. Hammersmith Publishing Co., 1905.
3. *A Popular Handbook of the Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum.* E. T. Cook. Macmillan, 1903.

That the arts and crafts have of late years, as Mr. Cobden-Sanderson declared in a recent pamphlet, 'been born 'again, and in a new sense occupy the attention of mankind,' is no doubt from one point of view true enough. The interest taken in modern craftsmanship since the inauguration of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society in 1888, the spread of village industries all over the United Kingdom, the assiduity and earnestness with which education in these matters is carried on in country schools and classes and in our great cities, the various exhibitions which familiarize Londoners with the nature of the work being done, and the increasing space devoted to such topics by art magazines and publications as well as by the daily press—all these are among the signs of a revival so striking that 'born again' seems a scarcely too emphatic description of it.

It is not until we look a little closer and question the intrinsic quality of all this vigorous achievement that a doubt creeps in. After all, this revival of outward activity must depend in the long run on a knowledge of what excellence in matters of art consists in, and, indeed, must adapt itself ultimately to the extent of such knowledge. It cannot guarantee itself. The need for that kind of pleasure which the processes of art can afford, which is instinctive in human nature, and which generally finds most emphatic utterance in an age of criticism, is to-day very general and widespread. It is felt by all classes of society, and not the less really felt because those who feel it cannot define their requirements. On the face of it, it is quite possible that the present revival in craftsmanship may be, in the main, merely a response to the demand which this need is putting forth. It may be this, or it may be a genuine and vital growth. If it be no more than a response to a demand, its own creations and designs will be as vague and contradictory as the craving they are intended to satisfy. On the other hand, if such creations and designs have a root of their own, and represent a movement which is developing its energy from within, apart from any particular demand or curiosity on the part of the

public, they will be sure to exhibit that kind of order and uniformity which are the marks of all kinds of organic growth and which have characterised invariably the creative epochs of art. We confess we look at present in vain through the various manifestations of artistic activity for any such signs of inward vitality. We see none of that unanimity which is the sure indication of an interior purpose and a genuine inspiration. Nor in the instruction which is being so zealously pressed upon the young craftsmen of our towns and villages, and the quality of which will by and by appear in every branch of skilled and artistic workmanship, do we find much more ground for hope. We do not here either perceive the indications of any idea likely to work itself out into a genuine creative impulse.

It happened that last summer the exhibition at the Albert Hall of the Home Arts and Industries Association offered an excellent opportunity for putting modern work and modern instruction to the test. It was a huge exhibition, practically representative of the educational system carried on in craftsmanship throughout the country, while at the same time most of the people in charge of the stalls were themselves the teachers of the classes by which the things exhibited had been made, so that one was afforded a chance not only of seeing samples of the young English craftsmanship now coming to the front, but also of having the principles which inspire it expounded by the directors of the movement. With the wish to make the most of such an opportunity, the writer spent a morning at the exhibition, and made sundry enquiries, the results of which are soon told. None of the teachers, it is fair to say, were the least in doubt as to the beauty and excellence of their various wares. The doubt began when we ventured on some further questions as to why these things were beautiful, what their beauty consisted in, how it had been attained, and how it was to be recognized. To these questions we received no answer intelligible to us, or which would have been, we will venture to assert, intelligible to any average pupil. There must have been four or five hundred teachers present. They all professed to know what excellence in art consists in, and to be able to produce it and teach others to produce it. Yet, so far as it was possible to judge, none of them had a comprehensible word to say on the subject. Their explanations appeared to be made up of vague assumption and empty declamation. What could pupils acquire from teaching like this? We questioned several, for pupils, too, were helping at the stalls. What they had learnt was soon apparent. They had learnt to use a number of glib and fine-sounding phrases, to affect an air of initiation,

and to imitate an assumed enthusiasm; in short, they had learnt to be humbugs, and there their learning had stopped. We must add—for this is a phenomenon that we have met with again and again in the course of visits to schools and polytechnics—that such enquiries into the nature of the instruction given are almost always received as though there were something about them irregular and unfair, something that infringed a recognized though tacit understanding. Absurd as it may seem that teachers should resent being questioned regarding that which it is their business and profession to teach, the reader has only to make the experiment to find that this absurdity does, in fact, underlie the whole educational movement in modern craftsmanship. We confess when we had worked round the circuit of the Albert Hall and once more from the entrance surveyed the scene, that the groups of gay stalls, with their attendants and customers, all seemed amazingly to resemble an enormous game of make-believe. We could imagine, listening to the chorus of praise and exclamations of pleasure, that we were assisting at a child's tea-party, with its pouring out of imaginary cups of tea, and putting in of imaginary lumps of sugar, and drinking of the invisible mixture by the visitor with much gusto and smacking of the lips. There were the same make-believe accents in the air of pleasure and appreciation. Above all, there was the understanding that the beauty in the stalls, like the tea in the teacups, was not to be too closely questioned. Indeed, the possibility of the whole game depends on your taking that for granted.

But the future of English craftsmanship is more important than a game, and the situation is worth facing honestly. Certainly we do not for an instant deny the excellent practical work which an association like the Home Arts and Industries is carrying out. Some hundred and twenty villages and parishes were, if we remember right, represented in last summer's show, and in each of these the Association is prosecuting its task of encouraging and organising various decorative and useful industries, which, pursued between working hours, or by the younger ones of the household, or the wife in her spare time, yield a substantial weekly addition to the cottage income. There is no doubt that a marked change has come over many village homes since the days when there was nothing to fill in the odd hours, when the household work dragged on through the day and slackness and discomfort were the rule. Now a new alertness has arisen, and the housework gets done quickly to make room for the craft, whether it be turning, or carpentering, or spinning, or sewing, or basket-making, or any other. The

Association guarantees the classes a chance of putting their wares before the public and securing a market, and accordingly they prosper and play already a not unimportant part in the village economy of the country.

It would be absurd in face of facts like these to question the immediate practical utility of the Association. But practical utility is, we must insist upon it, no guarantee whatever of æsthetic efficiency; on the contrary, it is itself dependent on æsthetic efficiency, and will die down if that be lacking. Nor will the issue, in days like these, be left very long in doubt. Machine-made goods constitute the most searching question ever put to the artistic knowledge of an age, and we shall not evade that question by make-believe. Against the fluency and cheapness of machine production is to be set the pleasure which genuine art can afford. But the capacity for producing this pleasure is, in this age of easy mechanical production, art's sole refuge and resource. In lesser qualities of use and convenience machinery can generally compete with it and often beat it. But in this it cannot compete. Do not let us be such children, however, as to suppose that we shall produce this pleasure by accident or engender it by lofty declamation. We may stimulate a vague curiosity and an equally vague activity by such means, but to establish craftsmanship in days like these on a sure basis there needs a knowledge, and a knowledge that can be put into words, and taught and applied with precision, of æsthetic principles. For this reason the uncertainty of our teachers on this head is the vulnerable spot in the movement of revival. We have quoted one sentence from Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, let us quote from the same authority a criticism on a crafts exhibition held some years ago in the North of England:

'I found, taking the exhibition as a whole, that, so far as they were traditional and plain, the things of pure utility were well and suitably conceived and made, and even in some cases delightful to see and to handle, but that the things so-called of beauty were for the most part not beautiful at all, and that many things which would have been fit and useful had they been let alone were spoilt by ornament.'

That is to say, directly it was sought to produce the pleasure which is art's especial province, complete ignorance was shown of how that pleasure is produced.

Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's criticism would apply word for word to the exhibition at the Albert Hall, of which we have been speaking. It was in proportion as attempts were made to give æsthetic pleasure that ignorance of æsthetic principles was

most apparent. All hand-made things have a certain excellence. They are endued with latent feeling, and contain the possibilities of infinite beauty. But directly the plain material or substance was left behind, and ornamental designs began, the note of uncertainty was struck, and we felt ourselves adrift, a prey to the gusts and currents of random impulses. Some of the designs were, it is true, copied from or inspired by the works of other ages, and these might be said to be good in the degree in which these ages knew their own minds and could give a clear account of their own intentions. But these were a minority. Most of the decoration aspired to be more or less original, and all of this original decoration suffered from the uncertainty and inability to explain its own purpose, which had struck us as characteristic of the teachers. The same flourishes of rhetoric, the same tendency to vehement statements and assertions, resting on no authority, and really meaning nothing at all, were carved upon brass and wood, as we had listened to in theory and argument. The impression derived finally from this important and, in a sense, national exhibition was a twofold one—an impression of sound and promising work on the one hand, and an impression of the kind of triviality one associates with bazaars on the other. The serious impression was derived from the hand-wrought substance and texture of the things displayed; the trivial impression from their decorative additions and attempts to be beautiful.

From this, as from any survey, however general, which the reader may make of the subject, will be derived, we think, incontestably the conclusion that our urgent need at present is for some sort of fixed and reliable standard of artistic effect. We are at a deadlock for the lack of such a standard. The outburst of mechanical ingenuity of the last half-century, which has made our need in this respect so terribly apparent, has itself called into being a counterforce in the new interest in craftsmanship it has aroused; yet this counterforce will be powerless to make its influence felt until it is directed by definite principles. Its vague and contradictory whims and impulses bear witness to the absence of a recognized standard. What chance is there of the want being supplied? Does such a standard anywhere exist, and can it be enunciated and defined?

The attempt to answer, or seriously consider even, such a question as this must almost inevitably direct our attention to the art of the Greeks, because all through Greek art there runs a certain conformity and strict sense of agreement which indicates knowledge of some sort securely held. Freaks, whims, individual vagaries, and experiments are non-existent in that

art. It is certain of its own practice. But it is certain of its practice only because it is certain of its theory. Just as the objects at the Albert Hall exhibition, in their tentative vagueness, testified to the absence of positive knowledge in the workers and teachers, so Greek art, in its collective uniformity, testifies to the presence of such knowledge. Of all races the Greek was that of which one could most certainly say that it was guided by a fixed and absolute standard of criticism ; and since this is just what we stand in need of to-day, it is inevitable that the quest for it should lead us to consider the nature of this Greek standard, and especially to seek in it that element of permanence and stability which is evidently its main characteristic.

We will state at once in what, as it seems to us, this permanence and stability consisted. It needs but a brief study of the subject to convince us that the Greeks in their arrangement of form and line were directed by an acute perception of certain likes and dislikes belonging to the eye. Their consciousness of such likes and dislikes led them on to investigate, with that power of disinterested analysis which was essentially their own, the nature of the sense of sight. The main conclusion to which they seem to have been led from this analysis was one which, though discerned faintly and fitfully by many, has never been distinctly grasped by any but themselves. They discovered that there are inherent in the sense of sight certain laws which, apart from the volition of the mind, govern and control its least motions. They discovered, further, that these laws, far from being subject to change or variation in different people, are fixed and unalterable, and, accordingly, that so long as eyes are eyes, they must, whether in motion or at rest, obey such laws. These laws of sight the Greeks made it their business to analyse and formulate, and, having formulated them, they proceeded to turn them into laws of art. But the original laws of sight being fixed and unchangeable, it followed that the derived laws of art were fixed and unchangeable also. Accordingly, the turning of laws of sight into laws of art supplied a standard which instilled into Greek art that uniform and consistent character which we recognise in its creations.

In testing this the first thing to be done is to endeavour to define the relations in which the Greeks stood to the sense of sight, and the conception they had of its uses and functions. For their ideas on these points were peculiar to themselves. There is no evidence to show that any other race has ever accurately and exactly separated the things of the eye from the things of the mind. These two sets of things are so easily confused, the interpretation the mind puts upon an object

follows so instantaneously on the mere ocular report of it, that report and interpretation often seem blended into a single impression. Moreover, the meaning or intention of the object admitting of immediate consideration and appealing to various lively sympathies and passions, it follows that the mind's share in it usually engrosses attention, while the eye's share, the pleasure or distaste, that is to say, felt by the eye before any mental interpretation has been considered, is neglected. But in Greek art the eye's share is not neglected; on the contrary, with that precise and cool discrimination between the uses of their several faculties which is of the essence of Greek culture, that share is, in Greek art, defined and analysed, and firmly established on a basis of its own. We must make this clear to the reader, and the best way probably to do this will be to have recourse for a moment to Greek architecture. What we have called our eyes' share in the thing seen is a proportion often very questionable, elusive, and undefined. It is difficult to take hold of it and handle it. But in Greek architecture this difficulty disappears, for here the scale of operations is such that the eyes' share assumes tangible proportions, and can be exactly measured and gauged throughout the structure.

The suspicion of there being any mystery in a Doric temple, any subtlety of shape or outline not immediately perceptible, would certainly be the last that would occur to the average observer. Uprights supporting horizontals is the A B C of construction, and every form and feature of the Doric peristyle and entablature is so clear-cut and obvious that nothing can seem more simple and easy than such an arrangement.

Such is the first impression. It lasts until closer study reveals the fact that no line and no form in the composition of the temple are exactly what they appear to be; that no horizontal line is really horizontal, and no vertical line really vertical, but that every huge and massive feature is changed and almost imperceptibly deflected from the appearance it bears. Thus the apparently perfectly flat platform on which the temple stands is not really flat. Place your eye to the corner of the top step and look along its edge, and a slight swell, amounting in the Parthenon to rather less than three inches in a length of 228 feet, is apparent. The same swell, slightly emphasised, appears at either end, and these curves are carried right through the platform, which is thus, in reality, built in the form of a very flat vault. Moreover, the masonry and jointing are of such exquisitely fine quality that though the variations as applied to the individual blocks can only be calculated in hundredths of an inch, they are nevertheless duly

allowed for in the chiselling of each stone. Further, this convexity of the horizontal lines is maintained in the entablature. It, too, for all it appears so strictly level, is slightly arch-shaped, and the requirements of this invisible arch are worked out with extraordinary nicety in the shaping of the masonry. Coming next to the columns, we find that these are neither regular in shape themselves, nor do they form part of a perfectly regular colonnade. To begin with, they do not stand bolt upright, but slant inward an inch or two so as to form, as it were, the base of a pyramid; and this pyramidal shape is communicated to every part of the building. The faces of the pediments at either end, and of the entablature all round, lean back in the same degree. The cella walls slant in like manner, and even the platform steps, to the extent of an infinitesimal fraction of an inch, obey the pyramidal design. Then, again, the columns do not stand at regular intervals, but those at the angle close up, and the last two gaps are less by a couple of inches than the gaps elsewhere in the colonnade. We find also that the corner column at each angle is slightly thicker than the others. The last and most curious of these inflections to which we will here call attention consists in the entasis or curve imparted to the columns themselves. These, of course, taper in shape considerably and obviously, but what is not so obvious is that their slanting sides are not in a straight line. A curve amounting to $\frac{1}{3\,3\,0}$ of their height, or an inch in forty-six feet, is imparted to them, the effect of which is rather felt as a slight softening of their outline than consciously perceived. But this is not all. The minute inflection, practically imperceptible as it is, has an imperceptible form given to it. Its curve is of the kind known to mathematicians as a hyperbola. That is to say, for some distance from the summit its deviation from the straight is incalculable; then it curves outward more boldly, and at a distance of a third of the column's height from the ground attains its maximum deviation, a deviation of an inch in forty-six feet, and from this point diminishes to the base. It will appear, we dare say, almost incredible to the reader, especially when he remembers the great size of these columns, that inflections so minute as to be altogether invisible should be worked out upon their surface with such subtle care; but numbers of scientific observations and measurements have left no doubt either of the existence of the curve or of its precise mathematical form.

We could add many further examples of a similar slight variation from the apparent, but enough has been said to show the reader that a Greek temple, far from being the simple and obvious thing

it looks, is penetrated throughout by a delicate, impalpable design, consisting of inflections so slight as to be practically invisible, yet which embrace every stone of the structure in their operations. The calculation and skill, the pains and the labour necessary to the working out of this design almost baffle analysis. Nothing could be easier than to build a flat platform and nothing harder than to build the platform as it is. Plain upright columns evenly placed and shaped, vertical cella walls and steps, an entablature level and unarched, all this could be accomplished with mechanical ease and fluency. Yet between that easy construction and the delicate and difficult one actually adopted how slight is the difference! So slight that for centuries the inflections of which we have been speaking slumbered in the temple, their very existence unsuspected. Northern races and writers, struck by its massiveness and apparent simplicity, have invariably spoken of the Doric style as 'rude,' little thinking that there existed in every feature of it more delicacy of discrimination than is to be found in all Northern architecture put together, and that the imagined rudeness existed only in their own perception.

How, then, are we to account for such infinite pains bestowed on such apparently negligible results? The explanation is to be found in the care with which the Greeks analysed the nature of sight and adapted their work to suit that nature. It is a fact, admitting of easy proof and fully established, that to the eye long horizontal lines appear to droop or sag downward in the middle and it is this apparent concavity which has been counteracted in the temple by the slight actual convexity given to such lines. Again, it is the case that to the eye an object seen against a light background appears smaller than when seen against a dark background, light having the power of encroaching upon darkness. Accordingly the angle columns of the peristyle, which are seen against space, are made larger than those which are seen against the shaded cella wall. Similarly, the sides of a long, straight-sided column will seem to the eye to cave in in the middle, as though the parallel lines converged upon each other, giving it the disagreeably shrunken and skinny appearance which may particularly be noticed in the columns of the Ptolemaic temples of Egypt. This effect has been corrected by the entasis, or curve, of the column's sides, while the hyperbolic form of that curve lends a peculiarly supple and elastic vigour to the column itself. Finally the reader may easily satisfy himself that the impression the eye receives from an exactly vertically sided structure is that it is larger at the summit than the base. The view, for instance, of the

great tower at Westminster, seen as a solid mass against the evening sky, is distinctly the view of a top-heavy building and nothing will satisfy the eye that the width at the summit does not considerably exceed the width at the base. The slightly pyramidal form of the temple is the answer of the Greeks to this illusion, the apparent outward slant of its lines being counteracted by an actual inward slant.

Accordingly we see that all the infinite trouble and minute calculation which the Greeks expended on their temples was the measure of an exact understanding on their part of certain laws regulating the sense of sight, and the measure also of the supreme importance they attached to exactly satisfying those laws. Dwelling upon this, the conviction forces itself upon us that to the Greeks sight was something, so to speak, apart from themselves, sentient, having habits and idiosyncrasies of its own which it was the business of the artist to understand and cater for. Such a theory was peculiar to the Greek race. In the architecture of no other people is there to be found anything in the least analogous to the system of inflections we have been describing; indeed, the very idea of measuring and plumbing the walls and floors and columns of Roman, or Gothic, or other buildings with a view to bringing any such latent subtleties to light strikes us as absurd. And it does so because it assumes something foreign altogether to the genius of such races. It assumes, that is to say, that such races could treat the sense of sight with an infinite respect and consideration which there is certainly no evidence of their having ever really felt for it. By Roman or Goth the uses of sight were appreciated but its rights were ignored. Regarding it purely as an agent of the mind, whose function it was to convey impressions which the mind might turn into ideas or emotions, it never occurred to them that it possessed any independent likes and dislikes of its own which it was the very first duty of the artist to analyse and formulate and obey. This was a conclusion to which the Greeks alone have arrived and we have only to contrast the sensitiveness to optical laws embodied in the Doric temple with the entire ignorance of such matters exhibited in the architecture of other people to realize the singularity of the Greek point of view.

It will easily be perceived that the importance of such a clue lies in the fact that it brings us in sight of an absolute standard. Sixty years have passed since Mr. Penrose brought back from Athens his elaborate measurements of the Parthenon, yet, so far as we know, the hint thus offered has been followed to no definite conclusion. And yet these indications of something fixed and

durable in the standard of Greek criticism, taken in conjunction with what has always been felt to be the enduring attraction of Greek art, might well, one would have thought, invite investigation. Greek art does not pass. All that it celebrated, its heroes and its gods, its patriotic memories and racial traditions, have gone down the stream of time; but yet, shorn of such aids, it retains, even to us aliens, its freshness and vitality. And of the laws of sight we can speak with a like confidence. These, too, do not change. We can still verify for ourselves the justice of every Greek adaptation. We may not love what the Greeks loved, nor worship what they worshipped, but we still see in the old way. And though the pleasure to be derived from the sense of sight is often in abeyance among us, yet those who are, as the word goes, cultured, who have, that is to say, the power of discrimination between the things belonging to one sense and the things belonging to another, become easily conscious of the pleasure of sight, and it is to these that Greek art especially appeals and in their approbation that it lives. We come in view, here, of an obvious connexion. In Greek art only do we recognize an appeal to the changeless laws of sight. In Greek art only does there exist an attraction which we dare think of as absolute. It is impossible not to suspect that the durability in the art is the result of its having found, in the laws of sight, a durable standard to work by.

We shall hope, now, that a clearer conception of what was meant when it was said that the Greeks turned laws of sight into laws of art is beginning to enter the reader's mind. If we were able to use illustrations, it would be interesting perhaps to enter into the details of the process. We might indicate by this means some of the primary laws which govern the eye whether in motion or at rest: as, for example, by what arrangement of lines it is encouraged to travel easily, and by what counter arrangement it is enabled to rest in peace. We should also be able, perhaps, to show how in a Doric entablature these laws find their artistic application. One expedient, even without illustrations, we may venture to point out. The reader may easily satisfy himself from the most ordinary observations, indoors or out, that the horizontal line is the eye's travelling line, on which it moves most readily and without the help of which it cannot get about with any comfort. Now at some distance off the Doric entablature is governed entirely by the powerful horizontal line of the cornice. This, at such a distance, is the eye's travelling line or natural route, enabling it easily to range from end to end of the temple and assuring it of the unity of the whole structure. But as we approach closer another

want begins to make itself felt. The building now occupies almost the whole field of vision. It is no longer an object in the view but the view itself, and it becomes accordingly necessary to provide upon it places of rest and refreshment for the eye. To accomplish this the first step must be somehow to curb and neutralise the influence of the cornice; for it is certain that in the presence of this gaunt and salient line, running like a great high road through the entablature, the eye can never rest in tranquillity. This end is achieved by encrusting the cornice's lower, overhanging surface with slightly projecting, flat blocks, called mutules, covered with small guttæ or conical drops. This roughening of the cornice's under side, though not apparent at a distance and when the carrying power of the line is needed, becomes strongly felt on a closer approach, and the effect at once is to check the smooth and sliding progress of the eye along it and break it up as a high road altogether. If the reader would verify this let him rule a heavy ink line across a sheet of paper and then roughen the line's lower edge with tiny dots. He will easily see that the dots destroy the line as a highway altogether. At the same time, if the line be made thick enough and the dots small enough, he may so arrange matters that his line may possess unimpaired carrying powers at five yards, but no carrying power at all at two feet.

By what means the attention thus arrested is distributed along the frieze and concentrated on the sculptured group of each metope by the strong, short, vertical lines of the triglyphs to left and right we shall not here attempt to describe. The delicacy of these and many other adaptations are matters which involve for their appreciation a long and careful study of the building itself. We have often thought that the manipulation of sight in Greek hands may be compared with the studious irrigating of some Saharan oasis, by which the precious liquid received from the well-head is led hither and thither, pent in with little dams and communicated in careful channels, until each palm has received its due and adequate allowance. With such exact discrimination, as if like water it were tractable, the attention of the spectator is distributed and guided throughout the entablature of a Doric temple. And yet in all these expedients there is nothing fanciful or far-fetched; nothing that we cannot verify by attending to the natural movements of our eyes among the edges and angles of the picture frames on the wall; nothing that anyone with the aid of a few lines drawn on a sheet of paper could not appreciate as reasonable.

Without illustrations, however, a description of these arrangements must necessarily be difficult to follow and therefore,

as evidence, inconclusive. Fortunately it is possible by taking a more general survey of the subject to show the Greek discrimination working under more familiar conditions. Undoubtedly its general effect of simplicity and plainness is the quality which first strikes the eye as characteristic of Greek art. Probably indeed the first suggestion awakened in most minds by the very words 'Greek art' is of an absence of all redundancy, a parsimony of enrichment and a constant occurrence of smooth spaces and plain backgrounds, lending to this art, as a whole, an air of refinement at once delicate and severe. We all know the nature of the impression we receive in passing, at the British or any other museum, from the Assyrian or Egyptian rooms into the Greek room. Before we have had time to examine and appreciate, what the first glance assures us of is that the surfaces here are smoother and the forms and outlines more simple and strict than elsewhere. By and by we realize that these things are more attractive in various other ways than the Assyrian or Egyptian things; but our first and more immediate thought is that they are much less muddled and confused. Probably the reader, if he be at all interested in these matters, will be aware of the value of what we may call the principle of elimination in art and will have traced its partial and fitful emergence in the work of various epochs or individuals. A Norman west porch, recessed and richly sculptured, set off by the smooth surrounding masonry, reveals its influence and its presence may be divined in the severity of Early English. It does not appear to have been, however, at these times consciously understood and valued for itself. Its existence is due rather to strength of character and singleness of purpose than to artistic knowledge and it is by and by lost sight of amid decorated or flamboyant complications. Again it comes to light at the Renaissance, grasped now by certain artists with something approaching critical certitude. But it is the weakness and flaw in Renaissance art that it draws, not from Greece direct, but from Greece through Rome. It is the influence of Rome that ultimately triumphs and the refinement of Bramante disappears under the coarse redundancies of Bernini and his disciples. Thus, though occasionally asserting itself, or struggling to assert itself, this Greek principle of the elimination of superfluities has never by other races been so securely held and clearly defined as to admit of it being used as a guiding law. Only in Greek art is it so used, and the use of it in this authoritative sense is what most obviously distinguishes Greek art from others. That pleasant sensation of emerging, after a long struggle through bushes and brambles, into a spacious clearing,

where the undergrowth has been cut away and only a few large and isolated trees cast a shade upon the ground, is the sensation of which we are conscious as our gaze, wandering back through the past history of art, rests upon the Greek epoch. Here for the first time is breathing space and open ground. Here is freedom from the clash and jar of conflicting ideas and interests. Here is order and calmness and a tranquillity which communicates itself to the mind of the onlooker and seems to arrange and discipline his thoughts.

All this is well known, however, and need not be insisted upon. What it is more to our present purpose to point out is that this clearness in Greek work is of precisely the same origin as those inflections we were just now speaking of which pervade Doric architecture, or as the disposition of line and ornament on a temple entablature. It is due, that is to say, to a recognition of the fact that the sense of sight has its own laws, and to a determination to adapt artistic expression to those laws. The perception, which underlies all Greek design, that smooth space collects the attention which decoration utilises, is essentially the perception of a law of sight. It involves a regard for simplicity and clearness as the first condition necessary to seeing anything at all. Not lightly or inconsiderately will the artist who has fathomed this law of sight part with any of the precious power of seeing he has at his disposal. On the one hand he is aware that each added decorative touch is so much deducted from the store; on the other that the attention collected needs to be appeased and satisfied. Up to a certain point, therefore, every stroke is a plus, for it engages attention; after it every stroke is a minus, for it satiates attention. The problem how to strike the happy mean between an attention happily exercised and an attention harassed and overtaxed is of all problems the most difficult and delicate. At the same time it is one which strictly concerns the sense of sight, and the recognition on which it is based, that smooth space represents attention and measures the capacity of the eye for seeing, is the recognition of a law of sight and the adaptation of it to artistic uses.

How exactly this love of plainness and simplicity goes hand-in-hand with a regard for the laws of sight may be seen by a moment's comparison of Greek structural forms with those coming before and after. In the Egyptian temple is to be found no trace of those delicate inflections which are present in the Greek. The subtle curve of the columns, the variation in their setting, the swell of the platform, the pyramidal form given to the structure, all these will be sought for in vain in the older building. They represent a kind of knowledge which had never occurred to the

Egyptian architect. And with this difference goes another. The Egyptian temple is profusely decorated. The obese and ponderous columns emerge out of a calyx of spiked leaves and terminate in heavy capitals carved in the likeness of huge buds or open flowers of the lotus or papyrus. The entablature bends outward into a bed of rushes or reeds, and walls and columns alike are fretted all over with incised figures and minute hieroglyphics. Ignorance of the laws of sight combined with profuse and redundant decoration are here visible. Let the reader watch these same forms passing through Greek hands. He will see, in their shaping and arrangement, the dawn of a quite new perception of the importance of the laws of sight; and, simultaneously with the dawn of this new sense, he will see decoration and local enrichment all stripped away and the proportions of the building revealed in naked and austere simplicity. Once more as we pass on to the succeeding Roman style the same process is reversed. The dying out of the subtle Greek modifications reveals the advent of a people ignorant of, and indifferent to the laws of sight; and instantly, keeping pace with that ignorance, comes the old redundancy, and vulgar and ornate capitals, entablatures plastered with mouldings and architraves lacquered over with third-rate sculpture replace the smooth and naked forms of Doric construction.

Thus we find that wherever there is evinced any genuine appreciation of the likes and dislikes of the eye there the principle of elimination comes to the front, while whenever and wherever this appreciation dies out the principle of elimination dies out along with it. And that this is bound to be so is plain enough, for, of all the motives that can inspire art, disinterested regard for the requirements of sight is the only one that can teach the value of plainness and simplicity. All other motives lead to redundancy. The motive of Egyptian architecture was reverence for the Nile. Its structural forms are woven bodily out of Nilotic plants and flowers and the entire temple breathes the spirit of absolute self-effacement and a willing and childlike dependence on the bounty and parental care of the great river. On the other hand, with the Roman, the motive was always pride and a love of display; the exhibition of great wealth, or of an unlimited command of labour, invariably appealing to Roman nature as the effect it was best able to appreciate. But, whether the guiding motive was venerable associations or vulgar ostentation, the result in both Egyptian and Roman work was equally overcrowding and redundancy. So it has been and always must be. Throughout the whole history of art these two motives of reverence and pride have been its most powerful inspirations,

as the temple or the palace have been its typical creative works, and however opposed such motives may seem in themselves they will entail, if left uncontrolled, a similar artistic defect. For whether a man give all or claim all, whether in humble self-effacement he dedicates his unstinted labour to his gods' service, or in arrogance and pride enlists the labour of others in his own, the tendency will still be to superfluity and excess, since in either case it is the amount of work lavished, whether freely given or exacted, that constitutes the honour. To correct such effects there needs some extraneous authority quite apart from the mind's motives and desires, by which these may be governed and to the decisions of which they must be bound to submit. Such an authority is the sense of sight, considered, as the Greeks considered it, as having laws of its own; nor can any other be so much as imagined. The idea that if one stroke produces so much effect twenty strokes will produce twenty times the effect is plausible and natural enough. Why should they not? Why should the strokes not go on being plusses and never become minusses at all? A reason can be given by those only who have learned to regard sight as a positive authority and who can lay it down as a law, unquestionable and unalterable by man, that plain surfaces and economy of ornament are conditions of the eye's power of seeing.

We started on this enquiry, as the reader will remember, with the idea of discovering some fixed standard of criticism which might account for the coherent and uniform character of Greek art. It was natural that the architectural inflections on which we have laid so much stress should engage our attention if it were only that they are so entirely peculiar to Greek construction; and, once attentively considered, their significance was not slow in declaring itself. Here we had the arbitrary likes and dislikes of the eye, its methods of moving, its prejudices and misconceptions, all treated as matters of the first weight and moment; studied with infinite attention and conformed to with a thoroughness which must have far more than doubled the cost of the building and the skill and labour expended on it. From the nature of such evidence it was impossible not to see that in Greek art the sense of sight was assigned a position of honour and authority such as it possessed in no other, and, such being the case, it was not surprising to find that, in its disposition of line and surface, in its subtle and calculated response to the demands made upon it by the eye, both from far off and near, the Doric entablature bears out completely a conclusion already clearly enough indicated. Passing on

to consider the main and general characteristic of Greek art, its ever-recurring tendency to smooth surfaces and economy of decoration, what more natural than to find, in this too, a testimony to the dominant authority of the sense of sight? We recur to this as the peculiar mark of Greek art; for as surely as we examine any arrangement of structure or design which is singular to this art we find invariably that regard for the laws of sight is at the bottom of it. Accordingly in this recognition of what is due to sight, in this recognition of what we called the *eye's share* in the thing seen, we can detect the makings of a standard of criticism such as we are in search of, a standard which will measure for us the difference between Greek art and other, and, above all, which will account for that positive and stable character which Greek art so unmistakably possesses. The standard we have hit upon meets our requirements. Laws of art which are derived from laws of sight may be trusted to endure. We all of us throw a certain heat and passion into the regard we have for our own creations, for in these our own interests and sympathies are engaged. But all this is the mind's share. It varies from age to age. You cannot count upon it. Besides this, however, there is the eye's share, which never varies, nor can vary; and during those lulls, when the claims of what is local and temporary relax and the chorus of self-congratulation at our own achievements dies for a moment away, the art which embodies this share will emerge and make its influence felt. So it is with Greek art. Each age and each people has its art; but Greek art is the art of all ages and all peoples. It is so because it is based on the one thing that never changes, on the sense of sight, that is, on the eye's share in the thing seen. We can conceive of no other origin for that kind of uniformity which runs all through Greek art and for the durability of this attraction which from age to age it exercises.

But our purpose is not confined altogether to Greek art and we are anxious if possible to give to these remarks something of a practical application. We had in our minds at the outset some of those defects in modern craftsmanship, as they seem to us, with which visits to many exhibitions, schools and classrooms had so familiarized us. We were aware of, and had long watched with interest, that widespread revival of the crafts of which there are now so many indications. At the same time we saw, or thought we saw, that this movement of revival, though so full of energy and activity, was not inspired by any distinct knowledge, or guided by any definite views, and appeared to be a movement which, judging by the stir it made, was destined to do great things, but which, judging by the

quality of its performance, was entirely in the dark as to what these things might be. It was, as the reader remembers, this lack of any definite knowledge or standard of criticism in English craftsmanship which in the first place drew our attention to that earlier art in which the presence of definite knowledge is so evident; and accordingly, now that the time has come when we have found what looks like a clue to the Greek knowledge and the Greek certainty of aim, we cannot do otherwise than ask how this might conceivably be of use to ourselves, how it might supply the requisite standard which is so painfully lacking to our work and deliver it from all the vague and blind impulses to which it is at present a prey.

It is evident to begin with that, supposing we have rightly indicated the origin of the Greek standard, any doubt of its value for our own use must arise not from uncertainty as to its effect but from a supposed difficulty in mastering it as a working theory. We shall agree that if once the realization lays hold of us that laws of art are nothing really but laws of sight, the same effects, in some degree at least, must follow in our art as followed in the art of the Greeks. The habit of attaching a supreme importance to the least movements and susceptibilities of the eye must arouse among us a new sense for significance of outline and purity of form; the study how, under all circumstances, to add the exact strokes or touches which the purposes of sight demand must give to the whole of our decorative art a certain coherence and a general similarity and uniformity of character and aim; while a consciousness of the source from which the eye derives its power of seeing will restore to us the gift of self-restraint and a sense of the supreme value of simplicity. All this, if we admit the possibility of the English mind grasping the Greek theory of the nature of the laws of art, must ensue. The real doubt can only lie in the capacity of the English mind for assimilating this kind of knowledge.

Now in estimating our chances in this direction what we have to remember is that the Greek aptitude for analysing and comprehending the sense of sight is after all only an aptitude for analysing and comprehending a faculty which we all possess in common. Fergusson, in describing the care and discrimination which the Greeks expended on the education of their eyes, makes the just conjecture that this careful training enabled them to appreciate effects too delicate for our duller senses to perceive. Nevertheless, as he goes on to point out, even we are always in some degree conscious of such effects, and if we were to educate ourselves in the appreciation of them, 'we 'might acquire what might almost be considered as a new sense.'

In effect, that sense that we might acquire is not so much 'new' as latent. We can already, if we take the trouble to think over it, perceive the reasonableness of Greek methods, and were we to give our minds to the cultivation of the latent sense we should find that it would immediately respond to the call made upon it; we should find ourselves working in harmony with nature and our own perception would ratify each step in our progress. It is probable that few of us realize how close the laws of sight and art already stand to each other. The very words we often use in describing scenes and landscapes, and the little expedients we involuntarily adopt to ensure attention, are often much closer to a genuine criticism of art than we have any idea of. Any one of us, if we wished, for example, to place a thing in such a way as to attract the attention of a person entering the room, would instinctively adopt the proper measures. We should set such a thing in the normal field of vision so that the natural glance of a person entering the room would include it; we should avoid placing it among, or close to, other objects which might distract the attention and nullify its claim to notice, and, if necessary, we should move such other objects likely to conflict with it aside in order to isolate it a little and enable it to tell the more clearly. All this we should do involuntarily and almost unconsciously, yet such actions would show a perfectly correct appreciation of certain fixed laws of sight. They would show that we realized that every object in the field of vision was putting forth its own claim to be heard, that where such objects are many their claims are liable to interfere with and drown each other, and therefore that, if any single thing is to tell with power, it is essential that it should have space and room to make its influence felt. But these are the very facts and conclusions which Greek art has adapted to its own needs, and it is simply because that art is organized in accordance with these observations that it appeals successfully to the sense of sight of each generation in turn. The reader has only to explain these involuntary actions of his as he places his note or card in a conspicuous position for a friend to see to find himself enunciating the laws which have made Greek art a byword for beauty for five and twenty centuries.

Let us, while we are about it, give an instance of a law of art thus derived from every-day observation. In Burton's 'Pilgrimage to Meccah' we came lately on the following passage: 'In such a country every slight modification of form or colour 'rivets observation: the senses are sharpened, and the perceptive 'faculties, prone to sleep over a confused mass of natural 'objects, act vigorously when excited by the capability of

'embracing each detail.' Now it is certain that nothing was further from Burton's mind when he wrote those words than any question of art. He is describing the fascination of that desert scenery he knew so well and the stimulating effect of which he had so often experienced, and, after noting its bareness and the scarcity of detail, he casually adverts to the influence of such an arrangement upon the sense of sight. And it will be seen that directly he does this he is conscious himself of dealing with something fixed and absolute. His tone becomes positive. It is not *my* perceptive faculties that are affected but *the* perceptive faculties. Burton, that is to say, formulates from his observations on scenery a law of sight; and no sooner is that law of sight formulated than it is found to be a law of art also. It is in fact that great law of which we were just now speaking as the guiding principle of all design, the law, namely, that smooth space collects the attention which decoration utilizes. Burton formulates this law for us and formulates it in words as apt and well chosen as if they were derived straight from an analysis of artistic masterpieces. 'The senses are 'sharpened and the perceptive faculties, prone to sleep over a 'confused mass of natural objects, act vigorously when excited 'by the capability of embracing each detail'; there you have a law of art defined the recognition or non-recognition of which has constituted in all ages the difference between good art and bad, a law which might fitly be inscribed over the door of every art school and workshop in the country. And yet the writer of that law never thought of it as a law of art at all, but only as a law of sight. So close, though we often ignore it, are the laws of sight and art to each other.

The importance of this it would be difficult to exaggerate because it means that learners, so long as this connexion is kept clear, will always be conscious of a certain naturalness and familiarity in the processes of art and will be able to verify for themselves every principle which art adopts, the result of which could not but be, as the teachers of modern craftsmanship will discover if they should ever employ this method of education, that a reliable knowledge of effect so instilled would almost teach itself. Many of those pupils whom we have often watched with pity apathetically listening to precepts which contain no intelligible meaning, or mechanically copying designs which embody no definable principle, might well, we fancy, exhibit signs of interest and intelligence if told that the requisite laws and knowledge of which they were in search were written already in their own eyes and might without much trouble be by themselves deciphered. Let us suppose such a mode

of instruction begun. We might start by showing that the progress of the eye is not a uniform and even one, embracing impartially each object that comes in its range, but that it is made up of a succession of runs along lines and goat-like hops from object to object. We would dwell upon this and illustrate it in every kind of way until the idea that the eye was a free agent with its own ways of getting about had thoroughly entered into the pupil's mind. The next stage would be to observe with more care the exact route taken by the eye in travelling over a given surface, whether across a landscape or round the walls of the room. These routes could be laid down with the greatest precision and deliberation, for the eye, if only we consult it fairly, is an unerring and confident guide, and the reader will be surprised to find how seldom there is the least doubt as to its movements or inclination under all circumstances. Next, having acquired the habit in this way of observing the movements of the eye we would practise our pupils in recording, as on a chart, the routes taken by it, and from these charts, marking as they would the eye's behaviour under all kinds of different circumstances, we would deduce rules and laws as to the arrangements which were pleasing and displeasing to it, or which helped or hindered its progress. Finally, after a sufficient time devoted to formulating and verifying these laws of sight, we would go on to apply them to surfaces and lines arranged by ourselves, and our pupils would find themselves profiting forthwith from the guidance of principles which they had themselves deduced and which were thoroughly intelligible to them. In this way, or in some such way, we might set out to learn the great lesson how to turn the hitherto neglected laws of sight into laws of art. Does it seem to the reader so difficult ?

One probable counter-criticism we should like briefly to meet. It may be, and to the writer often has been, suggested that there is something mechanical and emotionless in adapting art to the arbitrary and unthinking motions of sight, and that the very fact that these motions are independent of our own volition, while it renders the standard derived from them absolute, yet renders it also inadequate as an inspiration and motive. In answer we might point out that this language of the eye which we have been describing, so far from precluding ideas, is merely a vehicle for their expression and that the Greeks expressed in it all the patriotic associations and religious emotions which are the usual subject matter of art. But this is not enough to say. There is in reality a profound significance in what we have called the laws of sight, which, though we cannot here attempt a full explanation of it, yet neither can we wholly pass

it by. It is the case that, though we may begin by noting the apparently arbitrary movements of our eyes and adapting our work to suit those movements, yet the completed work, truly and conscientiously carried out on these lines, will have its own message for the mind. The inflections of the temple—the inward slant of walls and columns, the closing up of the shafts at the angles, the cushion-like swell of the platform, are in the first place adaptations to the laws of sight. But they are no less certainly the means by which the whole structure achieves unity, and is inspired with a common purpose and the consciousness of organic life. In the same way the Greek plainness and simplicity, though, to begin with, only an adaptation to a law of sight, yet in its effects acts powerfully on the mind. Ensuring as it does the elimination of superfluities and trivialities and the selection of the few essential traits, it becomes a powerful intellectual and moral influence; nor is there any work on which a man may be engaged, from the furnishing of his house to the cultivation of his mind, from the ordering of his estate to the ordering of his dinner, which may not be helped and furthered by a study of the means whereby Greek art attains significance. Thus, what was begun in obedience to sight alone will go on to satisfy thought and feeling, and the desire of the eye, so far from being confined to outward show, will be found to be a source of inward illumination also.

To what extent, let us add in conclusion, art itself would stand to gain, in honesty and sincerity, from being established once more on a comprehensible and tangible basis those may divine who realize how profoundly the whole subject has been tainted by the atmosphere of cant and humbug which at present envelopes it. Under all the art criticism of the day there lurks the consciousness that the good and bad in art, the pleasing and the displeasing, are indefinable. But on the distinction between good and bad all criticism is based. If therefore this distinction be obscure to begin with all subsequent criticism must be obscure also. And so it is. The art criticism of the day is vitiated through and through, to the last fibre of it, by the root of make-believe from which it all springs, the make-believe, namely, that it knows the difference between good and bad in art, whereas it knows really nothing of the kind. No wonder that out of this state of obscurity and uncertainty in which the whole subject is plunged the delusion should grow that a knowledge and appreciation of art must be confined to a select few and depend upon a hypersensitive subtlety of taste denied to ordinary mortals. Absurd as it may seem that a mode of utterance to which human nature has turned in all ages

for the expression of its emotions, using it well or ill but always using it, should be relegated to the custody and the jargon of artistic cliques and coteries, yet such will be the fate of art until a standard of criticism be found which will bear handling; a standard of criticism which, itself real, will guarantee the reality of the things it measures. Take then, we suggest, sight itself as such a standard. Show that sight has its laws. Prove to your pupils that the arrangement of the Parthenon is merely an adaptation of such laws. Make it clear to them that as art uses natural laws, so in their own daily lives and actions and descriptions they themselves are constantly obeying and recognizing artistic laws. Establish this connexion and you will at once establish the beginnings and outline at least of a standard which is tangible and durable, and which we need not be afraid to take hold of and make use of. Does not the very phrase on which we have insisted so much—the turning of laws of sight into laws of art—contain the suggestion of such a standard? The instinct of man to express himself in art has been co-extensive with the faculty of sight itself; and in sight itself must exist the laws by which such expression is intended to be governed.

Art. VIII.—THE GERMAN STAGE.

1. *Und Pippa tanzt!* By Gerhard Hauptmann. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1906.
2. *Stein unter Steinen; Das Bloomenboot.* By Hermann Sudermann. Berlin and Stuttgart: Cotta. 1905.
3. *König Laurin.* By Ernst von Wildenbruch. Berlin: G. Grote. 1902.
4. *Der Graf von Charolais.* By R. Beer-Hoffmann. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1905.
5. *Das gerettete Venedig; Elektra; Œdipus und die Sphinx.* By Hugo von Hoffmannsthal. Berlin: S. Fischer.
6. *Zwillingsschwester.* By Ludwig Fulda. Stuttgart: Cotta. 1901.
7. *Benignens Erlebniss; Peter Hawel.* By Ernst von Keyserling. Berlin: S. Fischer
8. *Wiener Theater.* By Hermann Bahr. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1903.
9. *Zwischenspiel; Der grüne Kakadu; Lebendige Studien.* By Arthur Schnitzler. Berlin: S. Fischer.
10. *Fiorenza.* By Thomas Mann. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1906.
11. *Die grösste Sünde.* By Otto Ernst. Leipzig: Staackmann. 1903.
12. *Eine Nacht in Florenz.* By Paul Ernst. Leipzig: 1905.
13. *Der deutscher Graf.* By Vollmœller. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1906.
14. *Der Erdgeist; Die Büchse der Pandora.* By Frank Wedekind. Berlin: B. Cassirer.
15. *Das deutsche Drama.* By Berthold Litzmann. Hamburg and Leipzig: L. Voss. 1894.
16. *Ibsens Dramen* (1877–90); *Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des deutschen Dramens.* By Berthold Litzmann. Hamburg and Leipzig: L. Voss. 1901.

[And others.]

The contending merits of the drama and of the novel, as they aspire to interpret human life to-day, would afford a good subject for a debating society, seeing that it poses a question which can never be answered. It is not enough to urge in favour of the first the weight of authority or the prescription of age.

The Greek stage did not aim at what we mean by drama—the mere presentment of character; and the heroic drama of the Elizabethans is a tradition never effectively revived. Almost every modern poet has tried his hand at the Elizabethan drama, at that or something akin to it—Byron, Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne. Can it be said that one has really succeeded, or that 'Manfred' or 'The Cenci,' 'Queen 'Mary,' 'Strafford,' or 'Chastelard' have anything approaching the swing and freedom and vitality to be found even in the epigoni of Shakespeare's age, even in Heywood or Massinger or Ford?

We may find many reasons for their comparative failure; but *the* reason is none other than the law of growth in every art, so long as that art remains alive, obliging it to change its forms, to put off old things and put on the new. 'The best art,' it has been said, 'does not remain the best by remaining the same, 'but by discarding one kind of excellence to assume another 'kind.'

Upon the other hand, we live too near it properly to appreciate a certain transformation and aggrandisement which has taken place in the novel since it rose to prominence in the eighteenth century—a change very consonant with the growth of democratic sentiment; though some of the exponents of the new novel shared none of the democratic ideas of their age. The novel changed from being the life of a single person, or from concentrating its attention on the fortunes of a single pair, the hero and heroine, to presenting a crowd, a nation of characters, almost a world: such the new novel is (in their diverse ways) in the hands of Balzac, of Dickens, and of Thackeray. With Dickens it is a world of fantasy that is given us, but still it is a world; and the only persons who make no impression on our memory are the heroes and heroines. When Thackeray wrote 'a novel without a hero' he gave a sort of consecration to the new impulse. Zola has democratised the novel in another fashion; the crowd with him is everything, the tendency of the individual is to disappear. But it is rather in Russia than elsewhere that the same tradition has been received and developed. In Tolstoi and in Dostoievsky (but most in the former) we have a vast assemblage of characters. And yet each one is an individual, each one is alive. It is the impression we get of this huge concourse and conflict of individuals in their fortunes and interests which is the essence of the new novel: a thing not in itself better than old heroic drama, but more of the age and so more vital than the heroic drama. And it is just this element of new art that the limits of dramatic action could never give us.

This branch of fiction finds at the moment its best exponents in Russia; and this is the most living kind of all. But when we come to the two remaining northern continental folk, the Germans and the Scandinavians, we find the drama once more taking the foremost place. There have been some excellent novels written in the Scandinavian lands. But they have been overshadowed and hidden by the social dramas of Ibsen. Among the Germans, where for many years literature seemed to have gone to sleep, its revival is much more noticeable on the stage than in novels. In the last the old tradition of the peasant story (corresponding very closely to our 'kail-yard' literature) has been handed on little changed. Of such is the 'Frau Sorge' of Sudermann, a novel which had a great success, long since surpassed by the author's success as a dramatist. Of such is 'Jörn Uhl,' one of the great literary successes of recent years.*

It would not, however, be right to consider the German stage only as it represents modernness and 'youngest Berlin.' *Tout or est bon.* There is, of course, a great past and a venerable tradition behind the drama in Germany, antedating Ibsen and quite independent of him. Our Elizabethan drama was the most efficient element in the creation of German literature, which has always been more dramatic than anything else; even when, as in the case of 'Faust,' it has chosen for its stage a stage of fantasy. Schiller carried on the Shakespearean manner more successfully than it has been carried on in England, though a close criticism will detect in Schiller a vast deal that is factitious. And among contemporary German writers of heroic drama there are some to be found the superiors to those among us who attempt Shakespearean drama for the stage. To go to the other extreme, Germany has always had a school of farce which is quite natural and quite excellent in its kind. In

* A considerable circulation has been attained in Germany, as here, by books which owed their fame perhaps more to the ingenuity of their publisher than to any extraordinary merit in the writers. Such have been 'Briefe die ihn nicht erreichten' and the 'Tagebuch einer Verlorenen,' which, taking a hint from the 'Englishwoman's Love-letters,' have been put before the public as absolutely genuine. That in the case of the second of these two the public should have been taken in by the most ingenious devices is as strange as it was in the case of the 'Englishwoman's 'Love-letters.' But the fact remains that in every case the end was obtained. Even a doubt ('eine Frage') is enough to double or treble the circulation of a book. All this is art of a kind; but it belongs to the art of the detective story rather than to the art of letters.

England folk know nothing of Scandinavian farce or light comedy; know nothing of Gunnar Heiberg, for example. But it may be said, without going into a comparison of dates, that German farce evidently owes nothing to the North. Everybody is more or less familiar with Gustav von Moser's pieces. In the lighter forms of drama—in farce, for instance, or in musical comedy—the cosmopolitanism of the stage is best illustrated. If Von Moser has given us 'The Private Secretary' ('Der 'Bibliothekar'), we have returned to Germany 'Charlie's Aunt.' But the cosmopolitanism of the drama extends to all its branches more or less, and affords one of the chief attractions to a study of it. The stage partakes something of the universality of music. Plays travel from land to land, unhindered by exclusive tariffs. Not Ibsen alone has been acted with success in Berlin, but the much inferior Strindberg, who has been called the Ibsen of Sweden. It would be difficult to name the European country in which Sudermann's 'Heimath' ('Magda') had not been played. We associate it especially with the Italian actress, Duse. The same playwright's 'Die Ehre' ('L'Honneur'), a piece, it must be said, of no great merit, has long been in the repertoire of Antoine's theatre, and was acted in London by Antoine's company. Mr. Bernard Shaw was, we believe, performed in Berlin ('Candida' some three years ago) before he had been produced here on any *public* stage. Mr. Barrie's name (in 'Quality Street' for example) is familiar there. We on our side have the German theatre in Great Queen Street as a permanent institution. It may be doubted if many Englishmen go to its performances. If they do not, it is not national jealousy which keeps us ignorant of the best literature produced to-day in the Fatherland; much more the provocation of the German print and the insolent insularity of its type-founts. There are so many German tongues—the commercial, the scientific, the philosophical, the literary. And so many folk—practical men, scientists, historians, metaphysicians—are compelled to have some acquaintance with one of the first three, that their patience is too often exhausted before they reach *belles-lettres*. Nay, as regards the plays now in vogue, literary German will not suffice; we must add a knowledge of dialect. Hauptmann set the fashion in dialect plays; Sudermann of late (in his 'Stein unter Steinen,' for example) has followed suit. How can one hope that the German stage should be widely known in this country? Yet that it should be neglected, that, too, is a great misfortune. For the German drama of the time shows every sign of vitality; it is a more real part of European literature than is (for the moment) the French

novel or French drama; more vital probably than either novel or drama is with us.

It has been said that old things as well as new have their place on the German boards. Schiller has not become antiquated; and as last year was the centenary of Schiller's death, he was naturally very much in evidence. It is perhaps because Schiller stands so vast a distance behind Shakespeare that the Schiller tradition survives better on the German stage than the Shakespearean with us. *Corruptio optimi pessima.* In any case there is still really good heroic drama of the blank-verse type produced. Its best-known representative is Ernst von Wildenbruch, from whom we have a number of poetic dramas, 'Harold,' 'Der neue Herr,' 'Christoph Marlowe,' &c., too Schillerish, too heroic, all of them; and therefore all a thought factitious. 'König Laurin,' one of Wildenbruch's last, is also one of his best. It deals with Amalasuntha or Amalasuintha, that great daughter of the Great Theodoric, who, if Gothic law had allowed the crown to pass from the lance to the distaff, seemed born to rule with a fame as lasting as of Semiramis, of Elizabeth, or Catherine II. As the Gothic law allowed of no queen regnant, Amalasuntha was obliged to choose, so soon as her son Athaalric died, a *fainéant* husband, Theodehad; and then she intrigued against Theodehad with the Byzantine emperor Justinian. This brought about her fall and death five years after the death of her father. 'König Laurin' deals rather freely with these historical materials. The title of the play is derived from a mystic being of Teutonic mythology, 'King Laurin,' evidently originally a King of Death, but in many legends a dwarf. A certain Amalaric sings a song about him almost at the opening of the play. This Amalaric is also a cousin of Amalasuntha's, as in fact his name displays; both are of the famous Gothic line of the Amali. (The Amali and the Balthi or Balti—whence Baltic—were the two royal families among the Goths.) Amalaric adores Amalasuntha, and she loves him; but ambition will not let her take this second husband from among the Goths. She goes to Byzantium and offers herself to Justinian that the Roman world may be united once more. In reality, of course, Justinian had long been married to Theodora; here Theodora is represented as still the Emperor's mistress ('seine Geliebte'). There are plenty of other inaccuracies: Amalasuntha is here only twenty-eight; she was that at the death of her father. But her son died some six years later; and when the play opens Athaalric is already dead. Amalaric was in reality a Gothic king in Spain, not the knightly lover of the beautiful queen who, that he may follow her, gets

captured by the Byzantines (Amalasuntha in part responsible) and blinded like another Samson. What is more against the play is the closeness with which it observes the Schiller tradition, from the King Laurin ballad (very like the fisher-boy's ballad in 'Wilhelm Tell') at the opening, to such a passage as this, where Theodahad describes Justinian to Amalasuntha:

'So muss ich von der Sonne
Dir sprechen: denn die Sonne dieser Welt
Das ist er! An dem sorgenvollen Tage,
Als Belisar zum Schiff ging nach Karthago
Zum Kampf mit den Vandalen, sah ich ihn.
Bizanz erzitterte—ein einziger
War ruhig wie an allen Tagen—er.
Ich sah ihn, als heimkehrend Belisar
Ihm das gefangene Vandalenvolk
Zu Füssen breitete, wie eine Schleppe,
Die ihm der Sieg gewoben. Ganz Bizanz
In Jubel überschlug's—ein einziger
War ruhig wie an allen Tagen—er.' *

This is only rhetorical blank verse. A far better passage is where Amalasuntha absolves herself from tenderness in parting with the man she loves:

'Amalaric.

O von Haupt zu Füssen
Zittert und bebt die herrliche Gestalt.

'Amalasuntha.

Es ist das Morgenrot das schaudern macht.
(She points to the torches which are beginning to go out)
Das Licht versagt den Dienst.
Der Tag der heut gewesen tritt sein Recht
Dem Tage ab, der morgen kommen wird.

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* Then must I
Speak of the sun; for of this world the sun,
That is he. On that doubtful anxious day
When Belisarius shipped his host 'gainst Carthage—
Against the Vandals—in that day I saw him.
Byzantium trembled: and one man alone
Stood unmoved as on other days—Justinian.
I saw him when Belisarius, returned,
The captive Vandals like a carpet spread
Beneath his conquering feet that Victory
Had woven for him. All Byzantium
O'erflowed with jubilation. One alone
Stood unmoved as on other days—Justinian.

Und auf der Schwelle zwischen heut und morgen
Zum Kinde wieder immer wird der Mensch
Das schaudernd aus bekanntem Raum hinausgeht
In unbekannten.' *

The story, moreover, is moving in a high degree. But it cannot be said that much real personality is given to the characters of the drama. This is certainly the 'old wine.'

There are others who also write blank-verse plays, but with a difference. They think more of the human being, less of the setting of the stage. Hugo von Hoffmannsthal is less traditional than Wildenbruch. His 'Gerettete Venedig' ('Venice Preserved') was written and played last year. It is a recasting of Otway's play, which is nowadays discarded by our theatres, but has been performed both in Paris and Berlin. Better in point of versification, but probably not so actable, are the two tragedies which Hoffmannsthal has adapted from the Greek drama, 'Œdipus und die Sphinx' and 'Elektra.' In the last there is a passage where Electra speaks to her father's spirit—

'Wo bist du, Vater? Hast du nicht die Kraft
Dein Angesicht herauf zu mir zu schleppen
Es ist die Stunde, unsere Stunde ist's!' &c.

which it would be a pleasure to quote if space allowed us so to do. Another poetic play, produced last year and acted in London, is Richard Beer-Hoffmann's 'Graf von Charolais,' founded on Massinger's 'Fatal Dowry.'

And from Hoffmannsthal and Beer-Hoffmann we pass through all manner of poetic drama, or at least of plays in verse, till we come to the graceful amusing 'Zwillingsschwester' of Ludwig Fulda, in rhymed verse; in plot a sort of mixture between the 'Comedy of Errors' and 'She Stoops to Conquer.' It tells how a wife, to get back the heart of her husband, pretended to be her own twin-sister, whom the husband had never seen; all the graces which he had grown tired of in his wife, Giuditta, Orlando rediscovers in the supposed Renata. The cleverest and most intimate touch is that Giuditta's four-year-old child is

* It is the coming day which makes me tremble
The lights deny their service.
The day which is to-day resigns his kingdom
To that which is to-morrow;
And on the threshold between day and morrow
Man ever to his childhood spirit returns,
That shivers leaving the familiar chamber
For the unknown.

never deceived for a moment, and is, of course, accounted stupid by his father therefor. Giuditta, when left alone with little Sandro, asks his pardon :

'Sandro, mein Herz, mein Alles, o vergieb !
Gern wäre deine Mutter wieder lieb,
Und muss dich doch verleugnen, um das Wetter
Zu bannen das ob unsern Häuptern droht !
Vergieb ihr, Sandro, das sie, glühend rot
Vor Scham, in dein Gemut Verwirrung sendet !
. . . . . .
Dich täuscht die Maske nicht ; doch war *er* leicht verblendet.'

At the end of the category may be placed Paul Ernst's 'Eine 'Nacht in Florenz,' a sort of parody of 'Romeo and Juliet.'

This is the drama which lies far away, not alone from Scandinavian influence, but from the Time-spirit everywhere. It can produce things of beauty, but it cannot be described as thoroughly alive. The German prose dramatists are of a different type. They form a very large company, and among them have produced a body of work that deserves to be known. Two names alone have achieved real celebrity in Europe—Sudermann and Hauptmann. But because they are so well known they need not detain us long here. Hauptmann was made the subject of an article in the EDINBURGH REVIEW a year or two ago.* And now that Ibsen is dead Hermann Sudermann is probably the best-known dramatist in Europe ; if he shares his fame with anyone, it is with D'Annunzio. This is not to say that his work is on a level with his fame. Being conspicuous, Sudermann has, of course, been made a special mark for attack by 'Young Berlin,' as it is represented in the Independent Theatre and the 'Neue Rundschau.' We have no desire to join in these attacks. In Sudermann must be recognised a playwright of extraordinary skill and of extraordinary knowledge in all that concerns his craft. He has a gift of assimilating ideas. But he has, it must also be admitted, no personal note ; and when he crystallises in his dramas something which is 'in the air,' it is apt to assume rather a commonplace, rather a vulgar shape. That 'Heimath' ('Magda') is a supremely actable play, that is proved *ambulando*. 'Heimath' has no special note of originality. It presents the German middle-class in all its dulness and smallness. But German middle-class life has a hundred times been the butt of German wit ; and among the moderns it is dealt with much more piquantly by Von Moser. 'Heimath' likewise poses the revolt of a woman against the chain of morals ; but it presents

* July, 1903.

this—which too has been for half a century 'in the air'—in the most obvious form. 'Die Ehre' ('Honour'), which is an earlier and inferior piece by the same author, holds its place in popularity, and it has been the parent of other dramas on the same subject. Yet the writing *à thèse* is very obvious; and Trast, the *deus ex machina*, who in a sense makes the play, is as conventional a creation as could well be conceived.

Sudermann, when he writes *à thèse*, does not, however, take his thesis very seriously. It is a certain element of strength in him that he can pass lightly from subject to subject, seizing something of all that is flashing through men's minds. Often it is a will-o'-the-wisp that he follows. In the two plays just cited, for instance, Sudermann presents us with what Ibsen is supposed by the Teutonic mind to be—the man of 'questions.' Ibsen is not that in reality. In the 'Doll's House' he comes nearest to being so; and the 'Doll's House' is the first of Ibsen's pieces which had a wide acceptance. But it is not true of the Norseman's dramas as a whole that they deal in questions. That which sways Ibsen's art, as it must govern the art of every great dramatist, is the conception of—the creation of—character. His Stockmanns and Bernicks and John Gabriel Borkmans and old Hejres, his Hedda Gablers and Rebecca Wests, exist essentially for and by themselves, not for the sake of demonstration. It is far easier to copy Ibsen as a propounder of questions than Ibsen as a creator of character; and our most popular playwright, Mr. Pinero, has done precisely what Sudermann has done.

Not that in the case of either the English or the German dramatist there is no conception of character. But in neither case does it go very deep. It is enough for the stage, perhaps; enough for the play at least as we *see* it, not enough for the play as we remember it. So is it with the four women in another of Sudermann's pieces, 'Schmetterlingsschlacht.' We have an adequate presentment of that shabby-genteel story, but there is little which we carry away. 'Glück im Winkel' is, after 'Magda,' his high-water mark. But Wiedemann and Elizabeth and the baron (Trast again in quite a different guise) soon grow shadowy in our thoughts. Sudermann's latest plays are 'Stein unter Steinen' and 'Das Bloomenboot.' In the former his airy telegraph seems to have caught some few words of a message from Gorky's 'Nachtasyl,' which was acted with great success in Germany two or three years ago. Certainly Struve the ex-convict, with his talk of the 'High School' (his name for prison) and his cynical, humorous, bitter attitude towards life, is a good deal of a Gorky type. The passage, for example,

where Struve tells the young workmen of Zarnke's yard about the lime tree which one so longed to see the whole of, and which, when once one got out of prison, proved to be a commonplace lime tree after all: this is exactly in the style of the Russian playwright: but by the side of Gorky's his shafts are blunt. The plot of 'Stein unter Steinen' is rather complicated, and it would be difficult to explain it in the space at our disposal. If it owes something to Gorky, it owes something too to Hauptmann's example. After the manner of Hauptmann it treats us to a good deal of dialect, but it skates over the surface of the waters which Hauptmann sounds to their tragic depths. Now and again it is Dickens-like in its superficiality.

'Das Bloomenboot' is a piece treated with a good deal of skill and charm. It tells of a mother, daughter of a rich manufacturer, who has lived altogether for art and not at all for morals. She is now in the forties. Her first husband had been of the firm, but her married life had never hindered her from having lovers; on this husband's death she married one of the lovers. By the first husband she had two daughters, Rafaella and Thea. Rafaella she has in her turn married to a member of the firm in the next generation, to a man of no birth or attraction, but with a genius for finance, on the complete understanding that Rafaella will tread the path of pleasure which she has trod before her. And this Rafaella does, adoring her mother all the while. The same is planned for Thea, who in the course of the play is married to her cousin. This Renaissance freedom in love and art is the 'Boat of Flowers' in which they are to sail down life. Rafaella is already embarked. But Thea at the last moment finds she loves her husband. So she stays upon the shore.

To pass from Sudermann's plays to Hauptmann's is a curious sensation. Yet after all it can be best likened to nothing more remote than the sensation we all have in passing out of a theatre into the streets upon some wet blustering night, when even the most familiar London scenes seem to have changed somewhat, and every moment to partake in equal measure of a grim, almost sordid reality, and an unapprehended fantasy. Gerhard Hauptmann has always in this way hovered between realism and fantasy. This is true even when we think of his prose dramas, and leave out of account 'Die versunkene Glocke' ('The 'Sunken Bell'), a thing quite unique and apart. 'Die Weber' had its counterpart or its opposite in 'Hanneles Himmelfahrt.' Of these things we have spoken in a bygone number. In the domain of realism Hauptmann has done in recent years nothing better than 'Michael Kramer.' But he has quite recently produced a new fantastic drama which is certainly very fantastic

indeed. 'Und Pippa tanzt' ('And Pippa dances') owes, of course, its name to Browning, but it owes him nothing more. It more nearly resembles 'Hansel and Grethel' than any stage piece that we can call to mind. But 'Hansel and Grethel' professes to be nothing more than a Kindermärchen. That which gives it form, which re-creates it as a piece for the boards, is its music. And that which creates 'Die versunkene Glocke' is, on its side, essentially the versification, though, of course, 'The Sunken Bell' is much more than a child's story. Now in 'Und Pippa tanzt' we have no verse. A great part of the play is mere folk-tale and of a childish sort. Hauptmann's energy and conviction seem to have abandoned him after the first act; but that is so good that the play remains an impressive one despite its shortcomings. The Pippa of this story is the daughter of an Italian glass-painter, Tagliazoni. She is meant to be the embodiment of the furnace in which glass—the wonder of Bohemian glass—is made. She is not really distinguishable from Rautendelein of 'The Sunken Bell,' though she is a fire and Rautendelein is a sort of nymph; but, whereas Rautendelein is created by the verse, Pippa is no more than a shadow or a name. Pippa is carried off by the glass-house representative of the gnome of our fairy tales: 'der alte Huhn,' a former glass-blower, who lives alone in a hut upon the mountain-side. The mountains are the Riesengebirge of Silesia, among which is also a 'going' manufactory of glass similar evidently to Bohemian glass; for, of course, Bohemia lies only a mile or so away over the border. And this new Rautendelein is rescued from the gnome by the modern counterpart of 'Boots' or 'Poor Hans,' the eternal youngest son of Fortune, the wanderer Michael Hellriegel, and carried up the mountain to the house of Wann (When?), 'eine mythische Persönlichkeit.' That which most mars the play as a whole is the excellence of the first scene. Here we are seemingly quite in the real world; but if we have read the list of *dramatis personæ* we have the further sense of being overshadowed by a symbolic world. The scene is crowded, but excellently set. At one table sits the director of the glass manufactory; at the card-table play a group of the skilled artisans of the same, among them Tagliazoni, the father of Pippa. Workmen are drinking at other tables. Wende, the landlord, moves from group to group. He and the director talk; and the old Huhn comes in, 'ein riesiger Mensch,' all in rags, with long red hair and beard and bushy red eyebrows. There is something which gives us a thrill when the director says *à propos* of Huhn—

'When one looks at that old fellow and thinks of Paris one doesn't believe in the existence of Paris.

'WENDE. Have you been to Paris again ?

'DIRECTOR. Only three days back. Brought tremendous orders.

'WENDE. Ah ! Then it pays ?

'DIRECTOR. Pays ? Costs money and brings money—more though. No, it's no folly going there. The restaurants all ablaze. Duchesses in silk and gold and Brussels lace. The Palais-Royal ladies ! Our glass, the finest crystal, on the tables ; things that some such hairy old giant as that Huhn has made ! '

It is into such passages as these that Hauptmann can compress the essence of his symbolism as no other writer can.

A lame ocarina-player * comes into the guest room. The director insists on Pippa being called down to dance, and Huhn is set to dance opposite her ; 'tis one of the customary amusements of the place to set old Huhn to dance with Pippa. While all the folk seem to be watching the dancing, Tagliazoni manipulates the cards ; he has already won a lot this evening ; two of his companions observe him ; he runs off, and there is a hue and cry. For a moment the inn room is left to Huhn and Pippa, and Huhn carries off the girl to his hut while her father is being knifed out in the snow. In the next act Hellriegel comes in search of her, and without much difficulty—Hauptmann is perhaps ashamed to employ the machinery of the old fairy tales ; but that is a mistake—Hellriegel takes the girl off up the mountain, deep in snow, as far as Wann's house. The rest is rather stupid. Wann is not so much a mythic 'Persönlichkeit' as a being strayed out of a child's tale. He smacks, with his telescopes and the rest, more of pantomime, or, at least, of 'Hansel 'and Grethel' or 'Peter Pan,' than he does of symbolic drama. At the last Pippa, who is the incarnation of the flame of the glass-furnace, is released and disappears.

There is doubtless something interesting in the attempt to present a theme of this sort as a prose drama, and the first act shows that it can be done. The first act differences 'Und Pippa tanzt' altogether from 'Die versunkene Glocke.' But the fact that when the folk-tale requires adventure, as in the rescue of Pippa, Hauptmann has checked his hand and changed his mind, is a sign of weakness which pursues the author to the end of the piece. He is not sustained by the incitement of versifying, and he does not care enough about his story to make it as moving (or as full of movement even) as it might be made.

There is another tradition belonging to heroic drama in

* The ocarina is a small wind-instrument, more or less like a flageolet. It is made of terra-cotta. 'It has a hollow, rather sweet tone, similar to that of a stopped organ-pipe.' (Dr. Stone in Grove's 'Dict. of Music.')

Germany besides that carried on by this drama from our Elizabethans : on this other side it was a foretaste of something new—Romanticism. Romantic drama was not alone—did not alone aim at being—on a high level of passion or action ; it must bristle with strange adventures and come near the borderland of what is Satanic and supernatural. It was, or would be, mediæval, which the Elizabethans never tried to be. It lived on elemental passions ; it defied the heavenly powers—' narguc à Dieu ' sing Victor Hugo's Bourgraves—to a degree which would have made Shakespeare stare. It dealt in solitary barons and robbers, and robber-barons, much more than in the ordinary knights of chivalry. Nay, whoever else was omitted, let not on any account the robbers be left out. From ' Götz von Ber- ' lichingen ' through ' Manfred ' down to ' Hernani ' the robber and the outlaw lord it in these plays. Goethe was of the romantic drama ; Schiller was for it ; Byron, Victor Hugo, there is no need to recall what they have done for Romanticism. Now all this has fallen very dead to us. Modern realism is a reaction against Romanticism much more than against the old heroic drama. And it is for this reason specially interesting that we should get a flicker of the dying Romanticism in Ibsen's early play ' Lady ' Inger.' It is most of all the elemental passions which the modern dramatist eschews. Insatiable, hereditary revenge, being the passion most difficult to find in modern society, was specially dear to the Romantics. What we call psychology is to- day the first thing, the second thing, the third thing in our plays and novels, whatsoever their time or setting. And psycho- logy really means a dealing with emotions, which, whatever else they be, must not be elemental or ' obvious.' The vast majority of pieces written for the German stage to-day are of this psychological sort. A considerable number of these are one-act pieces, impressions of a moment, side incidents in a life, emotions which, even if violent for the time being, are not made to endure. An excellent example of this kind of thing is the latest (a two-act) play by Von Keyserling, ' Benignens ' Erlebniss ' (' Benigna's Experience '), published this year. Ernst von Keyserling is a Viennese playwright. There is a little group of such—Arthur Schnitzler, Hermann Bahr are of it—very talented, with a grace and charm of their own. The scene of ' Benignens Erlebniss ' is a villa just outside Vienna where dwells, quite shut away from the world, a Baron Kraft von Aschberg, a retired functionary of no high official rank, but with all the exclusiveness of the Austrian nobility. He is content to be wheeled about his garden in the day, and to play picquet with the doctor every evening. His wife's brother, Baron Went

von Hochsattel, comes every afternoon to make a change in the company, and Benigna has been betrothed, before the play opens, to a young lieutenant, no doubt in the same rank of life, with an existence as aristocratic and as insignificant marked out for her in the future. But the date of this history does not suit so well with the determined indifference of the baron to all outside affairs, for it is the moment of the revolt, the half-successful revolution of 1848, and the chances of war bring a wounded student, Alois Fischer, almost a boy, who has been fighting behind the barricades, to hide himself in their garden and die there if it should so chance. He is found by the servant; and Benigna, supported by the doctor, insists on bringing him into the house. This is the first act. A dozen hours pass between the first and second acts, during which interval the powers have been dethroned. Benigna has taken the direction of everything, and for a brief moment the life of the shut-in villa centres round the proletary student. The interest of the play is in the dialogue between Benigna and Alois. This is Benigna's experience, her one experience of the real. It is a sin against realism to make a dying man speak, and be spoken to so much; Dr. Gerstl would have forbidden it. But, putting that aside, the scene excellently presents Benigna's passionate desire to partake of this new life, Alois' callous indifference to her and all she tries to be to him; all this is very true and very moving. Her uncle, the philosopher of the circle (who is in a way in love with Benigna, as in Catholic countries may be) cannot persuade her that 'he—he lives in his own world; and 'you and all you want to give to him are unreal as a dream.' When Fischer dies the girl cries out:

'Why should he die? Why couldn't he have lived? He wished to live. Why should he die while we are allowed to live. He——'

'We?' says Went. 'Ah, I do not know. Perhaps because we have no reality in our lives to die for.'

Another of Keyserling's plays—an earlier, 'Peter Hawel'—presents the other side of the medal. Hawel, a landlord of the old-fashioned type—half yeoman, that is to say—is married to a Polish girl by much his junior, and his complete antithesis in character. He is strenuous and 'dour'; she light and frivolous to the finger-tips. She gets her nephew, Gordon, taken as Volontär (much the same as the apprentice to a land agent) on the estate. Gordon is good for nothing, but to dance or sing with his aunt. And in this play, as in 'Benignens Erlebniss,' there is the suggestion, offensive to a Protestant mind, not so to a Catholic, even an unpractising writer of a Catholic country,

of a sort of love-making between the two generations (aunt and nephew here, as uncle and niece in 'Benignens Erlebniss'). In any case, Peter feels that more and more his wife is undermining his moral nature, sapping all his strength of character. He ends by throwing her over a precipice. Such a tragedy as that is out of the picture, and destroys the artistic merits of the play. But as a piece of psychology, it is interesting.

Or take three other plays of more pretension by three different writers, different in character, unequal in merit, but all three worth the knowing—'Die grösste Sünde' (The Unforgiveable Sin), by Otto Ernst; 'Zwischenspiel,' by Arthur Schnitzler; and 'Fiorenza,' by Thomas Mann. The first of these playwrights is something of an 'old parliamentary hand'; he is a professional playwright of the school of Sudermann, and can turn out pieces of various types suitable for the stage. 'The Unforgiveable Sin' is a tragedy of a very serious intention, and certainly 'actual' as regards plot. It is one of those pieces characteristic of Germany, wherein we see Ibsenism transmuted by the Teutonic brain, a metaphysical presentment of what Ibsen should have been rather than that which he really was. Wolfgang Behrens is the affianced of Magdalene Wohlers. Wohlers is a man of business, and rich. The hero's Christian name will be evidence enough to the cunning reader that Behrens is a true hero, full of high plans for the amelioration of the human lot; in these he has already sacrificed his private fortune. Naturally, therefore, he is no longer a *persona gratissima* to Magdalene's parents; he is now, among other things, tutor to Fritz, Magdalene's twelve-year-old brother. But add to this that Wolfgang is a strong anti-clerical. Not that the Wohlers household is pious. As Fritz says to Wolfgang:

'The curate (Kandidat) says that whoever does not say his 'prayers is godless, and cannot be a good man. But here at 'home nobody says their prayers. Papa doesn't, mamma 'doesn't, Magdalene doesn't, and I don't.' The Wohlers wish all the same to keep on good terms with the Church, whereas Wolfgang pushes his anti-clericalism till it makes a scandal. The Wohlers would break off the engagement. But Magdalene sticks to her lover and marries him in the face of the father's prohibition. All assistance from the father-in-law is cut off, and they fall into great poverty. Still Behrens supposes that his wife goes with him heart and soul, till their child Richard falls ill. Then Magdalene begs and insists that he shall be baptized. This does not save the child's life, and Magdalene takes it as a judgement from heaven. Having given way on one point, Wolfgang gives way on others, and makes terms with the

clerical powers that be. This is the 'unforgiveable sin,' that he has trifled with his own conscience, and Magdalene at the end comes to see the same; that it has been but superstition with her too, and her *belief* is with her husband. So they go into an inner chamber and shoot themselves, just before the father- and mother-in-law come to bring their reconciliation, and to bring material assistance. It is a rather stagey play. More especially is Pastor Meiling poorly done—nothing else but the hypocritical worldly parson who has figured on a hundred boards. But in that it is eminently psychological, Herr Ernst's play may be reckoned 'in the movement.'

Arthur Schnitzler is a young Viennese author, known by two or three novels and tales, and by a tolerably ample production in drama. A good many of his plays are one-act pieces. 'Full of 'art, but with no great natural gifts,' this the judgement on Schnitzler of Hermann Bahr sitting as critic. But as Bahr is also a Viennese, and also a playwright, and so in every sense a rival, his judgement cannot pass unsuspect. 'Zwischenspiel' (which, being interpreted, is 'Intermezzo') is a formal three-act drama of a sort rather specially characteristic of our day, too sombre in its ending to pass for comedy, too insignificant or *mesquin* to be called tragedy. The conductor of an orchestra (one would rather say *Kapellmeister* or *chef d'orchestre*, both these names sounding so much more important), Amadeus Adams by name, a young man of some thirty years, has for wife a distinguished opera-singer, Cäcilie Adams-Ortenburg. On the rising of the curtain Adams is discovered, trying over her part with another singer, Gräfin Friederika Moosheim; while his wife, we learn from the dialogue, has gone out walking or driving with a young prince, Sigismund, Fürst von und zu Maradas-Lohenstein. In these facts alone the plot seems to be indicated without difficulty. Friederika, who is practising the sympathetic part of Goethe's Philine, is quite clearly making love to Amadeus. Equally evident is it that if a young opera-singer goes out driving with a prince it is likely to give rise to talk. But such doings as these taken alone are 'obviously too obvious' for modern drama. There must be something psychological in the situation. It exists here in the fact that both Amadeus and Cäcilie recognise that they are too *künstlich* to feel the vulgar pangs of jealousy, and too straightforward to wish or expect to conceal anything one from the other. There is no reason in the nature of things why they should drift apart. But each is so afraid of laying chains upon the other that he or she pushes that other into the rival's arms. The catastrophe is faintly connected with the necessity which Amadeus conceives of

being alone, away from his wife's companionship to write the Intermezzo—the Zwischenspiel—of a symphonic piece to which she is not over sympathetic. But the time *he* spends with Philine and *she* with the Fürst is in itself only essentially a Zwischenspiel. If the husband and wife had had the naturalness, the manliness as one may say, to give way a little to elemental emotion, the separation would never have taken place. Even as it is, a reconciliation is the most natural ending. But as the natural is sometimes (alas!) also the 'obvious,' Schnitzler is obliged to deny himself this; and the play ends in this wise:

'AMADEUS. This is our reward for having always been truthful one to the other.

'CÄCILIE (*turning back*). Truthful? *Have* we always been that?

'AMADEUS. Cäcilie!

'CÄCILIE. No: I don't believe that—now. If in other things we were truthful, that we should at once have reconciled ourselves—I to the passion you professed for Countess Friederika, and you to my inclination for Sigismund—that wasn't truth. If we had spat out our anger face to face, our bitterness, our suspicions, Amadeus, instead of acting the part of calm and reasonable folk, we should have been truthful then.

[*Cäcilie off.*

'AMADEUS (*alone*). Good—we were *not* truthful then.

Whereupon Amadeus packs up his things and disappears out of Cäcilie's life—we may imagine. Or we may imagine that he comes back again.*

We do not know the name of Thomas Mann, otherwise than as the author of 'Fiorenza.' But this play is by much the best of the three which we have chosen for comparison. At any rate, it is so from a literary standpoint; it does not seem quite so actable, and whether it has been acted or how it would look upon the stage we are unaware.' The play is not the less modern in its character (or should we say in its morale, its *ethos*) from being placed in the day (the last day as it proves) of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Like most of his contemporaries, our author is concerned to discover something psychologically new, and at all hazards not obvious. He finds it in a new reading of the character of Girolamo Savonarola. The unhappy Prior of San Marco seems destined to serve philosophical authors as a demonstration. George Eliot made him a text for a sermon on the positive philosophy—Christianity *plus* Science, in Mr. Frederic Harrison's phrase. Thomas Mann seems to want to

* 'Zwischenspiel,' it must be confessed, was not a success upon the boards.

indoctrinate Savonarola with the teaching of Nietzsche : that is to say, the Prior ends by confessing his sense of and love of power as Lorenzo leads him on, and his practical contempt for the folk who worship him. ' Why have you not,' says Nietzsche's Zarathustra, ' already torn the wreath from my brow ? ' Savonarola seems to say something the same in ' Fiorenza,' and Thomas Mann to be eager to perform the office. Now, putting all question of ethics on one side, there is this disadvantage in the Nietzschean philosophy that the ' jenseit von Gut und Böse ' (the opposite of Good and Evil) is also the opposite of human nature. It is running too far from the obvious to reach to the obviously absurd. And this Mann achieves in his presentment of Savonarola's character. But, after all, the Prior of San Marco does not actually appear till the last act, though his presence is felt throughout. The setting of the scene is excellent—the scholars and the artists who surround the dying Lorenzo. The play is interesting, too, in that it adheres to the unities ; it all takes place in one day, the last of Lorenzo's life, and the whole scene is laid in the Villa Medicea at Careggi, just outside Florence. In the first act the dialogue is between Giovanni de' Medici, the seventeen-year-old cardinal, Lorenzo's second son (afterwards, as we know, Leo X.), Angelo Poliziano, the great Humanist, and Pico della Mirandola. We do not remember to have met either in history or fiction so lifelike a presentment of the third, the phœnix of his age. The attitude which all the three hold to Lorenzo, who is really dying, though they will not acknowledge it (this act is transacted in Giovanni's private apartments), is eminently natural, humorous, and courtly as well.

' My great, my beloved patron ! ' (exclaims Angelo at one moment). ' Is it for this that fourteen years ago I saved thee in the Duomo from the daggers of the Pazzi, that now in the glory of life thou shouldst be torn from me by a malicious disease ? What shall we do, we wretches that remain, when thou takest thy way to the infernal shades ? What am I but a climbing plant that to thee the laurel clings, who must die when thou shouldst wither ? And Florence ? What shall be the lot of Florence, who is thy mistress, thy bride ? I behold her clad in widow's weeds. . . .

' Pico. Good master Angelo, I pray you. That is a funeral elegy : it comes too soon. Lorenzo is alive and you sing a threnody on his death. Your genius runs away with you. . . .'

It suits, too, with the gifts of della Mirandola, whose memory must have been prodigious, that he should give so exact and vivid an account of Fra Girolamo's preaching that day in the Duomo, and of the contest 'twixt him and Fiore, Lorenzo's mistress. Fiore may be in part a symbolical character, but the

presentment of her exactly recalls the time. She seems to have stepped out of a picture by Ghirlandajo. But once again in Girolamo's relationship to Fiore we have a false note struck. Doubly false in this, that it is stolen from *Notre-Dame de Paris*, and recalls the relation of Claude Frollo to Esmeralda.

Schnitzler, we have said, has written numerous other plays, a good many in one act only. By far the best of these slighter pieces is 'Der grüne Kakadu' ('The Green Cockatoo'). The Green Cockatoo is a cellar-tavern in Paris, kept by an ex-actor, who has engaged a number of his friends, failures like himself on the boards, to come here and enact the parts of *voyous* of the lowest description, pimps, thieves, and murderers. The place becomes a fashionable resort of the nobility, who think they are seeing life. The day of this particular scene is the 14th of July, 1789. The stormers of the Bastille figure in the background (a sort of Greek chorus) at a particular moment of the drama—the supreme moment when a young duke is stabbed by one of the actors, Henry, because the duke has been the lover of Henry's bride. The strange mixture of reality and fiction, comedy and horror—so exactly typical of that moment in the world's history—makes 'Der grüne Kakadu' one of the most original and interesting plays written in recent years.

From these psychological pieces we pass with the so-called 'mouvement' to the sordid and decadent plays which the Independent Theatre of Berlin, in imitation of its brother of Paris, made at one time rather its speciality. It was out of the Independent Theatre and the company of Arnold Holtz and Johannes Schafft that Hauptmann worked out his independence. These two playwrights have remained where they were, a good deal hide-bound, or it may be hypnotized by the French realistic novel and realistic drama. And they in their turn and in their own field have been outdone by Frank Wedekind, who unites a curious light touch and extreme skill in his dialogue with Maccabre instincts and a taste for horrors which would be too much for what used to be called a transpontine audience with us. Without doubt Wedekind's two best plays are 'Der Erdgeist' ('The Earth-spirit') and 'Die Büchse der Pandora' ('Pandora's Chest'); the latter being the sequel of the former. Together they give the short life-history of a girl, Lulu, who has been picked out of the streets, educated and 'formed' (or misformed) by a satyrish Dr. Schön, a newspaper editor, a middle-aged man with a grown-up son. From him Lulu has passed to another middle-aged man who has married her, and who dies of a stroke early in 'Der Erdgeist,' while Lulu is being painted by and flirting with (no more than flirting) a totally

unsuspicious man who next marries and adores her. This lasts awhile, till Lulu begins to tire of so much worship, and she commissions Schön to break the truth about her past to her husband. But the shock is too great, and the painter shoots himself. Catastrophe number two. We will not continue the list, because, without the set-off of the dialogue, which is wonderfully bright and natural, the play would seem intolerably sordid and horrible. It is enough to say that Lulu, who has never really cared for anyone but Schön, succeeds in calling him back from an honourable engagement, marries him, but, as he becomes dangerously jealous, finishes by shooting him in self-defence. Lulu ends in the hands of Jack the Ripper. In spite of all, the author is clever in endowing this Lulu with a great fascination, and one sees the reflex of it in her effect upon all the folk who come in contact with her.

In looking back over all the dramatic production in Germany of recent years, of which it has not been possible even to refer to or suggest the larger portion, we are struck first of all by its extent and variety. True, we have taken in all those who write in German, North Germans, Bavarians, Austrians; for literature knows no distinction of nationalities, only that of language. (Even so Norse writers cannot with any propriety be classed apart from the Danish.) At a second thought or upon reflection the sense of great productiveness and of variety rather lessens. So does our sense of its indebtedness to Ibsen. No doubt some of Hauptmann's earlier pieces are very Ibsenesque: 'Das Friedens-'fest' sufficiently, 'Einsame Menschen' even absurdly so. And Sudermann, always ready to catch influences in the air, has caught plenty from the Norse dramatist. No doubt too the pre-eminence of Ibsen has imposed itself on the German mind: that he is the chief cause why so many, there as here, have taken to writing plays who would not perhaps have thought of it else. (Of course there have been more sordid motives at work as well.) But there, as here, official and successful playwriting has followed upon old lines, and has in point of technique and in the essentials of the art learnt little or nothing from Norway. 'Es war alles da,' as the rabbi says in Gutzkow's 'Uriel 'Acosta.' Though we know that Herr Berthold Litzmann thinks differently in this matter.

Sudermann still makes the capital mistake of trying to tell a life-history in a drama. He does this not so much as he did in 'Magda,' but much more than he should, and, like most of our playwrights, he is obsessed by the supposed necessity of a plot and under-plot. In 'Stein unter Steinen' there is too much

action to come plausibly within the limits of the one-night performance; especially are the relations of Marie and Gottlingk absurd. Hauptmann, in his best and most characteristic work ('Hannele' and 'Die versunkene Glocke'), stands quite apart. But even men who, like Schnitzler and Keyserling, rather go in for impressions, these even ('Peter Hawel' shows it in Keyserling's case) seem to have no conception how much or how little one can legitimately put into a realistic play. That means that the German stage, like ours, is overshadowed by the tradition of the heroic stage; it is always trying to pour old wine into new bottles. Ibsen's greatness as a dramatist lay in this, that he freed himself from the weight of tradition and a standard which he knew that in these days we could never attain to. He produced work new, and in its fashion great. Ibsen's whole art as a playwright is founded upon a theory like that proclaimed by Shakespeare in the famous lines about the 'tide in the affairs of men.' He sees human life going along a course marked out for it by custom or by circumstance until one event arises to bring the character to the test. A woman is attracted by a man whom she does not marry. She might forget it all. But if the man suddenly appears again—what then? A man and his wife live on together, not very affectionate, but yet content. But if some unexpected event happens; if they are shaken out of their orbit; if their only child dies or the husband reveals himself a coward—what then? A man of mean character (mean in its etymological sense) lives on with his wife and daughter and his old father, in character his very counterpart, though the father has had the misfortune to disgrace himself. Then a friend of earlier days turns up, full of enthusiasms, magnanimities, and still more of magnanimous theories, so that he draws the poor mediocre young man out of his course—what then?

And so it is throughout. Only when there is a sense of the greatness of that eternal moment can there be anything of greatness in the piece made upon this model. It must be a sense of its inherent—if you will, its psychological—greatness. It must have nothing to do with the explosions of melodrama, which are from without.

Not always in Ibsen do we get this; but we do sometimes. We get it sometimes on the German stage likewise; but not often. The very mention of Gutzkow reminds us how differently 'questions' present themselves now from the way they did in his day. If, along with what is called psychology, there has on the modern stage grown up no counterbalancing sense of the importance of human nature, much has been lost and little gained.

Art. IX.—CHARACTERISTICS OF MR. SWINBURNE'S POETRY.

The Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne. In six volumes. With a dedicatory epistle to Theodore Watts-Dunton. London: Chatto & Windus. 1904.

There is probably some foundation for the belief, often held in these days, that the production of high poetry is becoming more difficult, partly because the environment of modern civilization lends itself less and less to artistic treatment, as mechanism supersedes human effort, and partly through the operation of other causes. It has been plausibly argued that most things worth saying have been said already; that even the words best fitted for poetic expression have been worn out, have been weakened by familiar usage or soiled by misuse, and that the resources of language for adequate presentation of ideas and feelings are running very low. Nevertheless, we all look forward hopefully to the coming of the original genius who is to strike a fresh note and inaugurate a new era, as pious Mahomedans expect another Imam. Yet his coming may not be in our time, and meanwhile the poetic lamp is burning dimly; it is just kept alight by the assiduous trimming of the disciples of the great men who have passed or are passing away, by the minor poets who strike a few musical chords that catch the ear, but who are not recalled by the audience when they have played their part and left the stage. The stars that shone in the bright constellation of Victorian poets have been setting one by one, until two only remain of those who were the pride of the generation to which they belong, for whom we may predict that they will hold a permanent place in English literature. It is now nearly sixty years since Mr. Meredith's first poems were published. Mr. Swinburne is about ten years his junior, both in age and in authorship; one may perhaps assume that the work upon which their reputations will rest is finished for both of them. Mr. Meredith's poetry has very recently been the subject of a very complete and sympathetic study by Mr. George Trevelyan. In this article we shall make an attempt to delineate, briefly of necessity and therefore inadequately, the characteristic qualities of form and thought, the technical methods and intellectual temperament which distinguish the younger poet, who may be destined to be the last survivor of an illustrious company.

If we accept the theory that art, like nature, follows the principle of continuous development, that its existing state is

closely linked with its past, it is not easy to affiliate Mr. Swinburne to any direct literary predecessors. Undoubtedly we may assign to him poetical kinship with Shelley; he has the same love for classical myths and allegories, for the embodiment of nature in the beautiful figures of the antique. Light and shade, a quiet landscape, a tumultuous storm, stir him with the same sensuous emotion. He has Shelley's passion for the sea; he is fond of invoking the old divinities who presided over the fears, hopes, and desires of mankind. He has also Shelley's rebellious temper, the unflinching revolt against dogmatic authority and fundamental beliefs which rightly shocked our grandfathers in 'Queen Mab' and a few other poems; he is even less disposed than Shelley to the hypocrisy which does unwilling homage to virtue. On the other hand, Mr. Swinburne's pantheism has not Shelley's metaphysical note; the conception of an indwelling spirit guiding and moulding the phenomenal world has dropped out; there is no pure idealism of this sort in Mr. Swinburne's verse.

It may be said, truly, that some of Mr. Swinburne's poetry shows the influence of the later French Romanticists, of the reaction toward mediævalism which is represented in England by Scott, and which culminated in France with Victor Hugo, for whom the English poet's admiration is unmeasured. That movement, however, had almost ceased on our side of the Channel at the time when it had reached, or was just passing, its climax in France. And, indeed, by 1835 the style and sentiment of English poetry was undergoing a remarkable change. Its magnificent efflorescence, which the first quarter of the nineteenth century had seen in full bloom, had faded away. It had sprung up in an era of great wars and revolution, amid the struggles of nations to shake off the incubus of despotisms, to free themselves from the yoke of foreigners. The cause of political liberty inspired the noblest verse of Shelley, Coleridge, and Byron:

> 'Still Freedom, still thy banner, torn yet flying,
> Streams like a meteor flag against the wind —'

But in England this ardent spirit had evaporated during the years of industrial prosperity and mechanical progress which came in with a long peace after twenty years of fighting; and during the next generation a milder tone prevailed. For an interval we had only second-rate artists in verse. The fiery enthusiasts, the despisers of respectability, were succeeded by poets who were decently emotional, pensive in thought, tame or affected in style, domestic in theme, with feeble echoes of the

true romantic note in Mrs. Hemans and others. Next, in the fulness of time, came Tennyson and Browning, to raise the level of English poetry by their deeper views of life, their elevation of thought, and their incomparably greater imaginative power. Tennyson's composition is pellucid and exquisitely refined. Browning is rugged and often obscure; he cares more for the force than for the form of expression. The great problems of religion and politics are seriously and cautiously handled. Browning analyses them with caustic irony, while Tennyson, after making vain attempts to solve them, finds consolation in the 'Higher Pantheism.' They are soon joined by Matthew Arnold and Clough, who represent the melancholy resignation of sensitive minds that have discarded the creeds, for whom the miraculous history of Christianity is an illusion that has faded into the common light of day. Meredith, poet and novelist, falls back upon communion with Nature; he preaches the doctrine of duty, of working while the light lasts; he is a high moralist who accepts stoically the conclusion that nothing beyond terrestrial existence is knowable.

Thus Mr. Swinburne's elder contemporaries and precursors in poetry were all in different modes and fashions optimists; at any rate in their earlier writings. They stood outside the Churches; dogmatic beliefs they tacitly put away; they were in sympathy with the Christian ideal apart from its supernatural element; they professed a vague trust in an unseen Power, chequered here and there by intimations of pantheism; they made no frontal assault upon the central positions of theology. When we turn to their emotional poetry we find that they were always decorous; there is much discourse of love, often passionate, never erotic, no tearing aside of drapery, not a line to scare modesty. In Tennyson's most impassioned lyrics the principal figure is the broken-hearted lover, jilted by Cousin Amy, or caught in the garden with Maud—with intentions strictly honourable in both cases. The treatment of love by Browning and Meredith is chiefly psychological; they are usually concerned with the tragic situations that it can involve, though the comic aspect of sexual infatuation occasionally provokes cynicism. In politics all these poets are no friends to democracy or seething radicalism; they adore liberty, yet they are votaries of law and order; they have a hatred of misrule, and generally a cheerful confidence in the world's evolution toward better things. On social ethics the poets of the mid-Victorian period wrote with philosophic sobriety; they maintained a strict moral standard. In their wildest emotional flights they abstained from irreverence or indecorum. They

undoubtedly represented the prevailing cast of thought, the taste and tendencies of the society to which they belonged; the growing scepticism, the influence on established ideas of advancing science and philosophy. Literature had been showing distinct signs of sympathy with these novelties, but in the early 'sixties an open revolt was generally discountenanced.

Mr. Swinburne's first publications were two historic plays, of which something will be said hereafter. In 1864 he turned suddenly from modern history to ancient legend for his dramatic subject, when he aroused immediate attention by 'Atalanta in 'Calydon,' which reproduced the structure and metrical arrangement of a Greek tragedy. The dialogue has the purity of tone, the clear-cut concision that belong to its Hellenic model. At the beginning we have a joyous chant full of sound and colour, gradually changing into the elegiac strain of foreboding, the dread of pitiless divinities, the lamentation for the hero's unmerited fate. The exquisite modulations of the verse, the splendid choral antiphonies captivated all who were susceptible to the enchantment of poetry. The delicate adaptation of the English language to quantitative harmonies in high resonant lyrics showed extraordinary skill in the difficult enterprise of communicating the charm and cadences of the antique masterpieces. It is a heroic drama, severe in style and character as the 'Antigone' of Sophocles. Then in 1865 came 'Chastelard,' conceived and partly written, as Mr. Swinburne has told us, when he was yet at Oxford, a play in which he turns from the Greek tragedians to rejoin the historical dramatists. The turn is abrupt, for no character could have been more alien to the Greek notions of heroism than that of the love-sick knight who joyfully throws away his life for an hour in his lady's chamber, tears up the warrant reprieving him from execution, and accepts death to save Queen Mary's fragile reputation. But although the keynote of Mr. Swinburne's coming poetry is struck in 'Chastelard'—the overpowering enthralment of Love, a joy to live and die for—

> 'The mistress and mother of pleasure,
> The one thing as certain as death'—

yet it gave the British public no fair warning of what followed almost immediately.

Into the midst of a well-regulated, self-respecting modern society, much moved by Tennyson's 'Idylls,' and altogether sympathetic with the misfortunes of the blameless king—justly appreciative of the domestic affection so tenderly portrayed by Coventry Patmore's 'Angel in the House'—Mr. Swinburne

charged impetuously with his 'Poems and Ballads,' waving the banner of revolt against conventional reticence, kicking over screens and rending drapery—a reckless votary of Astarte, chanting the 'Laus Veneris' and the worship of 'Dolores, Our 'Lady of Pain.' From the calm and bright aspect of paganism he is turning toward its darker side, to the mystic rites and symbolism which cloaked the fierce primitive impulses of the natural man. The burden of these first poems is chiefly the bitter sweetness of love, the sighs and transports of those who writhe in the embrace of the dread goddess, known by many names in all lands, or the glory of man's brief spring-tide, when the veins are hot, soon to be cooled and covered by frost and fallen leaves. In the clear ringing stanzas of the 'Triumph of 'Time,' who sweeps away the brief summer of lovers' delight, bringing them to autumnal regrets 'for days that are over and 'dreams that are done,' and lastly to wintry oblivion, we have almost a surfeit of voluptuous melancholy. In this, as in other poems, the sea, changeful in mood, alternately fair and fierce, a bright smiling surface covering a thousand graves, fascinating and treacherous, is the mythical Aphrodite, the fatal woman, merciless to men. All this is set out in lyrics which amaze the reader by their exuberance of language, profusion of metaphor, and classic allusion; in rhymes that strike on the ear like the clashing of cymbals. It is as if Atys and his wild Mænads were flying through the quiet English woodlands. The long-drawn, undulating lines, in a quieter strain, of the 'Hymn to 'Proserpine' and of 'Hesperia,' with their subtle music, lay the reader under their charm; but too many of these poems are tainted by a flavour of morbidity, and the average Englishman is not easily thrown by the most potent spells into a state of amorous delirium.

It is not surprising, therefore, that this first volume of poems, saturated with intoxicating Hedonism, had, as Mr. Swinburne wrote in the Dedicatory Preface appended to the full collection of his works, 'as quaint a reception and as singular a fortune 'as I have ever heard or read of.' The eruption of neo-paganism was sudden and unexpectedly violent—the rumblings of scientific and philosophic scepticism had given no warning of a volcanic explosion in this direction. The current literature of 1865 was much more prudish and less outspoken than it is at the present day; the gentlemanly licentiousness of Byron's time had been completely suppressed; the moral tone of the middle class was still outwardly Puritanic. English folk were by no means prepared to rebuild the altars of the primitive deities who presided over man's unquenchable desire, or to be

otherwise than somewhat aghast at the invocations of Astarte or Ashtaroth, or the cry to Our Lady of Pain, the 'noble and 'nude and antique.' The result was that the first edition of the 'Poems and Ballads' was withdrawn, though they were re-issued in the same year, when Mr. Swinburne published a reply to his critics. Nevertheless, although the graver and, we may say, the higher judges of what was admissible to a nineteenth century poet were entirely against him, it cannot be denied that the impulsive youth of that generation felt the enchantment of Mr. Swinburne's intoxicating love-potions—were sorely tempted to dash down Tennyson on the drawing-room table, and to join the wild dance round the shrine of Aphrodite Pandemia.

In the 'Poems and Ballads' Mr. Swinburne keeps on some terms, so to speak, with theology. In the poem entitled 'A 'Litany' the Lord God discourses with Biblical sternness to His people, who tremble before Him, and threatens them with 'the inevitable Hell,' while the people implore mercy—a strange excursion into the Semitic desert out of the flowery field of paganism. And another poem is a pathetic rendering of the story of St. Dorothy, a Christian martyr. It is true that he looks back with æsthetic regret to the triumph of Christianity over the picturesque polytheism, and that perhaps the finest poem in this volume is the 'Hymn to Proserpine,' where a votary of the ancient divinities confesses sorrowfully that a new and austere faith has triumphed, but predicts that its kingdom will not last, will decline and fall like the empire of the elder gods—

'All ye as a wind shall go by, as a fire shall ye pass and be past;
Ye are gods, and behold, ye shall die, and the waves be upon you at last.
In the darkness of time, in the deeps of the years, in the changes of things,
Ye shall sleep as a slain man sleeps, and the world shall forget you for kings.'

The 'Hymn to Proserpine' is a fine conception of the champion of a lost cause standing unmoved among the ruins of his Pantheon. But the quiet dignity of his attitude is marred by the lines in which the votary of fair forms turns with loathing from the new faith which has conquered by the blood and agony of saints and martyrs. The violent invective is like a red streak across the canvas of a picturesque and highly imaginative composition. Yet if he had been reminded that Lucretius, standing in the midst of paganism, sternly denounced the evils and cruelties of religion, Mr. Swinburne would probably have replied that the Roman poet, could he have been born again fourteen or fifteen

centuries later in his native country, would have found these evils enormously increased, and that the sacrifice of Iphigenia in Aulis was as nothing to the hecatombs of the Inquisition.

His intense imagination summons up a bright and luxurious vision of the pre-Christian civilization in Greece and Rome, as yet little affected by the deeper spiritualism of Asia; he is absorbed in contemplation of the beautiful sensuous aspect of the old nature-worship, as it is represented by poetry and the plastic arts, by singers and sculptors who (one may remark) knew better than to deal with its darker and degrading side, its orgies and unabashed animalism. And we may add that Mr. Swinburne would have done well to follow the example, in this respect, of these great masters of his own art; since his early defects and excesses are mainly due to his having missed their lesson by disregarding the limitations which they scrupulously observed.

When he re-issued the 'Poems and Ballads,' Mr. Swinburne took occasion, as we have said, to reply, in a pamphlet, to the strictures and strong protests which they had aroused. He was at some trouble to discover the passages or phrases 'that had drawn 'down such sudden thunder from the serene heavens of public virtue': he was comically puzzled to comprehend why the reviewers were scandalized. He trampled with sarcasm and scorn upon canting critics, and retorted that the prurient prudery of their own minds suggested the impurities which they found in works of pure art. There is nothing, he insists, lovelier, as there is nothing more famous in later Hellenic art, than the statue of Hermaphroditus, yet his translation of a sculptured poem into written verse has given offence! One might reply that a subject which is irreproachable, on the score of purity, in cold marble, may take a very different colour when it is dilated upon in burning verse.

The controversy had its humorous side; but we have no intention of stirring up again the smoke and fire of battles fought long ago. Mr. Swinburne held his ground defiantly, and the appearance of 'Songs and Ballads,' published in 1871, showed no signs of contrition, or of concession to inveterate prejudices. In the course of the intervening five years the empire of Napoleon III. had fallen with a mighty crash; Italy had been united under one Italian dynasty; Garibaldi had become famous, and the Papal States had been absorbed into the Italian kingdom. This volume, which was dedicated to Joseph Mazzini, shows the ardent enthusiasm for the triumph of liberty, intellectual and political, which runs through all Mr. Swinburne's poetry. The 'Song of the Standard,' the 'Halt before Rome,' the

'Marching Song,' the 'Insurrection of Candia,' are poems that reflect current events; and the 'Litany of Nations' is the national anthem of peoples striving for freedom. But his verse rises to its highest pitch of exultation in the glorification of emancipation of Man. The final line of the 'Hymn to Man' is

'Glory to Man in the highest, for Man is the master of things';

and in one stanza of 'Hertha' is condensed all the wild declamations against deities and despots that pervades his poetry at this stage, with his joy in the deification of humanity:

'A creed is a rod,
And a crown is of night;
But this thing is God,
To be man with thy might,
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit, and live out thy life
As the light.

There are no love-lyrics in this volume. He now stands forth as the uncompromising enemy of established religions, a fierce assailant of tyrannies, spiritual or temporal, an iconoclast who denounces churches and tabernacles, priests and kings, the Roman Pope and the Jewish Jehovah; one for whom the Papacy is, as it was to Hobbes, the Kingdom of Darkness, its record blotted with tears and stained with blood, the 'grey spouse of Satan,' as he styled her in a later poem, sitting by a fire that is fed with the bones of her victims. From this time forward he declares open war upon theology, and even upon Theism; he is the mortal foe of bigots and tyrants; his praise is for Giordano Bruno, for Pelagius the British monk, born by the northern sea; for Voltaire, for all who have fought and suffered in the cause of intellectual emancipation. The prevailing religious beliefs seem to him relics of mediæval superstition, sophistry, and metaphysic—he contrasts them with the bright and free nature worship of the old world; he is a bitter enemy of the lofty spiritualism, the mighty world-religion, before which the fair humanities of the *juventus mundi* had faded away. His delight is in the virile qualities of the earlier civilizations, the patriotism, the heroic temper, the ardour for civic liberties, the Hellenic delight in noble form and in physical beauty. He is fretted by the restraint which Christian authority imposes upon the unruly affections of sinful men; he scorns the terrors of judgment to come, the prostration of the multitude before the threat of eternal punishment, and the promise of celestial recompense for terrestrial misery. Death is the 'sleep eternal in an eternal night'; and the one thing as certain as death is pleasure. He is the prophet of Hedonism;

he is for giving the passions a loose rein, for drinking the wine of rapture to the lees before we lie

> 'Deep in dim death, beneath the grass
> Where no thought stings.'

Nevertheless, as the years go on, the note of regret and despair quiets down, the restless spirit of the poet is subdued to the calmer influences of nature; the charm of scenery, the association of places with memories more frequently bring softer inspirations. In his earlier poems his imaginative power found full scope in rendering the impressions of natural beauty, the glory of elemental strife; as in the 'Songs of the Four Seasons,' where the approach of a storm from the sea is likened to a descent of the Norse pirates on to the peaceful coast, and the metaphor produces a spirited picture:

> 'As men's cheeks faded
> On shores invaded
> When shorewards waded
> The lords of fight;
> When churl and craven
> Saw hard on haven
> The wide-winged raven
> At mainmast height;
> When monks affrighted
> To windward sighted
> The birds full-flighted
> Of swift sea-kings;
> So earth turns paler
> When Storm the sailor
> Steers in with a roar in the race of his wings.'

But more frequently the outlook on sea and land induces reverie, vague yearnings, retrospective sadness, and, like all true artists, he transposes into the landscape his own personal emotions, what he sees, feels, and remembers. In the poem of 'Hesperia' the view of the sunset over the sea stirs tender memories; the 'deep-tide wind blowing in with the water' seems to be wafting his absent love back to him, and his heart floats out toward her 'as the refluent seaweed moves in the 'languid exuberant stream.' In such pieces the fierce amorous obsession has been shaken off; he is no longer vexed by Shakespeare's * hyperbolic fiend, his mood is comparatively gentle and pathetic, as in the beautiful verses of 'A Forsaken Garden,'

* 'Out, hyperbolic fiend! how vexest thou this man?'—*Twelfth Night.*

where his consummate faculty of metrical expression, wherein sense and sound are matched and inseparable, reaches, perhaps, its highest watermark :

> 'Over the meadows that blossom and wither
> Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song ;
> Only the sun and the rain come hither
> All year long.'

In the series of landscape sketches grouped under the title of 'A Midsummer Holiday,' published nearly twenty years after the 'Poems and Ballads,' the treatment of his subject has become more impersonal. The impression or idea is still coloured by transmission through the spectator's mind. Mr. Swinburne has himself observed, very truly, that

> 'mere descriptive poetry of the prepense and formal kind is exceptionally liable to incur and to deserve the charge of dulness : it is unnecessary to emphasise or obtrude the personal note, the presence or emotion of a spectator, but it is necessary to make it felt and keep it perceptible if the poem is to have life in it or even a right to live.' *

This is the right doctrine, and we may add that it is applicable as a criticism to some of his earlier descriptive pieces, where the intense personal feeling is somewhat too intense and disproportionate ; so that a reader gifted with less keenness of sensibility is disconcerted by insistence on effusive moods with which he cannot be expected to be in full sympathy. Mr. Swinburne might reply that for such dullards he does not write ; but the finest wines are too heady for a morning's draught. In his more mature poems he appears to have deliberately held back what may be termed the subjective emotion ; the landscapes are no longer peopled by figures or memories of the past ; the thoughts which they suggest are such as find response in all minds that are in accord with the deeper and more subtle relations of human life to its environment. He himself has indeed told us * that to many of his studies of English land and sea no intimacy of years and no association with the past has given any colour of emotion, that only so much of the personal note is retained as is sufficient to bring these various poems into touch with each other. And we can perceive that their inspiration is drawn, chiefly if not exclusively, from the spiritual influence of inanimate nature, the effects of inland or woodland solitude, of the land silent under the noontide heat, of the sterile shore, or the raging of the sea. The 'Midsummer Holiday'

* Dedicatory Preface.

group has two pictures of sweet homeliness—'The Mill Garden' and 'On a Country Road'—the harvest of a quiet eye (in Wordsworth's phrase), such as a rambling artist might jot down in his travelling sketch book, of value the more remarkable because they are not in Mr. Swinburne's usual manner. They give relief to the breadth and grandeur of the other descriptions of the ocean, the crags, and the storms. For to Swinburne, as to all the romantic English poets, the ocean stream which encircles their island is an inexhaustible source of delight and pride; it is our ever present defence in time of trouble; the fountain of our country's wealth and honour; it is our traditional battle-field; the winds and the waves are the breath and the force of our national being. And through Mr. Swinburne's poetry runs a vein of undiluted love for his native land. In his poem 'On the South Coast' he looks out from 'the green, 'smooth-swelling downs' over the broad blue water, and his thought is expressed in its final stanza:

'Fair and dear is the land's face here, and fair man's work as a man's may be:
Dear and fair as the sunbright air is here the record that speaks him free;
Free by birth of a sacred earth, and regent ever of all the sea.'

The 'Autumn Vision' is an ode to the south-west wind, which has so often filled the sails of the English warships:

'Wind beloved of earth and sky and sea beyond all winds that blow,
Wind whose might in fight was England's on her mightiest warrior day,
South-west wind, whose breath for her was life, and fire to scourge her foe,
Steel to smite and death to drive him down an unreturning way,
Well-beloved and welcome, sounding all the clarions of the sky,
Rolling all the marshalled waters toward the charge that storms the shore.'

Charles Kingsley, like a hardy Norseman, preferred the north-east gale. To him the south-west wind is

'The ladies' breeze,
Bringing back their lovers
Out of all the seas,'

while Mr. Swinburne hears in the rushing south-western gale

'the sound of wings gigantic,
Wings whose measure is the measure of the measureless Atlantic.'

and, after the storm,

'The grim sea swell, grey, sleepless and sad as a soul estranged.'

'A Swimmer's Dream' gives us the poetry of floating on the slow roll of the waves, some cloudy November morning.

> 'Dawn is dim on the dark soft water,
> Soft and passionate, dark and sweet.'

'Loch Torridon' preserves the charm of what might be a landlocked lake, if it were not that the rippling tide flows in by an almost invisible inlet from the sea. From his earliest to his latest poems the magic of nature's changing aspects fascinates him; they inspire him with a kind of ecstasy that finds utterance in the variety of his verse, which reflects all the lights and shades of earth, sea, and atmosphere. One may remark, by the way, that in proportion as his poetic strength matures, the pagan gods and goddesses, who disported themselves so freely in his juvenile verse, visit him much more rarely; his imagery draws much less profusely upon the classic mythology for symbols and figures of divinities whose diaphanous robes are ill suited to our northern climate and Puritanic traditions, in the wolds and forests once sacred to Thor and Woden.

It will be admitted by Mr. Swinburne's least indulgent critics that his poetry displays throughout a marvellous power of execution. He runs over all the lyrical and elegiac chords with unabated facility; his metrical variations and musical phrasing bring out and extend the capacity and fertility of our language as a poetic instrument; he is master of his materials. No doubt there is some repetition, some iteration, which becomes slightly wearisome, of his favourite rhymes, indicating, what has been observed independently of reference to this particular writer, that the resources of the English language for terminal assonance, under the stringent conditions required by the modern rules of versification, are inevitably limited and show signs of exhaustion.

In a Note on Poetry appended to his latest volume of verses,* Mr. John Davidson has classed rhyme as a kind of disease of poetry. Rhyme, he says, is probably more than seven hundred years old—in Europe, he must mean, for it is far older in Asia, whence it originally came—and since the days of the troubadours and Minnesingers it has corrupted, in his opinion, the ear of the world. At best it is, he thinks, a decadent mode, imposing shackles on free poetic expression: and though in these fetters great poets have done magnificent work, in their finest rhymed verse he finds a feeling of effort. They have always been

* Holiday and other Poems, 1906.

obliged to throw in something that need not have been said, some words inserted under compulsion, to bring the rhyme about. Mr. Davidson declares that the true glory of free untrammelled poetry shines out in the rhythmic periods of blank verse. That there may be some truth, or at least some convenience, in this theory of the poetic art, the modern poet may not be concerned to deny; for, as we have already said, rhymes will not withstand incessant and familiar usage; they become commonplaces, and the rhymer wanders away from the natural direction of his thought in search of fresh ones. The most devout admirers of Browning must admit that his verse is often distorted in this way—so that a fine stanza sometimes finishes with a jolt and ends with a tag—and it must be allowed that this necessity of making both ends meet is bad for the poetic conscience, a temptation to indefensible laxities. Even Mr. Swinburne, the inventor of exquisite harmonies, whose work is indisputably sincere, can be occasionally observed to be diverging from the straight line of his impetuous flight, hovering and making circuits that lead up skilfully to the indispensable rhyme. More frequently, perhaps, there is a tendency to interpose some metaphor, or rather far-fetched allusion, for the sake of the clear, full, recurrent intonation of echoing words that can only be marshalled into their places by artistic ingenuity.

We may so far agree with Mr. Davidson that most of the sublime passages in English poetry are in blank verse, though it may be noticed that the four lines which he quotes from 'Macbeth.'* as containing the 'topmost note in the stupendous agony of the drama,' are rhymed. The management of rhyme is a difficult and very delicate art; it is an instrument that requires a first-class performer, like Mr. Swinburne, to bring out its potency; to this art the English lyric, the ode and the song, owe their musical perfection. Mr. Swinburne, in an essay upon Matthew Arnold's 'New Poems' (1867), has said, truly, that 'rhyme is the native condition of lyric verse in 'England'; and that 'to throw away the natural grace of 'rhyme from a modern song is a wilful abdication of half the 'charm and half the power of verse.' To this general rule he might possibly admit one exception—Tennyson's short poem beginning with 'Tears, idle tears,' which is so delicately modulated that the absence of rhyme is not missed. At any rate it is certain that all popular verse needs this terminal note; for a ballad in blank verse is inconceivable. On the other hand, the proper use of rhyme demands a fine ear, which is a rare gift;

* Note on Poetry, p. 144.

for our language has no formal rules of prosody, so that in maladroit hands rhyme becomes an intolerable jingle. At the present day, however, there is a tendency to run into excessive elaboration, largely due to superficial imitation of such masters of the poetic art as Tennyson, and especially Swinburne, so that we have a copious outpouring of feeble melodies.

Mr. Swinburne, on the contrary, is never feeble; he combines technical excellence with the power of vehement, often much too violent, expression. His character may be defined by the French word 'entier'; he is uncompromising in praise or blame. He insists (to quote his own words) that 'the worship 'of beauty, though beauty be itself transformed and incarnate 'in shapes diverse without end, must be simple and absolute'; nor will he tolerate reserve or veiled intimations of a poet's inmost thought.

'Nothing,' he has written, 'in verse or out of verse is more wearisome than the delivery of reluctant doubt, of half-hearted hope and half-incredulous faith. A man who suffers from the strong desire either to believe or disbelieve something he cannot, may be worthy of sympathy, is certainly worthy of pity, until he begins to speak; and if he tries to speak in verse, he misses the implement of an artist.'

He is pained by Matthew Arnold's 'occasional habit of harking 'back and loitering in mind among the sepulchres. . . . Nothing 'which leaves us depressed is a true work of art.' Yet, it may be answered, the habit of musing among tombs has inspired good poetry; and when doubt and dejection, perplexed meditation over insoluble problems, are in the air, a poet does well to express the dominant feelings of his time; and a modern Hamlet is no inartistic figure.

In this respect, however, Mr. Swinburne may have found reason to qualify, latterly, the absoluteness of his poetic principles. He has been from the first a generous critic of those contemporary poets whom he recognised as kindred souls. He awards unmeasured praise to Matthew Arnold, while of his defects and shortcomings he speaks plainly. He does loyal homage to Browning in a sequence of sonnets, and his tribute to Tennyson was paid in a lofty 'Threnody,' when that noble spirit passed away. For Victor Hugo he proclaimed, as all know, nothing short of unbounded adoration—he is 'the greatest writer whom 'the world has seen since Shakespeare'; though it may be doubted whether in his own country Hugo now stands upon so supreme a pinnacle. To other eminent men of his time his poetry records admiration, chiefly to the champions of free thought and of resistance to oppression; and, in a poem entitled

'Two Leaders,' he salutes two antagonists as he might do before crossing swords with them. The leaders are not named; the first is evidently Newman:

> 'O great and wise, clear-souled and high of heart,
> One the last flower of Catholic love, that grows
> Amid bare thorn their only thornless rose,
> From the fierce juggling of the priest's loud mart
> Yet alien, yet unspotted and apart
> From the blind hard foul rout whose shameless shows
> Mock the sweet heaven whose secret no man knows
> With prayers and curses and the soothsayers' art.'

The second is

> 'Like a storm-god of the northern foams
> Strong, wrought of rock that breasts and breaks the sea,'

in whom we recognize Carlyle. They are the powers of darkness, doomed to fall and to vanish before the light; yet their genius commands respect and even sympathy.

> 'With all our hearts we praise you whom ye hate,
> High souls that hate us; for our hopes are higher,
> . . . . . .
> Honour not hate we give you, love not fear,
> Last prophets of past kind, who fill the dome
> Of great dead Gods with wrath and wail, nor hear
> Time's word and man's: "Go honoured hence, go home,
> Night's childless children; here your hour is done;
> Pass with the stars, and leave us with the sun."'

The concise energy of these lines, their slow metrical movement, invest them with singular weight and dignity. The poet is confronting two representatives, in principle, of Force and Authority, whose prototypes in bygone times would undoubtedly have sent him to the scaffold or to the stake; nor is it improbable that both Carlyle and Newman, though in all other opinions they differed widely, would have agreed that a revolutionary firebrand and a pestilent infidel deserved some such fate. The poet might console himself with the reflection that they must have abhorred each other's principles quite as much as they detested his own.

In his later verse Mr. Swinburne still continues to wield his flaming sword against priests and despots, against intellectual and political servility. What may be termed the historical plea, the excuse for ideas and institutions that they are the relics of evil days long past, is no palliation for them to his

mind; he would stamp them out and utterly destroy them. In this respect his temperament has unconsciously a strong tincture of the intolerance which he denounces; he would sweep away Christianity as Christianity swept away polytheism. Toward its Founder, as the type of human love and purity, he is uniformly reverential; there is nothing in that supreme figure that jars with that Religion of Humanity, which 'The Altar of Righteousness' proclaims with high dithyrambic enthusiasm:

'Christ the man lives yet, remembered of man as dreams that leave
Light on eyes that wake and know not if memory bids them grieve.
. . . . . .
Far above all wars and gospels, all ebb and flow of time,
Lives the soul that speaks in silence, and makes mute the earth sublime.'

But of theology reigning by force and terror he is the implacable enemy; and his intemperate violence leaves a stain on the bright radiance of his poetry. It amounts to an artistic fault, undiminished even in the later years which should have brought the philosophic mind. Moreover, it has materially lessened the influence which so fine a poetic genius should have exercised over the present generation, among whom polemical ardour and bitterness may be thought to have perceptibly cooled down, and to have become much less aggressive, in science, philosophy, and literature, than among the preceding generation. An age of tacit indifference, content with rationalistic explanations, with the slow working of disillusion, dislikes and discountenances outrageous scorn poured upon things that are traditionally sacred; and to the English character extremes are always distressing.

Mr. Swinburne's dramatic work, at any rate, takes us out of the strife and turmoil of theologic war; we are on firm historic ground, dealing with authentic events and persons. The plays of 'Chastelard,' 'Bothwell,' and 'Mary Stuart' form a trilogy in which the most romantic and eventful period of Scottish history is presented; they constitute the epic-drama of Scotland, to adopt a definition applied by Victor Hugo to the tragedy of 'Bothwell.' It is impossible, in this article, to find space for an adequate criticism of these remarkable productions. Every leading poet of the nineteenth century has made excursions into the dramatic field. We doubt whether any of them has come out of the adventure much better than Mr. Swinburne.

All of them have given us, each in his own way, fine poetry, and, if we except Byron, they have shown that the masters of lyrical music can strike with power the high chords of blank verse. None of them have produced plays that took any hold of a theatrical audience; in most cases they were not intended for the stage.

The play of 'Chastelard' is too deeply saturated with amorous essences throughout to be forcibly dramatic. The hero is in a high love-fever from first to last, the passionate strain becomes monotonous, and though he dies to save the Queen's honour, our minds are not purged with much pity for him. In the long historical drama of 'Bothwell,' which has twenty-one scenes in its two acts, we have spirited portraits of the fierce nobles who surrounded Mary Stuart during her brief and distracted reign. The love passages are pauses in a course of violent action, the assassination of Rizzio, the murder of Darnley are not overcoloured melodramatically, and the scenes in and about the Kirk of Field are darkened with the shadow of Darnley's imminent fate. But Darnley's dream, presaging his coming doom, inevitably recalls the dream of Clarence, and cannot but suffer from the reminiscence. We might have something to say on the metrical construction of Swinburne's blank verse, for he shares with Tennyson, though in a minor degree, the distinction of having enlarged its scope and varied its measure. But the subject would demand careful comparative examination and analysis of different styles, such as is to be read, with profit to all students of the art poetic, in Mr. J. B. Mayor's 'Chapters on English Metres.'

It will be understood that this article attempts no more than to review the salient characteristics of Mr. Swinburne's poetry, to indicate in some degree their connexion and development. It cannot but fall far short, obviously, of being a comprehensive survey of his contributions to English literature. We have made no reference, for lack of space, to his treatment of chivalrous romance in 'Tristram of Lyonesse,' which Mr. Swinburne has rightly called 'the deathless legend,' though, since its fascination has made it a subject for three other contemporary poets, a comparison of their diverse manners of handling the story would be interesting. It is with regret that we have been compelled, also, to refrain from any adequate notice of Mr. Swinburne's prose writings, for in regard to the poetry of his own period the dissertations and judgements of one who combines high imaginative faculty with scientific mastery of the metrical art must have special value. Of the ordinary untrained criticism, the 'chorus 'of indolent reviewers,' to use Tennyson's phrase, he is, we

think, too impatient. From a passage in his Dedicatory Epistle we gather that some of the tribe have ventured so far as to insinuate that poetry ought not to become a mere musical exercise. Mr. Swinburne's rejoinder is that

'except to such ears as should always be closed against poetry, there is no music in verse which has not in it sufficient fulness and ripeness of meaning, sufficient adequacy of emotion or of thought, to abide the analysis of any other than the purblind scrutiny of prepossession or the squint-eyed inspection of malignity.'

Apart from the wrathful form, the substance of what is here said merits consideration, for undoubtedly the most musical of our poets, from Shakespeare and Milton to Coleridge and Shelley, are those whose verse has embodied the richest thought and has been instinct with the deeper emotions. We must muster up courage to remark, nevertheless, that while in Mr. Swinburne's finest poems the musical setting accompanies and illuminates the thought or feeling, in some others the underlying idea is too unsubstantial; its real presence is only visible to the eye of implicit faith. Toward his fellow poets, his equals and contemporaries, Mr. Swinburne's attitude is that of generous enthusiasm, not excluding outspoken, yet courteous, indication of defects, as may be seen in the essay* on Matthew Arnold's 'New Poems,' which is full of important observations on poetry in general, beside some well-deserved strictures on Arnold's shortcomings, in criticism as well as in verse. For Victor Hugo he has nothing but panegyric. His articles on Byron and Coleridge are luminous appreciations of the very diverse excellences belonging to two illustrious predecessors; while in his 'Notes on the Text of Shelley,' high-soaring and incomparable, an unlucky emendation of a line in 'The Skylark'—the insertion of a superfluous word conjecturally—by an editor whose work he commends on the whole, provokes him to sheer exasperation:

'For the conception of this atrocity the editor is not responsible; for its adoption he is. A thousand years of purgatorial fire would be insufficient expiation for the criminal on whose deaf and desperate head must rest the original guilt of defacing the text of Shelley with this damnable corruption.'

'Fas est et ab hoste doceri.' Mr. Swinburne has borrowed the style of sacerdotal anathema from his mortal enemies, and pronounces it no less inexorably. But these Notes were written nigh forty years ago, so we may hope that by this time he has

* Essays and Studies, 1867.

cast out, or at least subdued by diligent exorcism, that same hyperbolic fiend which entered in and rent him at certain seasons of his youth.

Mr. Swinburne has, indeed, the defects of his qualities. He is an ardent friend and an unflinching adversary, but we have seen that in prose no less than in poetry, in polemics as in politics, his style is liable to become overheated and thunderous. He has no patience with mediocrity in art; he disdains the *via media* in thought and action. In these respects he stands alone among the Victorian poets, most of whom anticipate with misgivings the evaporation of faith in the supernatural, while they acknowledge that for themselves such faith has little meaning, and are inclined to melancholy musing over the 'doubtful doom of human kind' which haunted the imagination of Tennyson. And his attitude is still further apart from the intellectual tendencies discernible at the present moment in pure literature, which is now less concerned, we think, with these questions than when Mr. Arnold wrote 'Literature and Dogma,' and seems more disposed to leave theology in the hands of the physical scientists and the professional metaphysicians. However this may be, it is to be seriously regretted that Mr. Swinburne's peremptory, unscrupulous manner of dealing with religious forms and beliefs which the world, perhaps, would not unwillingly let die, though by painless extinction rather than by violence, has alienated reverent minds from him, and has tarnished the brilliancy of his strenuous verse. The sensuous frenzy of his juvenile poems is still remembered against him; it betrayed a lack of moral dignity, of what the Greek poets, whom he so much admired, meant by the word *αἰδώς*. But we very willingly acknowledge that of these excesses hardly a trace is to be found in the very numerous pieces that fill the later volumes of his collected poetry.

From these causes it has resulted that Mr. Swinburne does not, in our opinion, now hold the position or command the influence which would otherwise be accorded to one who may be reckoned the chief lyrical poet of the second half of the nineteenth century; for after the publication, in 1855, of 'Maud,' Tennyson had passed his lyrical climax, and Mr. Swinburne's superiority, as a lyrist, over all other writers of that period is incontestable. His neopaganism, moreover, jars upon the realistic modernity of a generation for whom primitive symbolism is obsolete as a form of expression, and whose prevailing thought is too profoundly rationalistic to be attracted by a pagan paradise. All this is to be regretted, since Mr. Swinburne undoubtedly has the pagan virtues. His aspirations are concentrated on ideals that

ennoble the present life, on justice, inflexible courage, patriotism, the unsophisticated intelligence; he loves liberty and he hates oppression in all their shapes. He is throughout an optimist, who believes and predicts that a clearer and brighter prospect is before humanity. To Mr. Swinburne, in short, may be applied the words with which Matthew Arnold summed up his essay upon Heine: 'He is not an adequate interpreter of the modern world; he is a brilliant soldier in the liberation war of humanity.' And future generations may remember him as the poet who passed on to them the message of his spiritual forefather, Shelley:

> 'O man, hold thee on in courage of soul
> Through the stormy shades of thy worldly way;
> And the billows of clouds that round thee roll
> Shall sleep in the light of a wondrous day,
> When heaven and hell shall leave thee free
> To the universe of destiny.'

Art. X.—REFORMING THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

1. *Report of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline, with Minutes of Evidence.* Presented to Parliament. (Cd. 3040.) 1906.
2. *A Defence of the Church of England against Disestablishment, with an Introductory Letter to the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.* By Roundell, Earl of Selborne. London: Macmillan. 1886.

Not, probably, till some large measure affecting the position of the Church of England has been laid before the country by the Ministry of the day will it be possible to estimate the general trend of British opinion with regard to the important principles underlying our ecclesiastical system. It is true that events both in England and Scotland have from time to time called men's attention to the desirability of maintaining some sort of uniformity of practice and doctrine, to the difficulty of enforcing discipline on the clergy, to the nature of the authority exercised by the ecclesiastical courts, to the competence of these courts, and to the natural wish of Churchmen to endow their system with greater 'elasticity,' so as to make it conform more closely with the general sentiment of the present day. It is true also that among politicians there is some talk, and there will soon be more, of 'Disestablishment' as the sole cure for the troubles with which the National Church is afflicted. The word has been found very useful, especially in certain districts, for electioneering purposes, but as yet responsible statesmen have not expounded the nature or extent of their disestablishing projects, if they have formed any, nor explained how they are to produce benefit either to the Church or to the State. And it is certain that the general public has not yet begun to take seriously into consideration the policy of totally severing the connexion between the two. Church Reform and even Disestablishment may be more or less 'in the 'air,' and public attention has been awakened in many quarters, but it cannot be said that national opinion has so far shown any tendency to consolidate as to the direction which fundamental change in our present ecclesiastical arrangements should take.

At such a time the issue of the Report, and of the bulky volumes of evidence given before Lord St. Aldwyn and the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline in the National Church, is most opportune. The evidence contains much food

for reflection; for the Chairman, wisely we think, allowed and encouraged witnesses to travel far beyond the limited question of the prevalence of illegalities in ritual, and the best method of suppressing them. There is indeed abundant material for the use of those who wish to become acquainted with the variety and prevalence of the 'Romeward' practices, irregularities, and eccentricities which have for so long irritated a much-tried laity and flouted the authority of the great dignitaries of the Church. Some few of these practices are enumerated in the Report, and it recommends their suppression on a principle very clearly expressed. 'They are,' says the Report, 'signifi-'cant of teaching repugnant to the doctrine of the Church of 'England and certainly illegal, and they should be promptly 'made to cease by the exercise of the authority belonging to 'the Bishops, and if necessary, by proceedings in the ecclesias-'tical courts.' It proceeds further to invoke the legislative authority of Convocation and of Parliament to regulate for the future 'the ornaments (that is to say the vesture) of the ministers 'of the Church,' and to make 'such modifications in the existing 'law relating to the conduct of Divine service, and to the orna-'ments and fittings of churches, as may tend to secure the 'greater elasticity which a reasonable recognition of the com-'prehensiveness of the Church of England and of its present 'needs seems to demand.' And the Commissioners suggest that the Convocations should consult on such matters with the 'Houses of Laymen.'

So far it is impossible not to agree with the conclusions of the Royal Commission. It is beyond dispute that for many years the attempt has been steadily persisted in by a section of the clergy to introduce practices, of which many are illegal, and meaningless also, unless they signify doctrines which ordinary Englishmen believe to have been repudiated by their National Church in separating herself from Rome. These, then, are to be 'made to cease' by the proper authority, *i.e.* the Bishops and the Ecclesiastical Courts. Further, the rules which regulate Divine service are sometimes uncertain or obscure, sometimes hardly suited to the requirements and feelings of Englishmen of our own day. Fresh regulations should therefore, say the Royal Commissioners, be made by the proper authority: that is, by Convocation and Parliament. Whether 'the proper authority' either for interpreting and enforcing regulations or for making new ones is the best that can be constituted is a question which the Commissioners were not invited to answer, but which received a good deal of attention from the witnesses. We observe that Convocations are advised to take counsel with

the laity, and we hope that in so doing they will go even further afield than is suggested, and not limit their researches into lay opinion by confining themselves to consultation with the 'Houses of Laymen.'

Assuredly the real interest of these volumes does not depend on the consideration of the lawfulness or the meaning of vestments and ornaments, of rites and ceremonies. There came before the Commission many distinguished Churchmen, ecclesiastical and lay, representing different schools of thought and of religious leaning, and they expressed their views with frankness on questions of great constitutional importance to both Church and State. The real question in the minds of many of them was nothing less than this, 'How is the Church of England 'to be governed?' It is reasonably and rightly felt that the elaborate settlement of the services of the Church, stereotyped by Charles II.'s Act of Uniformity, requires, after two centuries and a half, some relaxation, some reform, if it is to be brought into conformity with the feelings and wishes of the existing generation of Englishmen. Is the National Church to be bound for ever by the statutory fetters imposed by our ancestors? The Prayer-book, with its articles, formularies, services and rubrics, is part of the Statute Law of the Realm. It cannot be altered in the most minute particular, either by way of addition or of subtraction, by any authority less than Parliament itself. No bishop, not the whole bench of bishops, can make lawful the omission to read the Athanasian Creed on days when it is appointed in the Prayer-book to be read, however distasteful it may be to the clergyman who has to read it, and the congregation to whom it is read. Neither could the bishops or Convocation authorise the introduction of any practice forbidden by the Prayer-book, which is the law of the Church and the law of the land. By the Act of Uniformity that book, with everything in it, whether of doctrine or ritual, was 'annexed and 'joined' to the Statute itself, and every court of law, civil or ecclesiastical, which may have to interpret it is bound to treat it as part of an Act of Parliament.

The 'rigidity' complained of is not due to the fact that the Church of England is by law established. Acts of Parliament can be amended or repealed. The terms of a trust, or of a contract, it is much more difficult to relax. And in case of disputed construction of the terms of such an instrument, it becomes the duty of courts of law to interpret them, just as in the case of an Established Church they interpret the clauses of an Act of Parliament. We see no reason to doubt that, if there was general agreement within the Church of England as to the character

of the reforms desired. Parliament would give sympathetic hearing to the wishes of the reformers, having regard nevertheless, as is right and fitting, to the general interests of the whole people. The real difficulty in making any reforms in the ecclesiastical system of the English Church is the divergence of the principles held by its various sections. Were the Church disestablished to-morrow, would it be possible to create any authority to whom all its sections would defer? We greatly doubt it.

It deserves to be noticed that, whatever may be said theoretically of the statutory 'rigidity' of the Church of England, there has been in fact far greater latitude allowed within that Church than in any ecclesiastical body in the kingdom. The spirit of compromise entered largely into the preparation of the Prayer-book. The claim made in the preface to Edward VI.'s second Prayer-book, which is still retained in the present book, remains true. It 'hath been the wisdom of the Church of 'England, ever since the first compiling of her public liturgy, to 'keep the mean between the two extremes, of too much stiffness 'in refusing, and of too much easiness in admitting any variation 'from it'; for, on the one hand, as some changes have done more mischief than they were meant to cure, 'so on the other side the 'particular forms of Divine worship, and the rites and ceremonies 'appointed to be used therein, being in their own nature in-'different and alterable, and so acknowledged, it is but reasonable 'that such changes as may be deemed expedient should be made 'by the proper authority.'

The Archbishop of Canterbury gave to the Commission a singularly interesting history of the growth of what are now known as ritualistic practices. The old leaders of the High Church Movement, such as Keble and Pusey, were either distinctly opposed to, or very lukewarm about, such things as the eastward position, the presence of persons at the communion service who do not intend to communicate, the restoration of the richer form of vestments, and other matters which then and since have deeply interested a section of the clergy. The bishops were almost unanimous against reviving practices which had become obsolete, and which in the popular view were calculated to discredit the Protestantism of the Church. Even if some of those practices could be shown to be permissible by the rubric, the episcopal governors of the Church deprecated a departure, for reasons appearing to them altogether inadequate, from the use and custom which found general acceptance with the people. At the time of the Protestant outburst of 1850-51 all the bishops but two joined in a pastoral letter, protesting against the

doctrine which was set up that any Roman Catholic practice not expressly prohibited at the Reformation might lawfully be introduced. But the 'Rubricians,' as they were then called, persevered, asserted the lawfulness of their proceedings in the Diocesan and Provincial Courts, and when beaten in the Ecclesiastical Courts of the Church, appealed like men to the Privy Council, where their courage met with the reward it deserved. In 1857, in the great case of Westerton and Liddell, the Ritualists won along the whole line. It was not till a much later day, when the Final Court of Appeal held that the innovators were breaking the law, that extreme High Churchmen began to repudiate its authority as not binding on their consciences. It consisted of laymen, they said, and how could laymen pronounce on matters which involved doctrine? There must be no interference with the exclusive privilege of the clergy. Here the Church must cry 'Hands off!' to the State. Though in our Constitution the Sovereign is acknowledged as supreme in all causes ecclesiastical as well as civil, it is not for his Courts, we are told, to interpret rubrics, even though they are part of an Act of Parliament, because to do so might have a bearing upon doctrine which the successors of the Apostles are alone competent to expound.

The Archbishop's historical narrative is well worth reading. It is absolutely impartial in tone. When it is pondered as it deserves to be, it seems to lead to certain definite conclusions. It is useless to strive for absolute and universal conformity in the services of the Church. Repeating the language of his Charge when Bishop of Winchester in 1899, the Archbishop declares with certainty that 'there never was a 'single year in the history of the Church of England when, in 'the conduct of Divine service, the "use" was absolutely and 'rigidly uniform in every parish throughout the land.' Deviations due to local and temporary causes, and to the possibility of differently interpreting the prescribed regulations, must arise; and

'as years pass, and the social conditions of life change, and populations increase, then deviations have *ipso facto*, even apart from religious questions, a tendency to grow wider, and the religious sympathies and "trend" at different periods differ very greatly. Then it comes about that local customs, unquestioned perhaps for generations, stiffen into rules, and an attempt to revive unmistakeable provisions of some long disregarded rubric has many a time been resented as a lawless innovation.'

It is abundantly clear that the system stereotyped in 1662 must from time to time require reforming and recasting if it is to retain the general sympathies of the people. The evidence

before the Royal Commission shows that there is within the Church a widely-felt dissatisfaction with its supreme government —with those authorities, that is, which are alone competent under our Constitution, on the one hand, to reform its system by legislation; on the other hand, to expound its laws and regulations by judicial interpretation. If these authorities were differently constituted it is urged that greater respect would be felt for the laws that have been enacted, and greater obedience paid to the decisions of the Courts that have interpreted them. The legislative, the judicial, the executive institutions all require to be reformed. The desire is that the Church of the nation should become a 'living Church': that is, apparently, that it should have complete authority to shape its whole system, doctrines, ritual, practices, in accordance with its own will.

The Royal Commission draw a broad distinction between irregularities and breaches of the rubric which are *mere* matter of form, and those whose object it is to signify doctrine condemned by the National Church. It was indeed contended, and the contention has some support from the language of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, that, the rubrics being part of express statute law, it is the duty of the bishops and the ecclesiastical courts to permit no deviation whatever from what is prescribed. It is not for judicial authority to pick and choose as to how much of the express language of an Act of Parliament it will enforce as important. Perhaps not; but yet in practice the Church and the country as a whole have certainly gained from the latitude in matters indifferent that has been allowed. And as we have already seen, *absolute uniformity* has never been possible throughout the parish churches of England. But the trouble which gave rise to the appointment of this Royal Commission is something much more serious than that caused by casual additions to or lapses from the prescribed forms. It is impossible any longer to doubt that an energetic section of the clergy, with a more or less numerous lay following, are determined to make use of their position within the Church of the nation to introduce Roman Catholic doctrine and practice. The Mass, the Reservation of the Sacrament, the Confessional, the Adoration of the Virgin, the Invocation of Saints, are upheld by no small number of 'Anglicans' as quite conformable with the doctrines and practices of the Church of England. It is greatly to be regretted that the bishops, whose difficulties no doubt have been great, have not taken a much firmer line against these dangerous retrogressions, and the fact that they have shown themselves unwilling to stir till an overpowering public opinion has driven

them to take action, compels their countrymen to doubt whether they can be relied upon as 'defenders of the Faith.' For many of these ritualistic controversies in themselves the average lay mind has, rightly or wrongly, a feeling almost of contempt. What layman, for instance, can read the advocacy of incense in the parish magazine of the Vicar of Dorchester in 1896 with a serious countenance? 'There will be 'only two smells in the next world—incense and sulphur: 'incense in heaven and sulphur in hell. Of course we all want to 'go to heaven, and so a part of our education for heaven and 'heavenly worship is the getting accustomed to the use of 'incense here on earth.' In the learned arguments bearing on the use of vestments by the clergy, few laymen take any interest. To the ordinary Englishman it appears desirable, no doubt, to settle the matter for the sake of peace and quiet, but as to what vestments are prescribed he is profoundly indifferent. Yet it would be a great mistake to suppose that he regards with anything but an equally profound dislike the whole ecclesiastical theory that underlies these efforts to assimilate the practices of his Church with those of Rome. Like the Royal Commissioners, he instinctively feels that the forms indicate doctrine, and that the doctrine is not that of his Church, but of Rome.

There is one attribute of the Church of England which seems to be strangely forgotten by many of its members. It is, after all, the Church 'by law established.' Now, it is doubtless essential to the character of every church that it should have a fixed creed. The limits of belief may be more or less wide, but limits there must be which divide it from other churches and from unbelievers, and in every church more or less uniformity is required. It is a necessary condition of an *Established* or *State* Church that the beliefs, form of worship and ritual should have the approval not merely of its own actual members, but of the State itself. The State is constitutionally and properly represented by Parliament, and surely no one can be so ignorant of the sentiments of Englishmen as to believe that Parliament would be allowed by the electorate to uphold an Established Church which is untrue to the main principles of the Reformation. We will return again to the position necessarily held by Parliament in relation to the Church of the State. In the meantime let us consider some of the difficulties which lawful authority encounters in its efforts to obtain obedience to that which is the law both of the Church and of the land.

One clergyman, remonstrated with on account of illegal practices, replies that very possibly he may have set at nought

the decisions of the Final Court of Appeal, but really that does not matter, because the Privy Council has no competence in matters relating to the ceremonial of the Church! Another writes that he is trying hard to submit himself to his bishop, but he can never 'accept the authority of the Privy Council in spiritual 'things.' It is a lay court according to these gentlemen, and its judgements can therefore have no binding effect on their consciences. Why, then, did their predecessors appeal to it against the Diocesan and Provincial Courts in the days of Westerton and Liddell, thereby sustaining through the instrumentality of a lay court the lawfulness of ritualistic innovations which the ecclesiastical courts had condemned? 'The men'—we are quoting the Archbishop of Canterbury—

'who had been more or less under censure triumphantly appealed to the fact that, as soon as the matter was tested in the Final Court of Appeal, the principles for which they were contending were proved to be sound. It was not merely the legalising of the impugned things in particular that was important, but it was a kind of declaration, which they were not slow to emphasise and to spread, that they were, after all, the legal people, and that those who had attacked them, either the resisters or the high authorities who had more or less censured them, were wrong.'

Now it is the boast of the extreme Ritualists that they are the 'illegal' people. They will indeed make very great exertions to submit themselves to the spiritual authority of the bishops, but for the law as such they have no more respect than a 'passive resister.' This is no doubt exceedingly foolish and anarchical; but what is to be done?

Nobody is asked to accept the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council as anything more than the authority which is to interpret in the last resort the true meaning of the regulations by which it is admitted that the Church is governed. The Privy Council has declared of itself that its duty requires it to

'advise the Sovereign in matters which come within its competency, but it has no jurisdiction or authority to settle matters of faith, or what *ought* in any particular to be the doctrine of the Church of England. Its duty extends only to the consideration of that which is by law established to be the doctrine of the Church of England, upon the true and legal construction of her acts and formularies, and it is not the duty of any court to be minute and rigid in cases of this kind.'

There would appear to be a confused notion in some people's minds that the Final Court of Appeal resembles a Church Council with final authority in matters of faith! According to our

Constitution, an Ecclesiastical Court may well be constituted entirely of laymen. It is doubtless a State Court, but it is an Ecclesiastical Court too. A great defender of the Church, and a sympathiser also with the High Church movement, the late Lord Selborne, warmly protested in 1886 against the cry that the Arches Court under Lord Penzance had become a *mere* 'State Court' and was less an Ecclesiastical Court than it had been before the Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874.*

These questions were considered by the Ecclesiastical Courts Commissioners of 1883; and they recommended that in cases of heresy and breach of ritual the final appeal to the Crown should come before a court of five lay judges appointed by the Crown, each of whom on his appointment was to declare his membership of the Church of England as by law established; and they recommended that this court 'should have the power of consulting the archbishop and bishops of the province, or, if thought advisable, of both provinces, in exactly the same form as the House of Lords now consults the judges of the land upon specific questions put to them for their opinion.' Into this recommendation our Royal Commissioners of the present year have introduced a modification greatly to be deprecated. It is a somewhat curiously worded clause, and runs as follows:

'Where, in an appeal before the Final Court which involves charges of heresy or breach of ritual, any question touching the doctrine or use of the Church of England shall be in controversy, which question is not in the opinion of the court governed by the plain language of documents having the force of Acts of Parliament, and involves the doctrine or use of the Church of England proper to be applied to the facts found by the court, such question shall be referred to an assembly of the archbishops and bishops of both provinces, who shall be entitled to call in such advice as they may think fit; and the opinion of the majority of such assembly of the archbishops and bishops with regard to any question so submitted to them shall be binding on the court for the purposes of the said appeal.'

The clause is an involved one; but the intention appears to be (while safeguarding the authority of express statute law) to establish the order of bishops as a kind of spiritual council for the purpose of prescribing the doctrine and use of the Church applicable to the facts found by the Court of Lay Judges, who are then required to accept as law what the majority of the bishops have decreed. This recommendation will no doubt

* 'A Defence of the Church of England,' by the Earl of Selborne, 1886, p. 205.

be very carefully discussed in the House of Commons before it takes its place in an Act of Parliament.

The Commission recommends the abolition of the bishop's veto to suits brought against any incumbent under the Church Discipline Act 1840. It further recommends that where sentences under that Act are wilfully disobeyed the incumbency should be declared vacant, and it advises the repeal of the Public Worship Regulation Act, all which recommendations deserve public approval, and would, we can hardly doubt, receive the support of Parliament.

It is evident that the great difficulty in the way of English Church Reform arises from the divergent views held within the Church itself as to the amount of influence to be assigned to the laity. Whether we are considering the constitution of the Ecclesiastical Courts or the character and composition of the authorities which are to govern and legislate for the Church, this divergency always appears. The Bishop of Birmingham (and many agree with him) wishes 'to revive 'legislative power in the Church,' and he sees that any great reform of this kind must be accompanied by a reconstitution of the Ecclesiastical Courts. He and others appear to think that full obedience would be rendered to courts whose spiritual authority, untainted by the admixture of a lay element, was above suspicion. Yet the use of incense, against which two archbishops on behalf of the whole episcopal body have declared, is persisted in, quite regardless of the wishes of the 'successors of the Apostles.' Canon Brooke states the principle shortly. 'It is the root principle that with the bishops, and the 'bishops only, lies the spiritual authority. The bishops alone 'have received the commission to teach, and that principle 'must be fundamental whatever inconveniences may arise from it.' * Lord Hugh Cecil, who has very practical notions as to how to increase the spiritual authority of bishops over the clergy, would limit the institution of future incumbents to a period of ten years, after which the bishop would have the same power to refuse to institute as he now has when an incumbent is presented. 'As long as you have an episcopal system,' says Lord Hugh, 'you must trust the bishops.' But we have had an episcopal system for some time in England, and yet the bishops have had no legislative authority, and no judicial authority independent of the King's Courts.

The admiration that has sprung up in recent years among extremely High Churchmen for some of the institutions of the

* Questions 11627, 11628.

Church of Scotland is noteworthy. It is commonly supposed in the south that the General Assembly and the Courts of the Church of Scotland are entirely free from State restriction, so as to be able to overhaul their own doctrine and change their own ecclesiastical system whenever it seems good to them so to do. And doubtless there have been highfliers among Presbyterians who have pushed their claims so far. But in fact a freedom such as this in a State Church, we may almost say in any Church, is impossible. It is a fond thing vainly imagined. As regards the State Churches of England and Scotland, the creeds and ecclesiastical system are fixed by statute; as regards Free Churches, such, for instance, as the Episcopal Church in Ireland and other Voluntary Churches, a similar result is secured by contract, or by the terms of trust deeds. In the Church of Scotland the Westminster Confession of Faith, and the system of Church government 'by Kirk Sessions, 'Presbyteries, Provincial Synods, and General Assemblies,' are ordained by Act of Parliament, just as in England the Thirty-nine Articles and the Prayer-book are prescribed by Act of Parliament. In either country the Civil Courts will restrain any proceedings of the Ecclesiastical Courts which they hold to be *ultra vires*. There is no distinction in principle between the legal position of Church Establishments north and south of the Tweed. Of course no one in either country asserts that the creeds or the systems of church government were created by Parliament. In the North the Presbyterian system, in the South the Episcopal system is by the orthodox believed to be of Divine institution. Both are upheld by the law, and so far are beyond the reach of General Assemblies or the Spiritual Courts. It is no doubt the case that the Church of Scotland possesses far wider powers of self-government than does the Church of England. If the powers of the latter are to be greatly increased it will be the duty of Parliament carefully to consider the new arrangements, which can of course only be introduced by its authority. It is surely dreaming to suppose that Parliament will allow the bishops, or the bishops and clergy in their Convocations, to recast the constitution and system of the National Church, and give to their conclusions the effect of law, without itself taking an active part in the new settlement.

Bishop Gore says, and says most truly, that the complete acceptance of religious toleration and civil equality among the adherents of all creeds has completely changed the idea of Establishment. Originally State and Church were coextensive. Uniformity was intended for all citizens. Over both Church and State there was the King. So great has been the change

in the position of the Church towards the State, and towards other religious bodies, that he sees the necessity of a much greater recasting of the relations of the legislative and judicial functions of Church and State than has been generally contemplated. But even in the palmy days to which the Bishop referred the views taken by dignitaries of the Church and members of the House of Commons were by no means always the same, and the latter sometimes warmly resented the claim of the Church to settle its affairs behind their backs. When in Elizabeth's reign the archbishops complained to the Puritan member that the House of Commons had presumed to alter the Prayer-book recommended by the ecclesiastical authorities, and requested in future that members would leave these matters to them, Wentworth repeated in Parliament his memorable reply to Archbishop Parker :

'No ! By the faith I bear to God, we will pass nothing before we understand what it is ; for that were but to make you popes. Make you popes who list, for we will make you none. And sure, Mr. Speaker, the speech seemed to me to be a pope-like speech, and I fear lest our bishops do attribute this of the pope's canons unto themselves : *Papa non potest errare.*'

It is certainly curious that, while much attention is given to the very different Scottish system of church government, so little notice is taken by eminent English Churchmen of the system prevailing in the Episcopalian Church of Ireland, and in the Episcopalian Churches of America and the Colonies. According to some of the witnesses before the Commission it was the essence of Episcopalianism that the bishops alone should govern. They alone were competent to pronounce authoritatively in cases where doctrine or ritual was involved. Yet the final and supreme Court in Ireland over cases of doctrine and ritual is composed of four laymen, of high judicial position, and of three bishops, of whom two must concur if a sentence of conviction is pronounced. And according to the Solicitor-General for Ireland this tribunal, in which the laity may form the majority, gives satisfaction. The constitution which, after Disestablishment, the Irish Church framed for itself, provides a Diocesan and a General Synod. In the former sit all the officiating clergy in the diocese, with two laymen, who must be communicants, returned by the select vestry of each parish. The Diocesan Synod returns a certain number of representatives to the General Synod. The General Synod therefore consists, as does the Diocesan Synod, of clergy and laity ; in each body the laymen being twice as numerous as the

clergy. Under the provisions of her new constitution the Church of Ireland has found it quite possible to make amendments in the rigid system laid down by the Prayer-book, and the Act of Uniformity of 1662. Thus, having gone through the fire of Disestablishment, the Church of Ireland has obtained that 'elasticity' so much desired by reformers of the Church of England. And she has used her freedom so as to make her system less 'elastic,' at least in one direction! Is the history of the Irish Church to be used as a precedent for recasting the constitution of the Church on this side of the Irish Channel, where the connexion with the State still remains?

We have great difficulty in believing that Parliament will be found willing to increase the authority of the bishops, or of purely ecclesiastical bodies like Convocation, over the State Church. In England, with an ecclesiastical system in practice much more 'purely Episcopalian' than those of Reformed Episcopalianism elsewhere, the weight of opinion of English laymen is only brought to bear through the instrumentality of the State. The bishops are appointed by the Prime Minister. It has been thought (see evidence of Canon Brooke) that instead of this system the bishops might be genuinely elected by 'the faithful 'cleric and lay'; but he expressly states that the result of the existing system is excellent, and that we should not get better men as bishops, probably even not such good ones, under any other. The word 'layman' is often understood in a restricted sense, not warranted, we believe, by any legal definition. Among that section of Churchmen who wish to diminish the power of the State within the State Church, and yet to maintain the Establishment, the word 'layman' means 'a communi-'cant,' or at least a person who has received confirmation from a bishop.

Lord Hugh Cecil very properly reminded the Commission of a point frequently forgotten when reference is made to the 'laymen' who exercise such large authority in the Church of Scotland. These men are not, it is true, *ministers*, but they have been ordained to the eldership. Is there not, he asks, some similarity between these elders and those called, somewhat contemptuously, 'ecclesiastically-minded laymen' who make so much show at Church conferences in England? No doubt in the Church of Scotland and in the Church of Ireland, as in every Voluntary Church, the powers of government are closely restricted to the members of each particular body. And here it is that the Church of England gains—in that she hears, and has to hear, not merely the voice of a sect but that of the English people. Had that not been so, it is too probable

that some of those whose love of truth, whose learning and courage have in recent times adorned the National Church, would have been driven outside her pale. Is it not beyond all dispute that 'the comprehensiveness' of the English Church, and her toleration of widely different views, enable her to appeal to, and influence, and win support from numbers of Englishmen outside her immediate communion; and that the 'non-churchiness' and liberality which distinguish her so honourably from other religious bodies come from her connexion with the State? This is one of the causes that make her much more than the Church of her own communicants, and entitle her to claim that she is 'National.'

There are Presbyterians and there are Episcopalians who hold to the principle 'that a Christian State should lend the 'coercive power which is properly its own to the Church for the 'purpose of enforcing her ecclesiastical discipline.' That is a position which at times has been taken up by every Christian Church. We happen, however, to be living in the twentieth century and in England, and we venture to affirm that at the present time Parliament will not for a moment listen to the employment of the power of the State to enforce obedience to any laws not supported by the general conscience of the people.

It is, we repeat, almost solely through the State connexion that the English laity bring their proper weight to bear upon the National Church. Those who would increase ecclesiastical authority within the Church are really helping to bring Disestablishment nearer; because Parliament, representing the nation, will not stand the further ecclesiasticizing of the Church. The Irish Church system is doubtless a very good system for a Voluntary Church; but it would be quite impossible to foist such a system upon the National Church here. Parliament will take one line or the other. It will either disestablish, and allow the Church to frame its own constitution, or it will uphold the State Church, retaining over it the influence of the State. The Church cannot have it both ways. The system adopted in Ireland has answered well, mainly because the composition of the Church of Ireland is far more homogeneous than that of the Church of England. The measures taken, and we think rightly taken, by Irish Churchmen would, if attempted here, have caused secession from the Church of England. The Scottish system of government by General Assembly has many advantages, but experience has shown us that it is no protection against the dangers of rupture and secession. Disestablishment in England would lead to the creation of a Church government more or less upon the lines of the Irish system; and that,

again, so far as we can see, would probably entail almost immediate rupture.

It seems to be as yet insufficiently recognized that every step taken to reduce the influence of the State in the government of the Church, whether by ecclesiasticizing the courts and tribunals, by exalting Convocations and Church councils, or by withdrawing the appointments of bishops and dignitaries from the Crown, must constitute an approach to the policy of Disestablishment; and that Disestablishment is inextricably combined with Disendowment. Indeed, among those whose vigour and number bring Disestablishment within the range of practical politics, there is no attempt to conceal the intention that Disendowment and Disestablishment should go hand in hand. The policy is based on the theory that wealth which is national is being employed for the purposes only of a favoured section of the nation. The less the nation takes part in the government of the Church, the stronger becomes the case for Disestablishment. Those who favour Disestablishment in Scotland are relatively far stronger than the Disestablishment party in England. Yet the privileges that belong to Establishment in Scotland, apart from the enjoyment of national endowments, are not easily to be discovered. The State in that country has little more control over the affairs of the National Church than it has over those of the Voluntary Churches. Whatever other consequences would result from reforming the administrative system of the Church of England on lines in any way resembling the constitution of the Presbyterian Churches in Scotland and the Episcopalian Church in Ireland, it is certain that such a reform would prove no protection whatever against the attacks of the Disestablishment party. If Disestablishment should come in England, it will be largely brought about by those high ecclesiastical pretensions which would exclude the State, or the laity in the widest sense of the word, from taking, as they do now, a large part in the government of the Church.

It may be observed in the evidence given before the Royal Commission that some of the witnesses are hankering after an authority which is to proclaim *true doctrine* to the Church. Now this is delicate ground for any reformed Church to tread. Among these Churches it has not been usual to look for more than an *interpretation* by the best human lights of admitted standards—the Bible, the Thirty-nine Articles, the Westminster Confession, the Rubrics, and so on. But now we hear that even religious beliefs are subject to the laws of developement, and that it is unreasonable to expect doctrines to remain fixed and unchanging through the lapse of centuries. It is supposed

to be the note of a 'living Church' that some authority within it should be competent to overhaul beliefs and doctrines, and bring them into conformity with the sentiments of the age. There must be surely a vague idea of this kind in the suggestion of great assemblages of Pan-Anglican bishops, or even of a vote of the whole English episcopacy, to decide authoritatively, in a fashion that no layman could attempt, the interpretation of some regulation which involves doctrine. The Privy Council, we have seen, has itself stated the narrow limitations within which it acts. But the authority desired is apparently one which will soar to much greater heights, and will possess something of the infallibility attaching to the Œcumenical Councils of Rome. In Protestant lands the attempt to set up such an authority would be doomed to early and complete failure. In England, in all probability, the first pronouncement of doctrine by a unanimous episcopate would be strictly canvassed next day in the 'Times' by the most learned of the deans! It is useless nowadays in this country to try to discover doctrinal infallibility in any human authority—to override even on doctrinal questions the rights of private judgement; and we presume that the strongest advocate of Anglican Episcopacy would allow that, in the improbable event of all the Anglican bishops of the world being unanimous, their conclusions would be but human conclusions, and therefore possibly mistaken. If any other view is taken, Englishmen will soon look back with regret to the days when their final appeal was to the modest, learned, liberal-minded, and conscientious court of the Privy Council.

There is unfortunately among the clergy a section of 'Anglicans' who make it a boast that the National Church holds doctrines almost identical with those of Rome. More than half-ashamed of the Reformation, they are striving to widen the distinctions between themselves and other Reformed Churches. 'If only the Pope could be persuaded to recognize "Anglican orders"!' As if there were any Englishmen outside a microscopic minority to whom it matters a pin's head what the Pope, or the Roman Catholic Church, thinks of 'Anglican orders'! The great object of men of this stamp is to claim catholicity for Roman Catholics and themselves, and to deny it to the rest of the world. Have 'Anglicans' any better title than Presbyterians to claim membership of the Catholic Church? Presbyterian Churches, of course, claim, as they have a right to do, to be Catholic or universal just as strongly as other Churches; and the 'Confession of Faith,' like the Thirty-nine Articles, has behind it the ratification of the

Statute Law. Roman Catholics repudiate impartially all these claims. The word 'Catholic' is either an abbreviation for 'Roman Catholic,' and this is its usual sense, or it must be understood in the wider sense of its original meaning. The canons of the English Convocation enjoin that prayers are to be offered by English Churchmen 'for Christ's Holy Catholic Church'—that is, for the whole congregation of Christians dispersed 'throughout the world, especially for the Churches of England, 'Scotland, and Ireland.' This means the Presbyterian and National Church of Scotland, which was, at the time of the framing of the canons, the only Christian communion in Scotland other than the Roman Catholic.* The attempt to give to the word 'Catholic,' meaning 'the whole congregation of Chris-'tians,' a much narrower signification, shows how little the men who are pining for reunion with Rome are inspired by the wider thought of the reunion of Christendom. To leave Protestants outside the pale of the 'Catholic Church' is a strange way of advancing the cause of Christian reunion!

The Royal Commissioners speak regretfully of many so-called ritualistic practices 'which lie on the Romeward side of a line 'of deep cleavage between the Church of England and that of 'Rome.' They advise the bishops 'promptly' to exercise their authority, and suppress practices both illegal and significant of doctrines repugnant to the Church. The public will watch with interest the response of the Bishops to this appeal. The episcopal leaders of the Church of England are themselves on their trial. There *is* 'a line of deep cleavage' of opinion as to the matters we have been discussing; and it cannot be concealed under pious aspirations for comprehension. It is the Royal Commissioners who advise legal proceedings. It would be more satisfactory and perhaps more useful if, to begin with, the bishops would play a more vigorous part in the guidance of opinion, and show to all the world that the leaders of the National Church are proud of her being a Reformed Church. It may be difficult to deal with the clergymen of a Church established by law who make it a boast that they are too good Churchmen to obey the law. On the other hand, it is easy for the bishops to make their own position as to the great questions that underlie these controversies about ornaments, and vestments, and practices, clear and unmistakeable. The attitude of the bishops has so far been one of opportunism. But that attitude cannot any longer be maintained, if respect is to be paid to the principles of the Reformation. It is impossible to be at the same

* 'The Church of England,' by Dean Stanley.

time, on the Romeward and on the Protestant side of this 'line 'of deep cleavage.' We are not speaking of this or that or the other 'practice,' but of the principles and doctrines which these practices indicate. It is certain that the Church of England will not long remain constitutionally, or in any sense, the National Church if its leaders show themselves indifferent to those great principles for which in the sixteenth century our Reformers successfully struggled.

It is not our purpose here to discuss the broad question of Establishment *versus* Voluntaryism. In our opinion the main danger to the connexion in England between Church and State lies in the possibility of increased estrangement between the Church and the great mass of Englishmen who remain faithful to the principles of the Reformation. As for the theoretical preference for absolute religious equality, and for the 'freedom' of the Voluntary Churches, the case for Disestablishment does not seem to the public such a strong one as it did a generation or two ago. People have learned that there is very little more 'freedom' in the one case than the other. In fact the tendency of things has been to show how strongly a 'Free Church,' with its great wealth and its rigid constitution, may resemble the Church which is supposed to be bound hard and fast by the 'fetters of 'the State.' As to endowments also, the position of the State Churches and of the Voluntary Churches is far less dissimilar than was once the case. The latter in many cases have become possessors of huge funds and accumulations. They are no longer supported solely by the free-will offerings of the faithful. And on the side of the Church a very large proportion of its wealth now comes from precisely similar sources to those upon which Dissenters rely.

The National Church may truthfully claim that the increase in its usefulness, and its general growth, are at the present day due entirely to the voluntary support it receives from its members and well-wishers. Church-building has enormously increased since the days of 'Church Building Acts.' In every part of the field it is the spirit of voluntary effort, and not the assistance from State funds, that provides the means for the ever-growing energies of the Church. Year by year the people of England are becoming more and more urban. It is in the towns, not in the country parishes, that the greatest work of the Church has to be done, and in the towns State endowment forms a very small portion of the revenues which the Church receives. Bearing these things in mind, and remembering also that the rivalries and antipathies of Churches are of less interest to the modern enlarged electorate than to that of a generation or two

ago, it may be long before a policy of Disestablishment and Disendowment finds general favour. For the abstract doctrine of religious equality Englishmen care as much as for other abstractions: *i.e.* very little indeed. It is very difficult in England to make fundamental changes in the constitutional system, unless many people feel that somewhere 'the shoe 'pinches'—that widespread grievance exists which must be redressed. The Church provokes no general feeling of grievance. There are, of course, often local jealousies between clergymen of different persuasions; and so there will be whatever be the policy of the State; but these are small matters to justify or excuse projects of sweeping changes in our Constitution. If the Church has the religious sympathies of Englishmen on its side, it may defy both local jealousies and abstract doctrines to shake its position in the State.

That is the real question. We shall soon see how Convocations conduct themselves in framing for the consideration of Parliament, as suggested by the Royal Commission, new rubrics and regulations. The discussions should prove useful in letting the public understand how the dignitaries of the Church regard the fundamental principles underlying these controversies. The nation probably cares little for the precise amount of 'vesture' or 'ornament' to be authorized by the new rubrics; but it wishes to feel assured that in the deep cleavage dividing the Reformed Churches from Rome the Church of England fearlessly maintains the principles of the Reformation. It will be a serious matter for the Church if Clergy and Laity should tend in different directions. Of the leaning of the vast majority of English laymen on these controverted subjects no well-informed person can have a doubt.

Art. XI.—IRISH WANTS AND IRISH WISHES.

1. *Modern Ireland and her Agrarian Problem.* By Moritz J. Bonn. Translated from the German by T. W. Rolleston. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co., Ltd., 1906.
2. *Fourteenth Report of the Congested Districts Board for Ireland.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of His Majesty, 1905.
3. *Annual General Reports of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland.* Dublin: Thom & Co., Ltd., 1901–1906.
4. *Irish Land Act*, 1903. *Report of the Estates Commissioners for the Year ending March* 31, 1906, *and for the Period from November* 1, 1903, *to March* 31, 1906, *with Appendices.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of His Majesty, 1906.
5. *Royal Commission on University Education in Ireland.* Final Report of the Commissioners. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of His Majesty, 1903.

Although no definite statement has yet been made by any member of the Cabinet as to the legislative programme for the second Session of the new Parliament, there appear to be excellent grounds for the assumption so generally entertained that the chief place in it will be assigned to a measure of Irish administrative reform. The language held by the Prime Minister prior to the formation of his Government, coupled with the more responsible though somewhat indefinite declarations in the Speech from the Throne last February, would certainly have encouraged this expectation, even if belief in it had not been fostered by the utterances of an eminent official, who, though not responsible to Parliament, is understood to play a principal part in the counsels of the Irish Government. Conjecture is at any rate rife in Ireland as to the scope of the legislation likely to be covered by a term so delightfully characteristic of political opportunism as the elastic expression 'administrative reform.' Whatever the real intentions of Ministers, it is certain that parties in Ireland, though they are agreed upon no other subject, are unanimous in their belief that the coming measure will contain provisions big with serious changes in their immediate effect, and fraught with still more vast possibilities. The hopes of one party and the fears of the other have led both to the same conclusion. It is difficult to suppose that Ministers would

have suffered such an impression to gain widespread currency if it did not fairly correspond with the intentions of the Cabinet.

There is perhaps no topic which could provide more attractive material for the excogitations of a publicist than the consideration of the possible alternatives open to a Government resolved to effect a far-reaching reconstruction of the fabric of Irish administration, yet bound by the pledges of important members of the Cabinet not to disturb the foundations of the legislative unity of the Three Kingdoms. But we have no intention of yielding to the attractions of this inviting theme, either for the purpose of laying down the fundamental propositions upon which any measure of administrative reform must be based, if regard is to be paid to the limitation by which some, at least, of His Majesty's Ministers have proposed to bind themselves, or of demonstrating the difficulties, contradictions, and absurdities involved in any measures which seek to alter the conditions under which the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament in Irish affairs is at present exercised. The time for criticising legislation is the moment when its character is either plainly indicated in a King's Speech or other responsible declaration of Cabinet intentions, or when it is expressly defined by the Government draughtsman in the provisions of a Bill. We see no occasion for anticipating conditions not yet present for the purpose either of reaffirming our own often expressed opinions, or of combating the assumed defects of the impending measure. The position of the EDINBURGH REVIEW on all questions affecting the maintenance of the legislative union is too well known to require reiteration, and that position remains unaltered by the changes which have occurred in other portions of the field of politics. The maintenance of the existing Parliamentary system as the necessary condition of the unity of the Three Kingdoms still appears to us essential to the strength of the Empire as a whole; and any measure which in our judgement is calculated to impair the safety of that system will continue to meet the same earnest opposition which has always been expressed in these pages to measures of similar tendency.

On the other hand, we adhere to the doctrine which we have not less constantly and earnestly asserted of the duty resting on the Imperial Parliament to do all that may be done, consistently with the cardinal principles of legislative unity and imperial supremacy, to develope the resources of Ireland, to improve the conditions of life in that country, and if possible to bring its people into greater harmony with the rest of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. It is therefore unnecessary to the vindication of Unionist principles to anticipate the character of measures which have not been

divulged, however shrewdly we may suspect that, when disclosed, they will be found to contain provisions to which, in common with all Unionists, we shall have to give uncompromising opposition. And it has to be remembered that a measure of a comparatively moderate character in itself may be introduced with the intention, expressed or implied, of making it a stepping-stone to much vaster changes. What is needed is a frank avowal by Ministers of their general policy with regard to the relations between Great Britain and Ireland. On their policy as a whole the Ministry will be judged. There are indeed measures of administrative, and even of legislative reform, which Unionists would have no difficulty in supporting. The adaptation of the Scottish model of private Bill legislation to Ireland, with such modifications as the different local circumstances require, is a measure in which Unionists would certainly be willing to co-operate, and no doubt there are other questions in settling which Unionists might be ready to assist. However slender the hope that administrative reform may be limited to measures of this sort, we prefer not to abandon it until events have proved that it can be no longer entertained.

If we have no intention of entering on a premature discussion of an undisclosed Bill, as little is it our desire to dilate upon those administrative questions which we are inclined to think occupied a somewhat undue portion of public attention in the first portion of the present session. To base any general indictment of the Irish policy of the Cabinet upon those actions of Mr. Bryce's administration which have formed the chief topics of complaint in Parliament, is to lose all sense of proportion. That the course of events will oblige us to comment sharply on the measures of the Irish Government is possible, and the duty of exposing its errors is one from which we shall certainly not shrink as often as it appears that the great permanent interests of the country are being jeopardized by the Ministerial policy, or that the reputation of English rulers for justice and fair dealing as between all sections of the Irish people is being compromised by their action. But the maintenance of the Union does not depend on every individual act of the Irish executive. However open to criticism more than one of the incidents of which so much was heard during the session might be, it would be a serious mistake to rest the whole case of the Opposition upon actions which, however gravely they may prejudice the interests of the individuals affected by them, cannot be said without great exaggeration to touch the essentials of Unionism. Arbitrary exertions of executive authority involving injustice or hardship to individuals must obviously impair

public confidence in the discretion and impartiality of any Irish Government. Human nature being what it is, it is impossible that such actions should not cause deep resentment among the friends of those who suffer by them. To import or seem to import into our institutions anything savouring of the vicious system, once so rife in America, under which the choice of civil servants is subordinated to political and party considerations is in the last degree objectionable. But the maintenance of the Union is in the last resort a British quite as much as an Irish question, and it is by concentrating attention upon the larger imperial aspects of the threatened legislation rather than by dwelling continually on individual administrative errors that Irish Unionists will most successfully make their appeal to British public opinion.

While, however, we do not propose to discuss the Irish question at this moment, either in those larger aspects which are involved in the anticipated measure of administrative reform or in relation to those lesser interests which are sometimes dragged into excessive prominence on the Parliamentary stage, the occasion is a suitable one for drawing attention to some Irish problems of much interest and importance which are in danger of being left out of account. For it is neither in the provision of a large measure of administrative reform, nor in the redress of individual administrative grievances, that the salvation of Ireland lies. Much more important than either is the adaptation of Irish institutions of every kind to the social, industrial and economic exigencies of the age. It is a chief defect in the Irish policy of the present Administration to attach exaggerated importance to reforms in the political and administrative machinery for the general government of the country, as compared with the urgent social and economic questions upon which the ultimate well-being of the country vitally and immediately depends. This tendency is plainly manifested by the present Government in its dealings with Ireland. While it is apparently determined to place in the forefront of its legislative programme a measure of administrative reform which the representatives of the majority of the Irish people have repudiated in advance as inadequate to the settlement of the Irish question, it has deliberately elected to postpone, by the familiar device of a Royal Commission, the consideration of practically every domestic question which presses for legislative treatment. Instead of taking up the consideration of these problems independently and dealing with them upon their own responsibility, Mr. Bryce and his colleagues have delegated their investigation to a series of com-

missions or committees which have been constituted to examine practically every Irish institution. At this moment there is hardly a public body or corporation in Ireland, outside the Castle system (which the Government itself is believed to be engaged in overhauling), that has not been placed in one form or another under examination. There is one Royal Commission to examine the University question, another to investigate the work of the Congested Districts Board, a third to report on the railways. The Department of Agriculture presided over by Sir Horace Plunket has been the subject of an enquiry which has already been proceeding for six months, and shows no sign of the conclusion of its labours. Other departments of lesser importance, such as the canals and the lighthouses, are being inquired into by commissions whose references embrace the United Kingdom at large. By the time all of them have reported the Irish Government, if it still survives as at present constituted, will be buried under the litter of Reports which they have themselves invited, and legislation will be as far off as ever. That will be a very serious misfortune. For upon the effective and speedy solution of the problems under investigation much of the welfare of Ireland in the immediate future depends; and it is far from clear that in the majority of cases the enquiries of the Royal Commissions will add anything to the knowledge at the disposal of the Government which will not have been very dearly bought at the price of the time spent in procuring it, and the resulting delay in dealing with these questions.

It may perhaps be urged in reply to this criticism that the fact that so many questions have thus been laid upon the anvil of public investigation for the purpose of being hammered into the proper legislative shape before being submitted to Parliament is evidence of the determination of the Government to deal effectively with them all at the proper moment. But such a defence can hardly be accepted in view of the limitations of Parliamentary time and the large demands which must be made upon the attention of the Legislature by other portions of the United Kingdom. It is not to be supposed that those who are concerned in the almost countless projects of reform which are entertained by various sections of the Radical party in England, Wales and Scotland will consent to have their claims postponed continually to the satisfaction of Irish demands. Should the principal measure of next Session be one for the reform of the Irish Government, it is practically certain that the Irish Bill must absorb the whole energies of the House of Commons during 1907. In that case time will hardly be available in 1908 or 1909 for the further measures necessary to give

effect to the views of the Government on Irish social legislation. And if this be so it is clear that by giving precedence to administrative reform Ministers are postponing indefinitely the Parliamentary settlement of all Irish questions, save those which are involved in the reform of the local machinery of the Irish Government.

Of the various important questions affecting the developement of the material resources of the country which have been referred to the examination of Royal Commissions, not the least interesting is that which concerns the work of the Congested Districts Board. To the operations of that body in the earlier period of its most beneficent activity, reference has more than once been made in these pages. The services the Board has rendered in improving the conditions of agriculture in the poorest districts of the West of Ireland, in improving the breeds of live stock, and in developeing such forms of manual and other industry as seemed suited to the character of the country and the aptitudes of the people, have been of the greatest possible utility. That the improvements effected have been real and lasting is admitted upon all hands. No one who was even slightly acquainted with the condition of these districts fifteen years ago could fail to be struck with the change which has been wrought in that comparatively brief space in the appearance of the country, and in the habits of the people, by the intelligent activity of the Board and its officers. The developement of the valuable mackerel fishing industry in the Aran islands, and of the herring fishery off the Donegal coast, has been perhaps the most conspicuous example of the success with which this department has been able to cope with the industrial disabilities of the wild regions in which its work is done. But it is far from being the only one. That it has been equally energetic in organizing local industries alike in the factory and in the cottage, the carpet industry in Donegal and the lace industry in Connemara sufficiently attest. And though much remains to be done in this direction, the value of the work accomplished among a population as poor and until recently, unhappily, as backward as any to be found in Europe is difficult to overestimate. It is right to add, too, that, beyond its actual achievements in bettering the material conditions of the Connaught peasantry, the Board has set an invaluable example to all classes by the manner in which it has combined distinguished Irishmen of the most opposite opinions in a common effort for the well-being of the country. One of the principal difficulties in the path of social improvement in Ireland is the difficulty of enlisting popular sympathy and assistance for any

object ostensibly promoted by the State. This is a difficulty which the Board has shown to be much more apparent than real. In its counsels all sorts and conditions of Irishmen have been associated for the public benefit, and have been able to combine with the utmost cordiality. For this reason alone, if there were no other, and there are many, we should greatly lament the merging of this Board in any existing Government Department.

Of late years, however, a gradual change has been apparent in the nature of the work done by the Congested Districts Board. The creation of the Department of Agriculture and Industries has necessarily had a considerable effect upon that part of the Board's functions which related to the superintendence of improved methods of agriculture, to the improvement of live stock, and to the fostering of local industries by the provision of technical instruction and other methods. Thus it has come about that a department which originally sought to effect the improvement of the material condition of the poorest portions of Ireland mainly by such methods as we have just mentioned has been transformed into a vast agency for the acquisition of immense tracts of country for the purpose of redistributing it among its peasant occupiers.

Although the Land Purchase Act of 1891, under which the Congested Districts Board was originally created, indicated the amalgamation of small holdings on the estates of private owners as one of the objects to be pursued, the purchase of estates with this intention was not at first contemplated by the Legislature. In 1891 the system of land purchase which has since made such extraordinarily rapid strides had not proceeded much beyond the comparatively tentative operations of the Ashbourne Acts. Parliament, though it had sanctioned the principle of land purchase, had not yet discerned that the true goal of land reform was no longer to be found in the universal establishment of the system of dual ownership contemplated by Mr. Gladstone's legislation; nor had it recognised that a peasant proprietary could be created through a large part of Ireland with the extraordinary rapidity which the recent history of land purchase, fostered by a liberal application of British credit, has shown to be possible. The provisions of the Act of 1891 for the amalgamation and improvement of small holdings on private estates accordingly remained a dead letter. It was not until 1893 that power was given to the Board to acquire and hold land for the purpose of enlarging holdings, and three more years elapsed before the purchase of estates by the Board by means of advances for that purpose by the State, as distinguished from their acquisition out of the actual income of the Board, was

sanctioned by Mr. Gerald Balfour's Act of 1896. When this difficulty had been removed the Board was enabled to acquire practically whatever land came into the market which it deemed suitable for the enlargement of holdings. But a considerable drag was put upon the Board's operations by a provision prudently made in the interests of the Treasury that in the resale of land to the tenants no advance would be made to a tenant purchaser desiring to acquire land of a rateable value of less than 10*l.* The principle underlying this restriction was, of course, the necessary insolvency, from an agricultural point of view, of a farm of such low valuation. Its practical effect was that, unless the Board could bring the holdings up to the 10*l.* valuation by adding additional land, such holdings could not be resold. As the great majority of the holdings in congested districts were under the 10*l.* valuation this proved a practical bar to extensive operations in land, and coupled with the limitations imposed by the large demands on the Board's income for other purposes, it retarded very considerably the extension of a peasant proprietary in Connaught. These disabilities were, however, one and all swept away by the provisions of Mr. Wyndham's Act of 1903, which, in effect, turned the Board into a vast agency for the wholesale acquisition and redistribution of land within the area of the districts confided to its care. How great was the practical difference wrought by the last Purchase Act may be best measured by the single fact that whereas in the twelve years from 1891 to 1903 the Board had purchased forty-six estates, comprising 171,356 acres, for 469,016*l.*, in less than two years from the latter date no fewer than eighty-four estates, comprising 246,409 acres, were purchased for 1,106,333*l.*

That the tenants upon the estates acquired in the congested districts have materially benefited by the operations carried out by the Board in the developement and enlargement of their holdings prior to their resale to the occupiers, there can be no sort of question. The improvement works carried out on the estates bought prior to 1903 alone cost the large sum of 158,513*l.*, representing almost one third of their total cost; and their effect has been in a great measure to change the face of the country so dealt with. The nature and method of the Board's operations may best be gathered by following their proceedings in a single case. Of the earlier transactions of the Board, by far the largest was the purchase in 1899 of the Dillon estate lying in the counties of Mayo and Roscommon, for the sum of 250,000*l.* The estate comprised an area of over 96,000 acres, the Poor Law valuation of which was 21,700*l.* per annum, and the gross rental

20,370*l.*; and it contained 4,200 holdings, of which more than half paid less than 4*l.* a year in rent. In addition to the cost of acquiring Lord Dillon's interest, other charges, such as the redemption of headrents and the purchase of tenants' interests, brought the total cost to the Board to the sum of 319,819*l.* This formidable figure was further swollen by the expenditure on improving the holdings after the acquisition of the estate to the sum of 454,837*l.*, which represents the total moneys paid by the Board on foot of this property. Of the large sum spent on improvements, the principal items are for works of a lasting character, notably dwelling houses and other farm buildings, and drainage works, such as might be expected to add to the permanent value of the land. Upwards of 13,000*l.*, for example, was spent in providing a system of main drains and watercourses affecting thousands of acres of waterlogged land and waste bog, and scope was thus given for the further improvement, by individual tenants, of holdings which, for want of any efficient system of main drainage, could not previously be profitably worked by the occupiers. It is by works of this character, which add enormously to the productivity of the soil by developing its latent resources, that the diversion of so much of the Board's energies from its original channels of activity is mainly justified; and it is to the credit of the Board's prudent management that these immense operations have hitherto been carried out at a relatively slight loss. Of a total of 873,074*l.* expended on the acquisition and development of all the estates purchased by the Congested Districts Board prior to the Act of 1903, no less than 839,038*l.* was estimated to be the sum recovered by the Board after the resale of the estates. This resale is not of course as yet finally completed. But inasmuch as more than half a million has already been realised by actual resale, and above 128,000*l.* received in rents and interest thereon prior to resale, the estimate of 140,000*l.* as the value of the lands as yet unsold does not seem extravagant. A net loss of 34,000*l.* on transactions amounting to 873,000*l.* can hardly be deemed an excessive price for a State Department to pay for such important economic improvements as it has succeeded in effecting.

Admirable as this record is, the Congested Districts Board has committed one serious mistake. It has been too successful. The very perfection of its work has produced a very serious difficulty. Just as in the case of the earlier Purchase Acts, the slow and gradual creation of a peasant proprietary in the midst of the rent-paying community of occupying tenants created prior to 1903 the demand for compulsory purchase, so the boons conferred upon the tenants of the Dillon and other

estates led in the most natural manner to a demand for greater expedition in the process of buying and reselling lands in the congested districts. It would be expecting too much of human nature to suppose that while a benevolent providence in the shape of the Congested Districts Board was transforming the face of nature in Mayo and Roscommon by such gigantic transactions as that which we have described, the people of Leitrim or Donegal, where the purchase of land was proceeding less rapidly, would refrain from crying out against what seemed to them the undue advantages conferred on their fellows, and from demanding immediate admission to a share in the like benefits. And it was equally natural that the inhabitants of the counties adjacent to those in which the congested districts lie, but whose holdings did not fall within the somewhat arbitrary definition of these districts devised by the Legislature, should express their wonder and dissatisfaction at a system so partial in its application. It is the feeling thus engendered which has led to the appointment of the Royal Commission now engaged in considering how the scope of the Congested Districts Board can be enlarged, and how the process of acquiring estates can be expedited. Even the measures to that end devised by the Land Act of 1903 appear to have aggravated rather than mitigated the difficulty. True it is that, as already mentioned, more than a million has been expended within less than two years in acquiring 160,000 acres of land. But it has been found that the acceleration in the rate of purchase, and consequently of resale, has greatly increased the cost of the transactions. Whereas the estimated loss on the earlier transactions was limited, as we have seen, to 32,000*l.* on a turn-over of 839,000*l.*, or barely 4 per cent., the Board now estimate that if in future they dispose of estates more rapidly, and consequently get by the revenue from them a smaller proportion of the necessary outlay, they cannot expect to effect the improvements required on such estates at a loss of less than 8 per cent. on the purchase money. It is plain that if land is to be bought at the rate of a million a year for the next few years, the drain upon the Board's resources must be very heavy if such a loss as this has to be met ; and in point of fact, the estimated loss per annum would be practically equal to the whole of the fixed income of the Board, which amounts to 86,250*l.* The inadequacy of the financial provision to the strain proposed to be put upon it is equally evident if the problem be stated in another form. It has been estimated by a skilled witness before the Royal Commission that for the purpose of raising the uneconomic holdings of the congested districts to the level of economic holdings, land to

the annual value of 549,841*l.* would be required. This, taken at a purchase rate of twenty-five years, means that a sum of fourteen millions would be needed. So that, assuming the estimate of 8 per cent. to be the measure of the Board's loss, considerably more than a million would be needed to make good the deficit on the proposed transactions.

While every friend of Ireland must rejoice at the great benefits which have been conferred on the people of the Western districts by the action of the Board, there is, it must be confessed, in these figures, and in the facts that underlie them, much that gives food for serious reflection. The question forces itself on the attention of the most careless, whether the proposed expenditure can be justified on economic grounds, or on a sane view of the true needs of Ireland and of Irishmen. Granted that such an outlay would really have the anticipated effect, and that the holdings now admittedly uneconomic—incapable, that is, of supplying in themselves the needs of those who occupy them—can be transformed into solvent holdings, is this an expenditure that ought to be undertaken? Is this a problem that Parliament should set itself to solve on the lines proposed? Without pressing the undoubted fact that the lands available for such an experiment can only be acquired by compulsory purchase, the compulsion being exercised upon owner and occupier alike, there appear to be the gravest reasons for doubting the wisdom of such an endeavour. The truth is that the Congested Districts Board, the Imperial Parliament, and everybody else have been applying to this problem a wholly false standard. It is assumed that the problem is an agricultural problem, that the thing that has to be done is to transform a holding agriculturally uneconomic and insolvent into one agriculturally solvent and economic, or, in the language of a member of the Royal Commission now sitting, 'to make fairly comfortable landholders of those who might hitherto be described as 'pauper landholders.' The fact, however, is that in a very large proportion of cases, perhaps amounting to a third of the whole, these holdings are not really agricultural. Their occupiers are landholders, indeed; but they are very far from being farmers. The maritime fringe of Connaught and north-western Ulster is crowded with holdings which, substantially, in the jargon of the Land Acts, are neither agricultural nor pastoral, but which are the homes of an amphibious population whose main livelihood is won from the sea and not from the land. The little patches of potatoes which adjoin them no more make these holdings agricultural than the possession of a back garden in which he grows a few cabbages makes a farmer of a suburban householder.

To such a class of holdings the Land Acts should never have been applied. And herein lies the fallacy in the proposed solution of the problem which they present. Because these holdings in general pay rent to the owners of the soil, and thus come within the operation of the Act of 1881, they have necessarily been treated as agricultural tenancies, and the tribunals constituted under that Act have been set the rather ridiculous task of assessing their value on the basis of agricultural profits. And because they have been so deemed to be agricultural holdings, the Congested Districts Board have treated them as such, and, in applying to them their powers for the enlargement of holdings, have sought to improve their condition on agricultural lines. We feel bound to say that the earlier policy of the Board which sought the means of amelioration in the improvement of the status of these people as fishermen, was a policy much better adapted to their true wants and conditions than the one which is now being pressed upon the Board. It is surely time that the question should be asked and answered, Why is a population of fishermen to be treated as though it were a population of farmers? and why the money and credit of the State are to be employed in applying to such a community remedies wholly unsuited to its needs?

Again, a large proportion of the people of the interior of the congested districts, perhaps amounting to a third of the whole, are in occupation of holdings economically insolvent, and incapable of solvency agriculturally considered. The Land Courts whose business it is under the operation of the Land Acts to assess the agricultural value of such holdings as these, must be nearly as much puzzled by these cases as by those of the fishermen's huts. It is well known that the tenants of these holdings pay the rents of their houses, just as the tenants of town tenements pay theirs, not by the produce of the wretched acres of inhospitable rock or sand that surround their dwellings, but by their labour in other and very different fields. These holdings are the homes of the migratory labourers of Connaught, who earn in the harvest fields of Lincolnshire or Yorkshire the main source of their livelihood. To transform this class of occupiers into *bona fide* farmers may seem a more hopeful, or at least a less inappropriate, object of endeavour than the other. But it is a scarcely less difficult task. For it is impossible to provide the additional land necessary for agricultural solvency in more than a relatively small number of cases. To add rock to rock, or swamp to swamp, to increase five acres of unproductive land by the addition of five or ten more of the like quality, is of no avail; and the barren

holdings which are surrounded by fruitful soil are few and far between. For such cases as these the only remedy short of emigration is migration; and for migration the Connaught labourer has no stomach. He will spend his summers in cheerful toil in England to buy the means of spending his winters at home in what to him is cheerful ease. Or if this fails, he will seek his fortune as a labourer in America, cheered in many a case, as is sometimes proved, by the hope of returning to end life where he began it, in the rude happiness of his native bog. But, as a witness before the Royal Commission has truly remarked, the man who will make these sacrifices will not move his home fifteen miles from one house to another, no matter how apparently strong the inducement, or how great the superiority of the new home to the old. The dweller on the furthest fringe of the Connemara coast lives, as the saying there goes, in 'the next 'parish to America'; and if he be compelled to change his home he will rather cross three thousand miles of ocean than move his household fifteen miles eastward. The migration schemes of the Congested Districts Board are the one confessed failure of that otherwise most successful institution. The migration of small landholders from congested districts in any considerable numbers has been found impracticable under existing conditions, and it cannot be said that any feasible suggestions for overcoming the reluctance of the people to move have yet been made. Up to March 31, 1905, only 207 tenants had been induced to leave their old homes for new ones, and this at an absurdly extravagant cost. The total cost incurred in settling these migrants has been no less than 96,263*l.*, and the net loss 17,500*l.*, or 84*l.* per migrant. In more than one instance where estates containing untenanted land have been bought with a view to migration, and farms have been fully equipped, they have remained unoccupied for years.

To such an extent has the policy of State socialism proceeded in Ireland that it needs some courage to suggest that, in place of such costly and abortive schemes of migration, the problem, such as it is, should be left to solve itself, and that after everything that can fairly be done has been done to improve the conditions of life, and to promote the means of earning a livelihood from the soil, those who are unable to live out of the land should be allowed to settle their own futures in their own way. To the advocates of the new doctrines to use the word emigration with approval is for the user of it to pronounce sentence of excommunication against himself. The view of many excellent people in Ireland seems to be that, whether a living can be obtained at home or not, the people must not

leave the country. And a recent writer on the subject has even gone so far in support of this thesis as to stigmatize all who consider that Ireland was overpopulated before 1846 as 'a 'wretched compound of knaves and fools.' Yet the plain truth is, that in many cases emigration is the only remedy. These romantic but inhospitable regions were never intended by Nature to support a large population, and any attempt to maintain such a population by artificial means is foredoomed to failure. No better commentary on the demand which has been put forward this autumn for the compulsory purchase of the whole of the still unpurchased lands of Connaught could be sought for than the fact that one wet week in August, and the threat, happily averted, of a failure of the potato crop, instantly provoked from the same quarter from which their demand had proceeded a cry of famine and the demand for immediate relief. If the margin of starvation is so close as this, what kind of statesmanship is that which would artificially increase and multiply the number of persons exposed to such a peril? Acquire all the grass lands in Connaught and add them to the existing holdings to-morrow. To do so is only to postpone by a very short period the inevitable result of encouraging a population to multiply beyond the capacity of the land to support it. The people of Connaught are in this matter wiser than their teachers. Despite all the wise beneficence of the Congested Districts Board, despite all the improved conditions which the Land Purchase Acts have brought, despite even the attractions of the 'Ireland for 'the Irish' propaganda which has been so energetically prosecuted of late, they still refuse to remain. Irishmen still leave their country at the rate of 40,000 a year, and of these a very large proportion are from the congested districts. Who can bid them stay? This autumn a number of Radical members of Parliament have been visiting Connaught. They have returned, it is understood, impressed with the necessity for compulsory sale. That is the new panacea, which—now that fixity of tenure, free sale, and fair rents, in which a generation ago the economic salvation of Ireland was believed to lie, have failed to bring prosperity to the Western cottier—is the medicine universally prescribed as the cure for the old disease. It is a remedy which, however objectionable on grounds of principle, we should indeed be slow to reject, if we could believe that it contained the specific cure for the long-standing malady of the chronic poverty and distress of the poorer parts of Ireland. But we believe it to be one which takes no account of the stern fact which underlies the whole difficulty, the inadequacy of the soil

to the support of the people, and the unfitness of people bred in such circumstances as those of the Western peasant to rise out of the conditions by which he is surrounded, and which long habit and a low standard of comfort have accustomed him to bear as part of the ordinance of nature.

Lest this should be taken as a too hasty summary of the physical and material disabilities with which the Connaught landholder has to contend, we will quote the account given of the typical holding of the congested districts by a German observer, Dr. Moritz Bonn, whose well-informed and sympathetic work on 'Modern Ireland and her Agrarian Problem,' lately translated into English by Mr. T. W. Rolleston, contains a marvellous amount of accurate information, and the results of much singularly keen and unbiassed observation, in an astonishingly small compass. Here in the first place is his picture of what he calls the 'deficit' or uneconomic farms which abound in the poorer districts and are estimated to comprise not less than 150,000 of the holdings of Ireland :

'The occupants of these farms do not regard their holdings as an agricultural business ; they require turf, dwelling, potatoes and milk, and are willing to pay a rent for these which cannot be met by the sale of farm produce. As long as this rent can be scraped together in some way by means of any occupation, it is all one to them where it comes from. *Agriculture proper is beyond their ken.* Two or three days in the spring are enough to get their fields into order ; a little attention is necessary in the summer to keep the hungry sheep off ; a couple of days in the autumn are sufficient to dig the potatoes and to harvest the oats. Though the ideal of these people is to increase their holdings, they have no intention of running the plough across their fields. They hope rather to speculate in cattle as comparatively large cattle-breeders.'

It is impossible to exhibit the true nature of the difficulty to be grappled with more clearly than it is shown in another of Dr. Bonn's descriptions of peasant life in Ireland. Here is his matter-of-fact account of the houses of the people, not, be it observed, of the mud-cabin with a hole in the roof in lieu of a chimney so often described by travellers, but of houses of a higher class than the cabin, dwellings of which there are nearly a quarter of a million to be found in rural Ireland. The houses even of this class, according to Dr. Bonn :

'exhibit such a low degree of comfort as is probably not to be found among any other West European people. The bare earthen floor will probably be found in most of them. The Irish standard of life is extraordinarily low, and therefore all these outward signs of poverty are in a certain sense misleading. The Irishman is

frequently not so poor as one might conclude from his manner of living. The power of existing under miserable conditions of life, of ekeing out an existence, and of propagating his species, on soil where a central European goat would die of hunger, has doubtless preserved the Irish people during the long period of scorn and oppression. But it is this also which nowadays makes economic progress and developement so infinitely difficult. A people which is contented with a little milk and potatoes, with tobacco, a little whiskey, and strong but bad tea, does not produce the elements which the modern industrial world requires.'

It is surely time to protest against proposals which would perpetuate this state of things even while relieving it. No measures that have hitherto been devised have availed to protect the Irish people from the evils of over-population on land unequal to their support, and the notion that this tendency can be overcome by migrating the Western cottier to the grass lands of more favoured districts is altogether fanciful. The lands to which it is proposed to transfer these people are not naturally suited to tillage; and, moreover, it is perfectly true that, as Dr. Bonn observes, 'the Irish have always been a cattle-'rearing people, understanding little of agriculture, and turning 'their attention exclusively to cattle-breeding.' In any case, the experiment seems scarcely a hopeful one which proposes to migrate the cottier to the cattle-raising lands at a moment when the whole cattle industry, in which the greater portion of the wealth of agricultural Ireland is embodied, is half paralysed by the possibility of the opening of the British ports to Canadian and American cattle.

The value of emigration as a remedy for congestion has been well vindicated by so true a friend of Ireland as the late Mr. Tuke, in a paper written in 1882 on State-aided emigration:

'Unpatriotic do you call it? It is the law written on the human race . . . the law which has impelled and is now impelling tens of thousands of people of all nationalities in Europe to surge forth with increasing volume in that great wave of humanity which breaks upon the shores of the Western world, not to devastate, but to fertilise and bless. And in that vast gathering of all European races which goes to form the great American nation Ireland may well be proud to have contributed her full quota.'

To this eloquent vindication of the true use of emigration in sustaining the economic equilibrium of the modern world may be added the testimony of so unimpeachable a representative of Irish patriotism as the late Mr. Michael Davitt. Mr. Davitt was not, indeed, an advocate of emigration in general; but on returning from a tour through North-West Canada in 1892

he proposed a scheme for the colonization of that wonderful territory by means of 200,000 agricultural labourers from these islands. An eminent statesman in a once celebrated phrase had derided the Unionist cure for the ills of Ireland as 'manacles and Manitoba.' Manacles, said Mr. Davitt in effect, no one knows better than I. They are a very bad remedy. Manitoba I also know, and there is much to be said in its favour.

We are well aware of the strong prejudice which is entertained by the spiritual advisers of the Irish people against the idea of emigration. And we do not forget that though the hostility of the priesthood to this remedy has been sometimes ascribed to motives of ecclesiastical self-interest, it is also attributable to an honourable solicitude for the moral well-being of their flocks. That hostility has hitherto prevented the Congested Districts Board from promoting schemes of emigration of the kind undertaken with remarkable success by one of those to whose admirable public spirit the creation of the Board itself was in no small degree due, the late Mr. James Hack Tuke. But surely it ought not to be permitted any longer to forbid the application of what unquestionably is the natural remedy in those districts which, as has been shown, are unfit to support life in modern conditions of comfort and decency. Lamentable as is the shrinkage of the population, its maintenance in such circumstances as Dr. Bonn has faithfully described is more lamentable still, and there is neither patriotism nor humanity in maintaining the contrary.

Of the other important questions now under consideration, that which relates to the system of University education in Ireland is certainly not the least urgent. It is, of course, not difficult to understand the reluctance of the present as of every other Government to face a problem which raises the most thorny of all Parliamentary issues in possibly its most aggravated form. The Cabinet of Mr. Balfour is believed to have found a sufficient objection to the adoption of Mr. Wyndham's proposals for a settlement of this question in the fact that Parliament had but just emerged from the thickets of the educational conflict of 1902. It is perfectly natural that the present Ministry, not yet released from the harassing embarrassments of the educational measure now before Parliament, should be reluctant to invite its followers to spend another session in kindred discussions. Even were it otherwise, experience has abundantly proved that, of all the perils of the Parliamentary seas, none is more justly dreaded, even by the most experienced of ministerial mariners, than the rock which is denoted

on the charts as the Irish University Question. Its dangers are such as confound the fairest hopes of a prosperous voyage. It is a peril that proved fatal to a vessel so well-found and skilfully piloted as that which carried the fortunes of the Liberal party in the first and greatest of Mr. Gladstone's many ministries. The Bill of 1873, by which the Liberal party last essayed to deal directly with the difficulty, was introduced in the House of Commons on February 14 of that year. According to the report of an unfriendly critic, it was so well received that the general expectation in the House of Commons was that there would not even be a division on the second reading. Yet four weeks later the Government had been placed in a minority on the motion that the Bill be read a second time, and the Government had resigned. A Bill which had been approved by so sufficient a defender of Roman Catholic claims as the then Archbishop Manning was wrecked by the pastoral of an Irish cardinal. Certainly there is nothing in the history of the last effort of the Liberal party towards the solution of the difficulty to encourage the present Government to a further attempt.

Yet it is impossible to deny that, measured either by the utterances of eminent statesmen on both sides of politics, or by the declarations of those by whom a University Bill is demanded, the question is one which calls for settlement perhaps more urgently than any other. Sixty years have passed since Sir Robert Peel, by founding the Queen's Colleges, made the first formal admission of the claim of the majority of the Irish people to facilities for university education other and more satisfactory to them than those afforded by the University of Dublin. A full generation has elapsed since Mr. Gladstone's attempt to satisfy the Roman Catholic demand by reconstructing the famous foundation of Elizabeth. And more than a quarter of a century has passed since the establishment by Lord Beaconsfield of that Royal University which, more fortunate than the Queen's Colleges, in that it has escaped the ecclesiastical ban, has yet failed to fully satisfy the claims of those for whom it was devised. Among contemporary statesmen Mr. Balfour on the one side, and Mr. Morley upon the other, have long concurred in admitting the claims of Irish Roman Catholics to adequate facilities for university education, and in deploring the obstacles which the prejudices of influential sections in their respective parties have so long interposed to delay the necessary legislation.

Of the nature of the demand put forward by the Roman Catholics of Ireland there is equally little doubt. The whole question has within the last few years been investigated with

extraordinary fulness by the Royal Commission appointed in 1901 by the late Government and presided over by Lord Robertson. That Commission sat for a year and a half, and the report of its very exhaustive investigations has been published in a series of enormous blue-books, in which not only is the evidence of scores of competent witnesses recorded, but documentary reports of the views of various public bodies on the subject are printed at length, in which every conceivable aspect of opinion is set forth. It is true that the members of Lord Robertson's Commission considered themselves precluded by the terms of their reference from inquiring into the present condition of Trinity College, Dublin, and this conception of their mission has been made the excuse for the appointment of the Royal Commission which has been nominated by the present Government to supplement the labours of Lord Robertson and his colleagues. But no sort of doubt is entertained, or has for years been possible, as to the limitations of the conditions within which any scheme must fall if it is to be satisfactory to those at whose instance alone the demand has been made. Those limitations have been defined over and over again by the Roman Catholic hierarchy, the body whose disapprobation has more than sufficed to paralyse every arrangement hitherto devised by the State for the supposed benefit of their spiritual children. They have been succinctly summarised as follows by Archbishop Walsh in a document printed in the appendix to the final Report of the Robertson Commission :

'Three ways to the attainment of equality—which in this matter means and must mean religious equality—have been pointed out to the Catholics of Ireland by their Bishops. There may be a fourth way, but no one has ever suggested it. The three ways are :

1. A Catholic University.

2. A Catholic College, on a footing equal in all respects with that of Trinity College, in a common or national University—in so far as such an organisation could really be a University—embracing within it all the University Colleges of Ireland without exception.

3. A Catholic College, on a footing equal in all respects with that of Trinity College, in the University of Dublin.

We Irish bishops have never committed ourselves, and we never have allowed ourselves to be committed, to the choice of any of these three lines of settlement to the exclusion of the other two.'

The position thus expounded in 1902 by Archbishop Walsh has been defined with, if possible, yet greater precision within the last three months in a statement drawn up by the Standing Committee of the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops for the information of the Royal Commission now sitting. The

statement, which is signed by Cardinal Logue, as chairman, concludes as follows :

'To sum up, the Standing Committee of the Catholic Bishops feel that they are safe in stating that the Catholics of Ireland would be prepared to accept any of the following solutions : (1) An University for Catholics, (2) a new College in the University of Dublin ; (3) a new College in the Royal University ; but that on no account would they accept any scheme of mixed education in Trinity College, Dublin.'

Such being the plainly stated views of the high ecclesiastics who, in Ireland at least, alone count with the vast majority of those in whose interest it is proposed to reform the University system, it is somewhat astonishing to find that numbers of intelligent persons still devote themselves to the device of impossible expedients and the adoption of alternatives which have been condemned in advance. The Robertson Commission, after deliberating for a year and a half, concluded its labours by adopting, all but unanimously, a Report from which its individual members, all but unanimously, dissented. Only one of its members failed to sign the joint Report ; but, on the other hand, only one abstained from noting some important exception, reservation, addition, or condition which robbed the general conclusion of all claim to authority. The recommendation upon which the Commission purported to agree was in favour of the reconstitution of the Royal University as a teaching university, forming what the Report termed a 'federal university,' with constituent colleges consisting of the existing Queen's Colleges of Belfast, Cork, and Galway, to which a new Roman Catholic College in Dublin was to be added. Thus, notwithstanding Archbishop Walsh's emphatic warning that only three courses were open, the Commission had elected to devise a fourth. The prospects which such a recommendation had of meeting with Roman Catholic approval, and consequently of meriting adoption, cannot possibly be stated more precisely or convincingly than in the criticism applied to them by the President of the Commission and the first signatory to the Report. Lord Robertson, while sharing the educational views of his colleagues and expressing a theoretical preference for the scheme of a federal university, at once pricked the bubble so elaborately blown by his colleagues by one pointed sentence :

'The *raison d'être* of any such scheme must be that it will satisfy the Roman Catholics, or rather those who determine Roman Catholic opinion in such matters, *for otherwise no one would think of the State endowing a Roman Catholic College or University.* But not

only are those who speak for the Roman Catholics not agreed that the scheme recommended by my colleagues will be accepted, but the most authoritative opinions are expressed to the contrary.'

The recommendation of the Robertson Commission never survived this criticism of its chairman; but other members of the Commission dealt heavy blows at its authority. Archbishop Healy, of Tuam, the distinguished representative on the Commission of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, noted two 'grave 'defects' in the scheme in its failure to provide for the reconstruction of the affiliated Queen's Colleges on a basis satisfactory to Roman Catholics, and in its omission to include Maynooth as a college in the federal university. The one solution of the difficulty which is certain never to be revived is that which the Commission purported to concur in recommending.

Undeterred by the fate of the scheme of the Robertson Commission, a distinguished body of Fellows and Professors of Trinity College have lately essayed the discovery of the fourth alternative, which, as Archbishop Walsh put it, no one had thus far suggested. In view of the Royal Commission now sitting, a number of Fellows and Professors of Trinity College have agreed upon a scheme for the reconstitution of Trinity College, 'so that it may become 'the national university of 'Ireland.' This they propose to achieve without the erection of any new college, by such alterations in the constitution of the governing body as would give Roman Catholics an immediate and adequate voice in the management of the college, by the provision of a Roman Catholic chapel within its walls, and by the establishment of a Faculty of Theology in the University of Dublin under the direction of the Roman Catholic bishops.

The scheme thus outlined is unquestionably interesting, as showing the progress of opinion inside Trinity College, and as evidence of the tolerance and moderation which prevail within the walls of what is often, but not quite correctly, spoken of as the Protestant University. It is even more interesting from the fact that its publication evoked a strong expression of opinion in its favour on the part of a small knot of Roman Catholic laymen, who welcomed it as the best solution of the long-standing difficulty yet suggested, and urged its acceptance on their co-religionists as providing at least a basis for negotiation. It is a little difficult to understand how either the Fellows who desired or the Roman Catholics who welcomed the scheme can ever have expected it would be satisfactory to the avowedly denominational views of the real arbiters of the fate of all suggestions for the future of Irish university education. At any rate, it was at once derided by the accepted

organs of Roman Catholic opinion, and any chance it might ever have had was effectually extinguished by the publication of the resolution arrived at by the Standing Committee of the Roman Catholic Bishops, already quoted, in which 'any scheme 'of mixed education in Trinity College, Dublin,' was denounced with the whole weight of episcopal condemnation.

Why the authorities of the Church of Rome in Ireland should express themselves in terms of such uncompromising disapprobation with respect to Trinity College is perhaps not a very profitable subject for speculation, since the fact and not the grounds of this disapproval is what really counts. It is certainly not to be attributed to the anti-national character of the institution. The bishops are too clear-sighted not to see the absurdity of resting opposition on any objection of this kind. The examples of a long line of Irish patriots from Molyneux in the seventeenth century to the present Chairman of the Irish party in the twentieth, are an abundant reply to any such proposition. Flood and Grattan, Wolfe Tone and Emmet, Thomas Davis and Isaac Butt, represent very different phases of the national movement. But all of them were sons of Trinity College. As little can dislike of the institution be grounded on examples of religious intolerance or attempted proselytism. Since the time when, anticipating the action of other universities, the doors of Dublin University were thrown open to Roman Catholics, members of that religion as distinguished for devotion to their creed as for their eminence in civil life have received their education in Trinity College. For at least fifty years the college sufficed for the sons of the Roman Catholic gentry, who went there with the approval of their spiritual guides; and, as has been noted, so eminent an ecclesiastic as Cardinal Manning was favourable to the acceptance of Mr. Gladstone's Bill of 1873. But, as Cardinal Newman has observed in a letter which has been published in connexion with the recent controversy, one of the chief evils to be deplored in his time was the absolute refusal of the Archbishops of the Church in Ireland to admit the co-operation of the laity in matters of university education—a temper which caused Newman to carry from Ireland a 'distressing fear' that as time went on an antagonism would be aroused between the hierarchy and the educated classes. This is as true now as it was when it was written. There is little reason to doubt that the Roman Catholic laity, if left to their own inclinations, would continue to send their sons to a seat of learning already associated with the most honourable traditions of Roman Catholic distinction in the academic field. But whatever the natural disposition of the

laity when left unfettered by the positive declarations of their clergy, no reasonable hope can be entertained that more than an inconsiderable fraction of university-going Roman Catholics will enter at Trinity College in the face of episcopal disapproval. In such circumstances the practical question to be decided is perfectly plain. Either Irish Roman Catholics must go without a university education because their spiritual pastors condemn the existing educational system; or Parliament, in order to give them that education, must be prepared to provide such a system as will meet the objections of the Roman Catholic hierarchy.

To British statesmen it is no pleasant duty to favour the adoption of such retrograde educational principles as find most favour in Ireland. The denominational ideal is assuredly not ours. Could we see the smallest ground for expecting that broader and more tolerant conceptions would win their way to acceptance, we should not deplore as we do the delay in providing a settlement of this question. But hopes of this kind are and have long been proved to be illusory. For reasons which were fully set forth in these pages a few years ago,* we believe that the disadvantages to the United Kingdom of setting such a precedent in denominationalism as is involved in the creation of a frankly Roman Catholic university are of less account than the disadvantage to Ireland of adhering to a system which it is abundantly clear is distasteful to the majority of Irishmen. To persevere in the dogmatic assertion of the undenominational doctrine in the circumstances which have been proved to exist in Ireland is to limit in a most injurious degree the opportunities of the Irish people in the realm of higher education, and consequently to stunt the growth of knowledge in the sister kingdom. That is not an achievement upon which any party or group of politicians can ever pride itself, even though it be effected in the name of the most sacred watchwords of old-time Liberalism. Neither is it a policy which Unionists can look upon with equanimity, since the inability of Parliament to deal with the university question amounts *pro tanto* to a refutation of the Unionist claim that in and through the Imperial Parliament Ireland can receive and enjoy all that is necessary to her social, political, and educational welfare.

We think, then, that the time has fully come when Parliament, recognizing the educational needs of Ireland and her peculiar and exceptional conditions, should be prepared to acquiesce in a solution of the problem on one or other of the

* See vol. clxxxvii. no. ccclxxxiii.

lines which those who best represent Irish sentiment on this subject have declared to be satisfactory—viz. by the creation and liberal endowment either of a university for Roman Catholics or of a new college in the University of Dublin. There are arguments for and against either of these courses. The creation of a new university, if a new university can be dispensed with, is in itself undesirable, and the friends of undenominationalism would no doubt like to see so much of mixed education as is involved in the union of a Roman Catholic with a Protestant college in the same university. On the other hand, the task of framing a curriculum suited to the inconsistent ideals of the component parts of the university is one which might easily prove to be more than the wit even of Irishmen could accomplish. If denominationalism must be accepted, we think it may as well be accepted frankly. The provision of a purely Roman Catholic university has the double advantage of enabling Roman Catholics to be absolute masters in their own house, and of leaving untouched and unmured that great foundation which, according to the admission of those who least admire it, has been the greatest and most successful of English institutions in Ireland.

Space will not permit us to dwell on this occasion upon the other topics of primary interest and importance to the social and material well-being of Ireland which call for the attention of the Irish Government, and which might well occupy some portion of the time of Parliament. There is, however, one other branch of the thorny educational question upon which it is necessary to say a word. Signs are not wanting of a determination upon the part of the leaders of the Irish Language movement to force their views upon the acceptance of the Ministry; and, as a means thereto, it seems probable that the education estimates for next year will be made the occasion for a determined attempt to procure the abolition of the existing system of primary education in Ireland. We have more than once expressed our sympathy with the avowed objects of the Gaelic League in so far as they relate to the cultivation of Irish literature, to the study of Irish archæology, and to the preservation of the Irish tongue in those districts in which the fast perishing language can still be fairly represented as the vernacular of the inhabitants. But the fear which we expressed a year or two ago lest this professedly literary movement should be diverted into political channels has unfortunately been only too well justified by recent events. The Gaelic League still remains theoretically non-political, and avows its entire inde-

pendence of party connexions. But the whole trend of its recent history tends to show that in the minds of its most active propagandists the language movement is part of the political movement, and that the two are interdependent upon each other. It would be unfair to the officers of the Gaelic League to hold it responsible for such grotesque excesses as have been committed in pursuit of its ideals in certain municipal and other communities. But the organization cannot well object to be judged by the language and actions of its founder. The President has lately made a trip to the United States, in the course of which he has been hailed with enthusiasm by the frankly anti-English element in Irish-American life, and acclaimed as the leader of a great separatist organisation. Dr. Douglas Hyde is a poet, and it is perhaps fair to assume that when he talks of 'the devouring demon of Anglicisation in Ireland, ' with its foul and gluttonous jaws,' he does not quite mean all that the words seem to imply. But when he speaks of the League in plain terms as aiming at nothing less than bringing a new nation into the map of Europe it is impossible to excuse his language by any such charitable hypothesis. It is at any rate quite certain that no one sincerely desirous of keeping the League divorced from politics can safely use such language. For whatever doubt there may be as to Dr. Hyde's meaning there can be none as to how his words are interpreted by those to whom they are addressed. We have been slow to believe that the leaders of the League are not sincere in their declarations; but it is impossible to ignore the use to which the political extremists have been putting the ideas which Dr. Hyde and his colleagues were the first to promulgate. Englishmen are apt to pay little heed to extravagant or violent language. Their natural phlegm leads them to shun the falsehood of extremes. But not the least salient of the causes of England's failure to understand Ireland has been her tendency to judge of Irish idiosyncrasies by English standards. The very shrewd saying of the late Bishop Ridding, that 'in England artificial extravagances soon die out, except under suppression,' does not apply to Ireland, where unhappily increase of appetite too easily grows by what it feeds on. The excesses of the more enthusiastic votaries of the Gaelic League daily render it more and more difficult for those who sympathize with its nominal objects to remain within its ranks. Happily the lengths to which its more fanatical members propose to push the extension of the Irish language have awakened many moderate Nationalists to a sense of the danger threatened by them. At the last half-yearly meeting of the shareholders of the National Bank the

chairman, Mr. Slattery, found it necessary to protest against the demands made upon that institution to accept cheques signed in Irish characters, and to make a knowledge of Irish a *sine qua non* to promotion in its staff. Mr. Slattery was able to point to the warnings of two such sufficient representatives of Irish genius and patriotism as Daniel O'Connell—who happened to be the founder of the Bank—and Lord Russell of Killowen against the folly of attempting to substitute Irish for English in matters of commerce and business. The absurdity of such a course as that against which Mr. Slattery has raised his voice hardly needs to be demonstrated. We may hope that the great authorities to whose testimony he appealed will have their due weight.

The conduct of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government during the year 1907 will be watched with interest and anxiety by Englishmen and Irishmen. And true friends of both countries earnestly hope that no encouragement will be given to those who would go back upon the decision of the people of the United Kingdom at two General Elections in favour of the maintenance of the Union.

END OF VOL. CCIV.

No. CCCCXIX. will be published in January.